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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. — No. 1.

JANUARY, 1861.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — MARTIN LUTHER.

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PROSPECTUS OF THE Monthly Religious Magazine.

Edited by Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS and
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEAR" : BUT CHRIST."
Martin Luther.

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to
furnish an interesting and improving reading for fami-
lies, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and
strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing,
and cheerful faith, and by a devout spirit, a sym-
pathy with all the truly humane movements of the
times, and a good measure of literary care, at once
quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those
who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with
Christ in God." Besides original articles of a mis-
cellaneous character, each number will contain a
sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation
to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to
any special body of men; but aims to recognize
cordially the Christian truths held by different
branches of the Church; and would gladly serve
the hopes and efforts which look toward a more per-
fect unity of faith and feeling among believers in
Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of
men,—the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school
teachers and juvenile readers will not be over-
looked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet
the wants of the younger as well as the elder mem-
bers of the household, and be of service in the work
of Christian training.

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NOTICES BY THE PRESS.

Every great social interest seems to require three or-
gans,—a review, a magazine, and a newspaper,—each
representing the same cause under different aspects,—
elaborately and critically in the first, more in detail and
with colloquial facility in the second, and as to facts,
news, and general information in the third. Combinedly
considered, this triple economy of the press will be found
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object and aim freely and faithfully before the public
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especially of New England, is thus expounded, illus-
trated, and reported by the Christian Examiner, the Re-
ligious Magazine, and the Inquirer and Register.

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the Review and the Journal, is as well known and as
justly recognized as it ought to be. An examination of
the recent numbers shows that the accomplished editors
wisely consult the wants of the community, both as re-
gards topics and their treatment. We find admirable
practical essays, such as are fitted to guide and encourage
the piety and the principle of domestic life and educa-
tion;—better Sunday reading for the family no periodical
offers. It is the frequent vehicle of the best sermons of
the day; it gathers up many thoughts, fancies, and feel-
ings too good to be hastily recorded in a newspaper
column, and not quite complete enough for a Review
article; the suggestions, the discussions, and the critical
notices and personal facts herein brought together, are
often fresh, instructive, and seasonable. Rev. Rufus
Ellis and his *cofreres* make this pleasant and profitable
monthly a useful and attractive exponent of the dutiful,
the considerate, the sympathetic side of Liberal Chris-
tianity; and their unobtrusive and conscientious efforts
deserve appreciation beyond the sphere now so well
occupied by the "Religious Magazine." It is published
on the first of every month by Leonard C. Bowles of
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script.

The Monthly Religious Magazine and Independent Jour-
nal. Volume XXIV. We have already on a former oc-
casion spoken of this Magazine as being one of the most
ably conducted religious periodicals in America. The
July number commences a new volume; and judging
from the tone and character of the copy before us, as com-
pared with former numbers, most gallantly does it main-
tain its position as a liberal and independent expositor of
vital and practical Christianity. The articles are gener-
ally of that character which must commend them with
special directness to the minds and hearts of almost
every class of readers.—*Atlantic Messenger.*

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MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

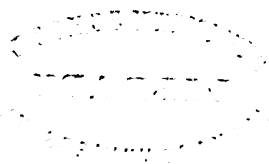
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EDITED BY

REV. E. H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE
AND
INDEPENDENT JOURNAL.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1861.

No. 1.

THE PREACHER AND THE WORLD.

IN the interesting story of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck, which has been recorded by St. Luke in the book of the Acts, we find that the Apostle endeavored to dissuade the soldier in charge from setting forth, but without success: "The centurion believed the owner and master of the ship more than those things which were spoken by Paul." As the event proved, it would have been better if the soldier had listened to the Apostle; and yet it could hardly have been expected that he would; and, had the event been otherwise, his superiors might well have complained, that, instead of being guided by the advice of merchants and mariners, he had allowed himself to be influenced by a landsman and a scholar. Paul the Apostle, the man of visions and revelations, or even the wise, because unselfish, honest, and calm adviser, was nothing to the centurion. He had possibly no knowledge, certainly no faith, either in the signs and wonders of Christianity, or in Christianity itself, and Paul's judgment was for him like the opinion of any inexperienced person. The Apostle seems not to have pressed his view upon grounds

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1

that would have been recognized by experts in seamanship; he rather appealed to some private and incommunicable reasons, which those about him, inasmuch as they were not fellow-Christians, could not be expected to appreciate. They said, and from their stand-point very properly, Let him preach his new religion, let him convert us to it if he can; but let the master and the owner sail the ship! When it comes to navigation, the poorest seaman is better than the best preacher. The gods may have come down to us in the likeness of men. This adviser may be the god Neptune, or one of the Dioscuri in disguise; but we have no means of knowing it: we can see in him only a Jew, an innovator, and an enthusiast. In the circumstances, then, it was inevitable that Paul's counsel should go unheeded. It was not permitted to him to control the course of the voyage, or to ward off the suffering and loss that attended it. And yet who can read that simple but thrilling story of peril, disaster, and marvellous escape, and not say that it was an unspeakable blessing to that poor ship's company to have in the midst of them the unheeded, and, as they said, unpractical Apostle? In the end they owed their lives, and some of them what was worth infinitely more than their lives, to him whose presence was the earnest of a peculiar providence; and even if they and their ship had gone down together, they might have blessed in their dying the preacher of the risen Christ,—the Apostle of the soul's resurrection.

This story from the life of St. Paul illustrates the relation which is held by Religion, especially by the Gospel, to the ordinary affairs of the world; it reminds us of its place and its function, of what it cannot do and of what it can do,—whether in shaping or in overruling events, whether in preventing or in remedying disaster, whether in keeping men out of trouble or in consoling and guiding them after they have fallen into it. It is suggestive as to the bearing of Religion upon the deeds and the misdeeds of the world's workers, schemers, and governors. It reminds the believer

of a success, and a grand success too, which under no circumstances will be denied him, of a ministry to be discharged by him that will be recognized by the most narrowly utilitarian persons as eminently serviceable. It enables us to repel some charges which have been brought, in our day, against the Gospel ministry by a few whose zeal is to be commended before their wisdom. Let me try to gather up some of these lessons.

1. Observe then, first, that there were circumstances in which even the Apostle Paul could not get a favorable hearing, and indeed gained nothing from speaking beyond the satisfaction of having borne his testimony. Religion cannot hope to acquire, and, as it would seem, will not be wise in striving after, save in a few uncommon cases, a direct control in worldly affairs, — in matters of business or statesmanship, in questions about social usages which divide equally sincere persons, in any of those concerns which demand of one who would order them aright, not only a high purpose and a true spirit, but also a knowledge of the facts in the case, and a familiarity with their various and perhaps complicated relations. It is pleasant to sketch the picture of a religious teacher who is a general adviser; but for the most part it must be a fancy picture: in days of great simplicity, and in small communities, such an imagination may be profitably embodied; but it does not belong to a state of high civilization, with its multitude of arts and sciences, with the conflicts and intricacies of its industries and its politics, and the thousand and one delicate questions which are sure to arise when we pass from the abstract to the concrete, and try to translate truth into life. The religionist may be at once spiritual teacher, physiologist, financier, mechanic, politician; but it must be amongst a very simple folk, who have not reached that fineness of organization which belongs to maturity, whether in nature or in man. We have no visions and revelations as to business and statesmanship; and if we had, it is to be feared that, as in the case of Paul, we should not

find enough fellow-believers to make them practically available. It is as much a mistake to ask for direct guidance in affairs from the religionist, as it is to look into the Bible, which is the Book of the soul, for lessons in astronomy or geology or ethnology, which are not indispensable to the soul's everlasting life. There are indeed religious teachers who, in the hope of being, as they say, more practical, and of gaining the ear of the slumberer, venture far and wide in the application of their truth, and scarcely leave the individual Christian any opportunity for the exercise of his individual conscience and judgment. They will undertake to tell you how you must manage your factories, and sail your ships, and sell your merchandise, and conduct your exchanges, — what you must eat, drink, and wear, — how your houses should be furnished, your children educated, your cities drained and ventilated, — with whom you should keep company, and whom you should choose for office. And we have been told by one who claims to be a high authority in this matter, and to be called upon to show what the Christian pulpit should be and do, that nothing short of these brave ventures can save the ministry of the Gospel from the reproach of dulness and inefficiency, — from the charge of exhausting the patience of the faithful with abstractions, generalities, and commonplaces.

Now, in the way of filling out this vast programme there would seem to be two serious obstacles. In the first place, where are we to find the encyclopædic men who shall be competent to give counsel that shall be worth anything upon matters so weighty and so various? — and is it not to be feared that those who should aim to be such proficientes would fail to reach anything like completeness in the Christian knowledge and the Christian graces that must come first? The Church has had, I know, famous statesmen, but for the most part they were poor priests; and whilst they were sending armies hither and thither, to good purpose, perhaps, as this generation would judge, the sheep languished

or wandered for want of a shepherd. And when such men flourished the division of labor was little understood. Nothing is more fitted to degrade the Christian ministry in the estimation of all judicious persons, than crude discourses upon what are called the topics of the day by men who only half understand them, and strive to supply with smartness what is lacking in soundness. Sincerity and charity are indeed of prime importance, but they will not make you a physiologist, or a financier, or a statesman.

The other difficulty is found in the fact of the honest diversities of opinion amongst those who are at one in the reception of great religious and moral principles,—diversities which can be harmonized only by conference, and seem to preclude *ex parte* statements or appeals in the presence of those who are met, not for the adjustment of differences, but for the common worship of God, and the study of a Gospel in which all profess to believe. These difficulties may be unduly magnified by the over-sensitive, or perversely pressed by some who would maintain a slumbering rather than a good conscience, or urged in apology for a style of discoursing which would be regarded as simple and evangelical, but is juiceless and meaningless and nerveless and utterly insignificant,—or suffered to rule out of public religious discourse the great topics of social and national morality which demand a broad dispassionate and unpartisan treatment;—nevertheless they *are* difficulties, and must be felt, if not by here and there a prodigy real or supposed, who harangues his thousands in some hall of science, yet by the humbler, and, it may be, quite as useful multitude of priests, preachers, and teachers, who, without vast learning or a particle of genius, must get a hearing for the Word of Jesus from wise and simple, as well by daily and persistent ministrations—the private ministry of the Word—as by the public testimony for the truth. Do you think that the households of a community—the households not only of the choice and cultivated few, but of the lowly and the poor, of the untaught

and the uninviting perhaps—could look for the bread of Christian edification to a few eloquent declaimers? We have been told that the churches are very wearisome places, and this because the ministers for the most part do not instruct the people for whom they should vote, or recite the news of the day. But is voting the chief end of man, and of woman too?—and have we not newspapers for the news? and are there not topics which are the same, and have the same interest yesterday, to-day, and forever? If in our sermons we are to tell the people how to vote, ought we not to run up appropriate flags upon towers and steeples? I admit that the difficulties to which I have referred are unduly magnified when they preclude the religionist from calling attention to those great social evils and sins which can have no place in the kingdom of Christ on earth, or tempt him to emphasize dogma and ceremony at the expense of those sweet humanities which are the legitimate fruits of a living Christian spirit, and without which we cannot be said to have a Gospel. There are obstacles to the discussion rather of *ways and means*, of *methods and persons*, than of the great ends of private and public righteousness, of social and political morality. Individual conscience, judgment, taste, opportunity, will suggest one and another measure here to one and another person. But, to a greater or less extent, the difficulties will remain: and even if Paul speaks, and speaks wisely, the master and the owner will be believed rather than he.

2. And yet notwithstanding that these things are so, we are not justified in treating the religionist with contempt or neglect as a useless person. For, in the first place, when the Gospel is earnestly, faithfully, and wisely administered, it exerts a mighty though indirect control upon human affairs, and, if not in a day, yet in the long run is sure to make its beneficent power felt in every department of our life. In the instance which has been referred to, we see plainly that even the Apostle could have gained a favorable

hearing for his opinion only by winning a majority of those entitled to advise to a persuasion of his supernatural knowledge. In the circumstances, facts and reasonings unto that end, and that only, would have been pertinent and profitable. The largest discussion with reference to winds and currents and lee shores would have availed nothing. So it is the first business of the Christian preacher to make Christians. If men are *really* Christians, they will be sure to act like Christians. "He that is born of God cannot commit sin." If the teacher can help them to apply Christianity, so much the better; but if he and they are really Christian in heart, in conscience, in understanding,—if they are really full of the Gospel,—it will not be found so very difficult to make the application. The world is suffering, even in its worldly interests, for the lack of the faith, hope, and love of Christ, more than for anything else; and he who can minister these is a benefactor to society.

I accept it as a most righteous judgment upon much which has gone by the name of Gospel ministration, that not a few persons crave, instead of such insignificances, a sanitary lecture, a discourse upon physiology or political economy, or a partisan harangue. I have even heard of ministers whose topics were so far reduced that they discoursed to the people upon the sin of drinking tea and coffee. It is difficult to see how any earnest persons can be interested or helped by the mere traditions, the dry dogmas, the cold and decent moralities, the feeble prettinesses or the vain threats, the bows in the clouds or the spent thunderbolts, of an effete Gospel. But does any one of us need to be told that these are not that great Word of God which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and which, when it really gets possession of a man's soul, rules and blesses it for evermore? Does any one of us need to be told, that to be a Christian is not merely to do better in an outward way, but to be through and through a new creature? What are these truths, stigmatized by some as

generalities, as lifeless abstractions? They are the commandments,—Love God with all your heart! Love your neighbor as yourself! Under all conceivable circumstances, obey God rather than man; and if you are called to suffer for such obedience, take it patiently, not rendering evil for evil, but contrariwise blessing, as followers of the Lamb of God, who can take blows, but cannot give them. They are the assurances that in Christ we shall find our Heavenly Father, reconciling us to himself, coming to dwell in our hearts, to enlighten our consciences, to bring down the angels of heaven to our side, to cast out the demons of selfishness and sensuality and pride and wrath,—one who will cleave to us if we will cleave to him, and will make our sacrifices, our tears and sweat and blood, not only tolerable, but sweet. They are promises of righteousness to those who really desire it, of heaven to those who will seek for it through faith and hope and love, of a kingdom in us here and about us hereafter. They are admonitions to a daily and hourly fidelity in all things whatsoever, enforced by His glorious example who did no sin, who went about doing good, who had compassion upon the multitude, who preached the Gospel to the poor, and who, gentle Judge as he is, will say at the last day to the workers of iniquity,—no matter how zealously they may have cried, Lord, Lord!—depart from me! I know ye not whence ye are! These were the truths which were preached in the beginning to Jew and Gentile, to bond and free, and Christendom is the result. The same truths, only believe in them and give them time, will create a better Christendom, a world whose animating principle shall be more and more the spirit of love,—love for Him who first loved us, love for those of every name and race whom Christ calls his brethren, and is seeking to exalt to his own right hand in the everlasting glory. These truths are to be illustrated by the experiences of our every-day lives; and doubtless that is an unwise and morbid sensitiveness which would exclude such

familiar illustrations ; but the illustrations are secondary to the truths, — and let us never forget, that when our faith and joy in these truths are gone, all is gone : the distinctive work of the Christian preacher is suspended, and if any other work is undertaken by him in its stead, the Church becomes, first, a lecture-room, and then is closed altogether. One may be a ritualist or a dogmatist or a legalist, and be the worse rather than the better for ritual, dogma, legality ; but if any man has seen the glory of the Father in the face of Christ, — if any man has caught any measure of the spirit of Christ, — he will surely be a more trustworthy man, in all relations, than one who has not attained to this vision and this life, simply because the quantity of his moral being has been increased. And let us say to those who do not love to hear secular sermons from clergymen, are you sure that you are willing to hear religious sermons, or are you as much wearied when God and Christ and heaven are spoken of as you are annoyed by a political discourse ?

One word more. The religionist is entitled to magnify his office, even when he has failed to get a hearing, and the hour of darkness has come ; because in the day of sore adversity faith, hope, and love are our abiding possessions, — garments which moth and rust cannot corrupt, treasures which thieves cannot dig through and steal. “Whoso heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a man who built his house upon a rock.” If you ask for calmness and sober judgments, for patience, sweetness, and hopefulness, for moderate counsels and brotherly words in perilous days, — if you would have those who are more willing to bear the burdens of others than to profit by their misfortunes, if you would have those who can look without despair and madness upon the wasting of their goods, you will find them just in proportion as you are able to find genuine friends of God and Christ. Where these abound the ship may be wrecked, but there shall be the loss of no man’s life among you ; of the life, I mean, which is more than meat, and which

is clad in that celestial body which is more than raiment. Other men may say, all these things are against me, — but the Christian will not say it; for he knows that God is for him, and that only they who forsake Him shall be written in the earth. The very foundations beneath him may be destroyed; but the heavens are sure, and the promises cannot fail, — and no sinfulness and folly of man can frustrate the merciful purpose of God. How beautifully does the light of the Gospel shine out in times of darkness! The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee! “Be of good cheer!” said Paul — a mere dreamer no longer, but a loving and helpful man — to that ship’s company. No reproaches, no taunting and triumphing; only sweet and comfortable words, with good, wholesome advice to take food, and not perish by starvation through fear of perishing by shipwreck. . . “God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.” So sang the inspired Hebrews. And read the glorious words of stout Martin Luther, as he holds on his way to the Diet at Worms: —

“A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He’ll keep us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o’ertaken.

With force of arms we nothing can, —
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

And were this world all devils o’er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.

God’s word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,

But, spite of Hell, shall have its course, —
 'T is written by his finger.
 And though they take our life,
 Goods, honor, children, wife,
 Yet is their profit small :
 These things shall vanish all ; —
 The City of God remaineth."

Whoso can say these things out of a Christian heart cannot be spared out of the ship in the voyage of life. Let such be heard ; but let him who degrades such speech into cant, or vain repetition, keep silence until he has learned to believe.

"Be of good cheer!" said our brave Apostle to those who were looking each moment to be shipwrecked ; and they are good words for all who have fallen upon dark and evil times. "If ye faint in the day of *adversity*, your strength is small." Any man who is not an atheist can give thanks for his blessings, but the Christian counts his sorrows blessings ; and, even when many things have been taken, or are likely to be taken, praises God, because he can lean back upon Him, and look up to Him, and hold by the same strong hand that bore up the fearful and sinking Peter. We need changes and chances as well as prosperity ; and it is written, "Because they have had no changes, therefore they fear not God." Let the fearful encounter their fears with charities, and strive to understand that the rest which the world may hope for is not rest *from* care, but rest *in* care, — great peace in great painfulness.

R. E.

THE ORIGINAL.

A QUIDAM tells me, "I am of no school,
 No master lives to give me rule ;"
 Of which I take it this is the amount,
 "I am a fool on my own account."

GOETHE.

HISTORY OF THE OXFORD SINGING-SCHOOL.

THE singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution, — not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive ; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures ; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy wending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milkwomen hieing thither with their pails ; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with

long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was ever out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children flared out in finer silks and broadcloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Corne-

lius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "fuguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all the other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

"How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the anti-strophes,

sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony, — Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

“T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array.”

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis, — all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers — Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney — who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sulky criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of “Squeaking Tim.” But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and *some* thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder-storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus—" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the school-room like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some

guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe,—not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health, and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could n't be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifications, or, like Lot's wife, into salifactions, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was

gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antediluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to effect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two choral wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its

place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, called it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

The next thing was the choice of a leading chorister, for Mr. Solomon Huntington's term was drawing to its close. The "traps" of course went for Timothy Case, and the "locks" went for Peter Bettis. There was, however, a third party, which represented young Oxford, and which held the balance of power. They were mostly "traps" in principle, though they did not make that the most important plank in their platform. Peter Bettis, however, was chosen by a decided majority, for he rallied around him the kindly disposed of all parties, who would not see him rudely thrust from his place. He rose, with a good deal of emotion; his words were few, but to the point:—

"I thank you, my friends, for this honor, but I must decline. I will never sing with the choir huddled together like a flock of sheep."

Of course the reader will excuse him for drawing his imagery from his own bucolical reminiscences. The third party rallied its forces. They put forward, as their representative, a young blade by the name of Seth Hubbard.

Seth lived in a remote part of the town, but he was one of the rising lights of Oxford. He was fond of singing, fond of dancing, fond of female society, and female society was generally fond of him. He was engaged to two young ladies at the same time, and would have been to a third had not "circumstances prevented." There was a girl of smart, queenly appearance, that came up every Sunday from Mr. Thomas Cleveland's dairy-farm, and sat and sang in the quadrangle. Ellen Cleveland was among the best specimens of honest country life. Strength of muscle, mind, and heart had come to her from the work of the dairy-room. She had large black eyes, her cheeks were like two baldwins, and her ruby lips poured forth strains which could always be heard, clear as a lark's, in the highest and most tumultuous flights of the quadrangle. Her vocabulary was very limited, especially in the direction of polite phrases, and she cut short with the word "gammon" a great deal of the general nonsense at the country parties. It was currently reported and believed that Seth had tried to engage himself to Ellen Cleveland, that she cut him short with "gammon," that she applied her palms to his ears in such wise that fuguing tunes sang through his brain spontaneously for several hours, and that she set him whirling like one of her own cheeses till his face subsided into a homeward direction. This, however, had been hushed up, and Seth had come clear shining out of any little clouds of this sort. Every Sunday he came with his gilt buttons gleaming in the distance. As far as you could see Seth, so far you could see the rows of metal on him, shining in the sun. Even the clouds of dust which

the carriages raised along the road seldom shut out entirely the flimmer of the fourteen buttons as they hove in sight. You might say of Seth then, when on his way to church, more truly than Goethe does of the loved one,—

“I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder,
The dust be stirred.”

Seth was chosen first chorister by a triumphant majority. He was a decided “trap,” and some of that party having formed a coalition with young Oxford, carried the day. Almost all the older singers, who had given dignity and character to the quadrangle, went below into their pews. They were not going up into that pigeon-loft, let Grandville and all the world do as it might. Peter Bettis never sang any more. His mouth came closer and closer together, till he occupied the extreme left of the “locks,” and when the Orchestra party prevailed, it shut entirely, and he went below.

Great preparations had been made for the first Sunday after the reorganization of the choir. Mr. Solomon Huntington has closed his school and gone. The choir have met every evening in the week to practise under the new chorister, and it is expected there will be an uncommon blaze of harmony from the pigeon-loft on Sunday. Something must be done to shame the conservatives, and convince the “old fogies” of the quadrangle that theirs was not the music of the spheres.

Sunday comes: the choir are in their new seats, and Seth Hubbard shines in front in his twice sevenfold metallic brilliancy. During prayer time and sermon time there is much bustling and rustling and turning of leaves; at other times—but the reader must not expect me to describe the torrents of psalmody that rolled down from the pigeon-loft into the aisles. The grand effort, however, was reserved for the close. After the last prayer in the afternoon, Parson Harrison rose, and announced to the audience that the services

would close with a voluntary. Thereupon Seth Hubbard left the pigeon-loft and went below. The people stared and stretched their necks as he came wending up the broad aisle, flinging the golden sheen around him, till he stood in front of the deacons' seats, below the pulpit. Then the strophes and anti-strophes broke forth as follows : —

CHOIR (*in the loft*).

Come, pilgrim, come away,
C-o-m-e, p-i-l-g-r-i-m, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, come, come, come, come, come,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH (*below, solus*).

I hear the voice of angels,
They cry Co ——— me a ——— way,
C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y.

CHOIR.

C-o-m-e a-w-a-y, c-o-m-e a-w-a-y,
Come, pilgrim, come away,
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
Co ——— me a ——— way.

SETH.

They cry Co ——— me a ——— way.

SECOND TREBLE.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

BASS.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

TENOR.

Come, pilgrim, come away.

OMNES.

Come, pilgrim, come away.
 Come, come, come, come, come, come
 Come, pilgrim, come away,
 Come away — come away — come away — come away,
 C — o — m — e a — w — a — y.

SETH.

They cry, C — o — m — e a — w — a — y,
 Co — me a — way,
 Co — me
 A — w — a — y.

All party distinctions in the choir seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Even the "locks" opened their mouths and leaned forward from the loft in a perfect deluge of harmony, and it was some time after the last lingering "Come away" had crept off through the vacuum of the "old maid's pew," and vanished, before the congregation came back to themselves. I watched Parson Harrison. He looked very solemn, and kept stroking the top of his head. I could understand why he should do it now to prevent his hair from rising up, though I do not know that this was his real motive.

"How did you like the singing?" was on everybody's lips as we came out of church. I was non-committal, for I really did not know what to say. My thoughts had taken a sort of spiral motion, and I preferred waiting till they subsided into their old channel. I saw the Clevelands walking ahead of me, and quickened my pace and came up with Ellen.

"I did n't hear your voice in the choir to-day."

"No. I sat below."

"You don't approve of the new arrangement?"

"O, I don't care a fig where the singers sit. 'T is n't of so much consequence where the seats are as who fills them."

"I expected to hear you to-day, as I understand you belong to the 'traps.'"

"Well,—I mean to open my mouth so as to let the words come out without hitting, when there's anything to come out."

"That singing this afternoon I consider rather remarkable."

"Gammon."

The same performance was repeated two or three Sundays, after which the chorister sent notice to the pulpit that another voluntary was to come off.

Parson Harrison was one of the best of men, though when he had something disagreeable to say, or something which required more moral courage than usual, he never looked his audience in the face, but always looked straight at old Dick's pew. I have heard him preach some exceedingly pungent sermons, but he always poured them all in upon the negroes. Once, I remember, he preached a sermon against dancing, all of which went straight as an arrow at old Dick, though the poor old cripple could n't dance a step to save his life. The minister, in this new emergency, after the last prayer, made a pause, stroked the top of his head, which he seldom did in the pulpit, and looked at old Dick, from which I knew he was going to say something that gave him pain.

"The voluntary can be omitted. Shall we receive the Divine blessing?" And the congregation were dismissed.

Father Harrison had told some one that he thought the voluntary dissipated the solemn impression which he wanted the sermon to leave upon the minds of the people, and he felt obliged to leave it out.

We have come now to what may be called the "Decline and Fall" in the history of the Oxford singing-school, if not of the Oxford parish itself. The next Sunday both the quadrangle and the pigeon-loft were deserted and desolate. The hymns were given out, but nobody responded. I knew how deeply the minister felt it, for he looked under the stairs and preached at old Dick all day. In the afternoon, however, he gave out "Hymn 148," which in Dwight's edition

of Watts, you will see, if you turn to it, is preserved in its original beauty, having not yet been tinkered for the modern compilations. There was a subdued pleading in the voice of the venerable man, which was very tender and touching, as he read these stanzas : —

“ Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

“ *Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.*”

The pastor sat down after reading the hymn, and stroked the top of his head three times, as if waiting for a response. I could not see how the old singers below would resist the appealing pathos of his voice, as it quivered through the stanzas. I thought Peter Bettis would certainly open his mouth. But it had closed forever on the melodies and shut them in. The pastor was just taking up his notes when a female voice broke forth, at first subdued and almost choked with emotion, but finally it soared clear and bird-like, scaling the empty pigeon-loft and waking its echoes. It was Ellen Cleveland's. One voice after another dropped in as the strain went on. Even old Dick and black Phillis opened their mouths, and Cornelius responded from under the opposite stairs ; and the last stanzas of the hymn went up from every part of the house, with an unction I have seldom witnessed : —

“ The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields
And walk the golden streets.”

It went up from the congregation as if a mighty wind had come suddenly and swept them like so many human lyres, and rolled away in a soothing and billowy motion through the

arches. It seemed to be alive and have a soul in it. People looked towards the Cleveland pew. Ellen's voice ruled the whole, and when the strain closed, her eyes were swimming in tears.

This went on for several Sundays, when lo! Seth Hubbard and his compeers reappeared in the pigeon-loft. They were determined, they said, to break up this screeching from all over the church. It was disgraceful. It was barbarous. They would see whether the pews would sing down the gallery. Fortunately they did not try. The pews became mute as the pigeon-loft became vocal. The pigeon-loft, however, were never after edified by the prayers and sermons, and they regarded their own performances the only ones which it was not a waste of time to hear. They spent the time between the singing in eating pea-nuts, reading newspapers, or making arrangements for the next ball, and thus they managed to fill up the hour at church rather pleasantly, notwithstanding the dull sermons and prayers.

Here my personal knowledge ceases, and I must write from hearsay the closing chapter of the history of the Oxford singing-school. I left the good old town to be educated somewhere else, and only came back to get short glimpses of the ancient church and its mutilated galleries. Good Mr. Harrison had left,—the kind-hearted old pastor, whose smooth, white hair was the silvery shine of the heavenly purities which he approached so near. The Scrapewells turned against him. "Squeaking Tim" went to the Baptists. Young Oxford thought they ought to have a minister who had some taste for music, and who kept up with the times. Jesse O. Whitney and his brother-in-law joined the Methodists, that their fuguing faculties might have unobstructed swing. Seth Hubbard, notwithstanding his metallic splendors, disappeared under a cloud which the reader will excuse me from describing. Old Dick had sunk into his grave,—not, I trust, without sanctifying grace, considering all the orthodox sermons which had been piled upon his head.

Ellen Cleveland was there,—no longer a tenant of the Cleveland pew, but of Esquire Brown's, whose daughter-in-law she was,—and she had brought up already three cottage flowers to be sprinkled with baptismal waters. There was no settled pastor; a preacher was "supplying," and the church was about half full. A new set had succeeded to the pigeon-loft, assisted by a flute and a violin. There was nothing in its performances to blame, and not much to praise; but it made me sigh for the golden days of Peter Bettis.

I by no means affirm that the singing-school was the cause of all this decline. I only aim to give its beginning, its middle, and its end. Certain I am that things went rapidly down as soon as the quadrangle was broken up. Certain I am, too, that they went rapidly up again in the short interval when Ellen Cleveland led off the congregation; and we came out of the church with our hearts brimming over with devotional rapture, and our souls melting together in brotherly and sisterly love. And I brought away from the old church these two ideas,—and have carried them with me these thirty years, all after experience so confirming them that the Smithfield fires could not melt them out of me,—that the Divine influx comes with special power and fullness into congregational singing, and that singing-schools are a curse to human society.

E. H. S.

THE SCALES.

USE well thine early days!
In the scales of Fortune
The index seldom keeps still:
You must rise or sink;
You must rule and win,
Or you must give up and fail;
Suffering or triumph is thine,—
The anvil or the hammer!

GOETHE.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. J. L. DIMAN.

MATT. xvi. 25:—“For whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake, shall find it.”

MANY of the sayings of our Lord seem purposely obscure. It was clearly no part of his plan that his followers should learn the Gospel by rote. Mingled with much that is simple and evident, are not a few things hard to be understood. It would appear that the Great Teacher was seeking to guard against the easy error of substituting words for things. He foresaw how natural it would be for men to persuade themselves that they knew the truth because they could recite it glibly. Hence he shrunk from all formal statements of doctrine, such as catechisms and creeds. He uttered his instructions in parables and enigmatical sayings. He was content that some should turn back perplexed, provided that others were made to pause and reflect.

The seeming paradox of our text illustrates this habit of the Son of man. The word life is here evidently used in a peculiar sense. The losing of life that is here spoken of cannot be the mere dissolution of the physical frame. A deeper and more comprehensive dying must be intended. The life, too, which we gain must be more than existence in a future state. We have only to glance at the frequent passages where the word life is used in similar connections, to be satisfied that here is no allusion to the popular idea of immortality. Throughout the New Testament there is traced a striking analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. As one was conceived by the Holy Ghost, so must the other be born of the Spirit; as one was made perfect through suffering, so is the other taught to view no chastening as grievous; as one was crucified, so is the other commanded to take up his cross; as Christ on the

third day rose from the dead, so his followers, rising from the death of selfishness and sin, are exhorted to walk with their Living Head in newness of life.

The frequency, the earnestness with which these expressions are reiterated, forbid that we should put them aside as mere rhetorical figures. They must involve some real and important sense. We cannot understand the mystery of Christ till we learn by experience something of this analogy. We must come to receive him in his fulness; he is more than example, more than instructor, more than substitute; he abideth in his followers, so that it is no longer we that live, but Christ that liveth in us.

Our text needs obviously to be interpreted by this analogy. As Christ counted not his own life dear unto him, but freely gave it up, so must his followers be willing to lose their lives. It is the inexorable condition of discipleship. To be his disciple is to have life, and to have it more abundantly; it was for this cause that God sent his only begotten into the world that men might live through him; but only so far as they die with him can they also live with him, even as a corn of wheat except it fall into the ground and die, abideth alone.

We are too apt to narrow the significance of life and death. Life is not mere existence; death is not the mere putting off of this mortal frame. Our Saviour, we are told, first brought life and immortality to light; that is, he first displayed their real nature. From him we learn that even while living we are often dead, and that this is life eternal, not simply that we may live forever in a future world, but that we may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent!

We see, then, that eternal life is not to be conceived of as simply in the future. It is something that we now enjoy, differing from our mortal life, not in duration, but in quality. That eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested in the Son, abideth in the believer. "For this is the record," says the beloved disciple, "that God hath given to

us eternal life ; and this life is in his Son, and he that hath the Son hath life." We need not then lie down in the grave to receive this incorruptible gift. The seeds of the new creation lie waiting in every regenerate soul.

What we mean by life, in its last analysis, is that ceaseless action and reaction of subtle forces which lurk in material existence, eluding the keenest scrutiny of science. Of life in its origin and essence we know absolutely nothing ; whether it be a product of organization mysteriously generated from the travailing creation, or whether it be a superadded energy above the range of physical causation, we cannot say. We know it only in the conditions of its manifestation. So far as we are capable of recognizing life, it is made up of relations. The life of the plant consists, in the main, of relations to sun and air ; the life of the animal, of relations to meat and drink ; the life of the soul, of relations to man and God. The relations of the soul are its desires, affections, convictions, impressions. These are the subtle forces that fashion its interior growth. The lower gradations of life complete themselves, and culminate in a life that is not simply organic and sensitive, but conscious and rational.

The real life of a man is therefore measured by the mass of his relations to himself and to other beings. His positive vitality is the sum total of them all. He is more a man as he is brought more broadly into conscious contact with the whole universe of God. We may discriminate man's capacities into capacities of knowing, of loving, and of doing. The amplest and completest life would therefore be a life in which the intellect received its highest culture, the affections their fullest exercise, and the will its most perfect discipline.

According to this definition, eternal life means simply the soul's experience of its eternal relations. Its eternal relations are its relations to God. Eternal life involves, therefore, the knowing of the only true God ; and, as a consequence of this knowledge, the loving him with all the heart, and, as a consequence of this love, the doing of his will. This is

the life that we find by losing the life of self. These relations that now exist, as they exist between the soul and the Father of spirits, cannot be shattered by the wreck of the physical frame.

All growth involves the losing and gaining of life. It is the divine law of development, comprehending every grade of being. As the seed must die in the ground before it can blossom into a flower, as the worm must die to mantle itself "with downy gold and colors dipped in heaven," so the soul must be unclothed of one existence before it can be clothed upon with another and a fairer. As it enters each new stage, it must lose life before it can find it.

And it is well for us to note, that the precepts of our Lord, which seem often most harsh and exceptional, are in perfect harmony with the laws of being. The kingdom of nature and the kingdom of grace are not antagonistic in their working. We grow in holiness by a process perfectly analogous to that by which we grow in wisdom and strength. By the same straight and narrow gate we enter into all that is truly good. The conditions by which we inherit the reward laid up in heaven are the conditions of all genuine excellence. The child must lose its life to become a man. The life of innocence, of playfulness, of thoughtless joy, must give place to a life of temptation, of anxiety, of patient, earnest effort. The early days survive only as dim memories of a golden age. They linger as recollections of another state of being. So little do they blend with our more robust experience, that the poet's fancy has seen in them the intimations of a purer life, that was brought to a close at our birth into this present sphere.

And so on to the end. Long as the soul continues to grow, it grows by losing that which it has gained. Its life is nourished by a continual dying. As it advances in knowledge, it puts off its former ignorance; as it grows in affection, it forgets its prejudices; as it becomes more perfect in obedience, it denies its sinful habits. The law which constrains the seed

to burst its husk is not more imperative than the law which looses our silver cords and breaks our golden bowls.

This law, however, finds its most perfect illustration, not in those cases where a former life is put away by the inevitable flow of years, nor by the soul's natural growth, but where life is freely laid down for the sake of some greater good, where endeared associations are relinquished and cherished ties are broken ; or where outward advantages and ease are given up, and former relations willingly surrendered to some call of duty.

In every act of self-sacrifice and self-denial we thus lay down our lives. It needs not the putting off of the outward body. Many a mother watching at the sick-bed of a child, many a wife clinging to the fortunes of a ruined and outcast husband, has more truly laid down her life than a martyr at the stake. The laying down of life that is most complete, that makes most sure the finding of another, is the daily and patient laying down of what renders life most dear.

Moses laid down his life when he forsook a life of honor, of power, of earthly rank, to become the leader of fugitive slaves, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin. Howard laid down his life when he relinquished the comfort of his English home "to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, — to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries." And, if we may quote a more sublime example, the Son of Man laid down his life, not so much in the hour when he cried on the cross and when his pierced side poured forth water and blood, as in his giving up of the glory that he had with the Father and becoming despised and rejected of men ; in the daily contact of his self-denying love with pride, ingratitude, and unbelief.

The great Apostle to the Gentiles had perhaps this saying

of our Lord in mind, when he supplied the best comment on it in the words: "Know ye not that as many as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection."

We see, then, in what profound sense he that loseth his life shall find it; how broad and far-reaching is the law that all growth involves death and resurrection. Like Paul, we die daily if we are living members of Christ; we must be always emerging from the tomb of a past existence, and casting from us the grave-clothes of a sinful nature. By such ceaseless, ever-renewing process is it that this corruptible puts on incorruption, and this mortal puts on immortality. This is the life given us in Christ.

The life that was manifest in Christ was a life of self-renunciation. He laid down his life for the world. Though rich, yet for our sakes he became poor. But by losing his life he found it. "Wherefore," for this cause, "God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

The same Divine economy comprehends the followers of Jesus. They become the sons of God by the same self-renunciation. They must lose life in order to gain it, for it is a faithful saying, if we be dead with him we shall also live with him, if we suffer we shall also reign with him. In explicit terms he proclaimed the conditions of discipleship: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me." Every son of God must suffer many things.

For only through this sympathy of suffering and death can

we be made acquainted with the Lord of Life. Only so far as we have passed through, in our own experience, this antagonism of holiness and sin, can we comprehend the mystery of his being. Only by the discipline of the same trials that he endured can we become partakers of his nature. The ever-descending Spirit refuses to rest on those who have not been baptized with his baptism !

In words that seem almost harsh our Saviour forewarned his hearers of these things. "If thy right eye," he says, "offend thee, pluck it out ; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." "No man having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "And if any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Men were cautioned to count the cost before they sat down to build that tower.

Do you say, "Is this the cup that we must drink of?" Well might the disciples ask, "Who then can be saved?" Is Christian life only self-denial ; must our present existence, with all its interwoven threads of joys, of sympathies, of hopes, of loves, be thrown away ; all its aims and interests be abandoned ; father and mother, wife and children be forgotten, when we set out to run this race ? To affirm this is to affirm that only half our text is true. But he that loseth his life shall find it. That life cannot be lost that is lost for the sake of the Son of Man. The joys that we surrender to follow him, will come back to us again in double measure, like the patriarch's flocks. That which is in part is done away, only that that which is perfect may come. New and more enduring relations, purer affections, closer ties, take the place of the old. Like the woman of Samaria, we are called away from earth's shallow fountains, to drink of that well of water that springeth up into everlasting life.

The fatal error of asceticism consists in recognizing only half this truth. The barefooted monk, the hermit fleeing from the world, the nun wasting in her cell, do not lay down

their lives for the sake of Christ. That alone is truly done for his sake which is done with the same mind that was in him. It was not his purpose to lessen, but to increase the sum of human happiness. Through his poverty many were made rich. Monasticism, then, with its whole apparatus of artificial and profitless suffering, is a base travesty of the Man of Sorrows. Self-sacrifice and self-denial are meritorious only as they tend to secure some greater good. It is no part of religion to narrow our humanity. The seed is not planted that it may rot in the ground. Christ came that we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly; that it might be richer in all pure delights, broader in all generous sympathies, more fruitful in all good works. We lay down our lives for his sake, only when we lay them down that we may find them in another and ampler being.

He that loseth his life shall find it. He shall lose a life of self-indulgence, of self-seeking, of disproportioned affections, of misdirected efforts, of disappointed hopes; he shall find a life of holiness, of charity, of regulated love, of effectual labor, of content and rest; he shall find it in more serene exercise of his spiritual nature, in nobler purposes of action, in new springs, that gush forth at every step, of joys that are unspeakable and full of glory!

The Christian life, when viewed in its completeness, is life in its largest and most gladsome aspect. It has promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. As we are clothed upon with this new existence, we are clothed upon with a Divine humanity. The life that was the light of men is perpetually made flesh through our mortal lives. The self-renunciation that our text enjoins is simply the portal through which we press on to the mark of the prize of this high calling.

Must a man, then, hate his father and mother, yea, and his own life also? So far as these stand in the way of his love to God, he must. So far as the creature supplants the Creator,

it must be given up ; so far as finite and temporal relations make us unmindful of those which are infinite and eternal, they must be set aside. Soon as they are exalted to this false eminence, they are worthless husks. If we wish to save them, we shall lose them ; if we are willing to lose them, we shall find them again. The natural affections will not be robbed of their sweetness when sanctified by the spirit of religion. We shall not in the end love father or mother less, because taught to love God supremely. We shall not love our children less, because taught to love our neighbor as ourself. On the contrary, every good instinct will be quickened afresh. There is a unity of being that causes all parts to rejoice together. The natural affections will be transfigured into Divine affinities ; we shall receive an hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life. And how sublime, in this aspect, seem the capabilities of human life. When we save it for ourselves, when we narrow it down to our own interests, when we make it subserve simply our own enjoyment, it is vanity of vanities, — like a tale that is told, — like a vapor that hasteth away ; but when we lose it for Christ's sake, when we freely give it up for others, it is identified with life eternal, enduring, and undisturbed as the everlasting years of God.

How true, then, it is that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth, not in mere earthly enjoyments, not in relations that are limited to this present sphere. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle all these are passing away. In vain shall we seek to stay their flight. In the grave there shall be no remembrance of them. What is essential and enduring in us is independent of those outward accidents. The growing soul will no more regret them than the child regrets his swaddling bands.

Our text supplies a test by which we may feel assured that our lives are hid with Christ in God. It is a test independent of our changeful spiritual moods ; an assurance that does not rest on dreamy devotion, or on rare moments of ecstatic com-

munion. It fixes the proof of discipleship on a practical and unmistakable basis. It leaves us no more room to doubt that we have eternal life abiding in us, than to doubt the reality of our own existence. The life will be as manifest in the branches as it was manifest in the vine.

If, then, out of real love for Christ, we delight to share his work, — if we count it all joy that like him we are permitted to minister rather than to be ministered unto, — if in the order of our course we serve at the same altar, offering ourselves as living sacrifices, — if we make it the ruling purpose of our lives to do, not our own will, but the will of our Father which is in heaven, — and if in ceaseless struggle with our easily besetting sins, in ever-increasing abhorrence of whatever is unholy and impure, we are conscious of a growing sympathy with Him who was tempted in all respects as we are, that he might be made wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption for us, then may we humbly trust that we have received that spirit of adoption by which we are made partakers with him of his everlasting sonship.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DIVINE AND HUMAN.

ALL progress is the result of knowledge, — of knowledge applied and wrought out in practice. To effect this, that which is used as the means of progress must be knowledge indeed, — not vague, general, or inaccurate, for then no progress will be made ; but it must be knowledge that is definite, particular, accurate.

Hence the importance of clear and definite ideas, — of ideas founded upon realities and facts. This is the grand requisite in every department of human thought, and in every domain of inquiry. The history of all science is simply the history of the accession of new facts, serving as

the foundations of new and definite thought. As the increase of definite thought goes on, progress in the sciences is made; and when that increase stops, progress is at a rest.

The advancement of astronomy has consisted in a vast accumulation of accurate and definite knowledge concerning the heavenly bodies; an increase in the number of actual facts brought before the mind, serving to give fixity and rest to the thought, and prevent its wandering vaguely and objectless through the spaces. In this way have the fallacies and fancies of the older theories been gradually rolled away, as masses of mist and cloud are dispelled before the rising glories of the morning light.

The ideas which men had of the structure of our globe, of the causes of various appearances scattered over its surface, of the action of forces in operation upon it, of the nature of its crust, and the contents of its interior, were exceedingly vague, inaccurate, and conflicting, until Geology came, and, by an acquisition, arrangement, and study of the facts, gradually brought light out of the darkness, and order out of the confusion. The progress in this case was exactly coincident with the acquirement of accurate knowledge as the foundation of definite thought.

So, too, in the department of human history. As we look away back, up the stream of time, across the long vista of preceding generations, into the realms of the remoter past, all is vague, dark, misty, and fabulous, until History, as a science, comes, and with her dates and chronologies, her kings and empires and epochs, — giving the thought some actual points of fixity to rest upon, — plants her row of shining lamps along through the darkness, shedding a chain of light over that shadowy realm, and marking in clearness the pathway of the travelling ages. Progress, in this case, too, was made just in the proportion that definite thought took the place of vague thought, and the foot of accuracy chased away the vapors of uncertainty.

As it is in the domain of natural things, so it is in the world of spiritual things: clear and well-defined views are necessary in order to make progress in them. Definite thought, founded on accurate knowledge, is the measure of intellectual progress in heavenly and divine things, while the application of that thought to practice constitutes wisdom, and is the exact measure of a man's real and living progress in those things.

It is a thought and belief with some that the loftier themes of theology, and the higher realities of the spiritual life, should not be made the subjects of fixed doctrines, and of a definite and uniform teaching grounded thereon; but that they should be left alone in their exalted region, and each mind be left free to follow its own conceptions of such things, to be guided by its own light, to take its own views, and form its own ideas.

In the light of the analogies already drawn, however, we can see the fallacy and unsoundness of this view. No realm of thought is ever really surveyed by indulging in excursions of the imagination into it, nor is any truth ever acquired or kept by exercising the mind upon vague and shadowy objects. The thought requires a point of fixity to rest upon, in order that anything may be learned, as the eye requires an object to look upon, instead of the vacancy of open space, in order that anything may be seen.

The reason why the more exalted subjects of a spiritual and heavenly nature are not better understood, and are supposed by many to lie beyond the reach of human thought, is because of the want of accurate doctrine in relation to them, and the absence of clear and definite teaching founded thereon. But the subjects themselves — many of them — are not hard to be understood. And when the Lord, by an opening of the meaning of his Word, communicates them to men, they may be learned as easily as the truths of any other science, and intellectual progress in them be as rapidly made.

The likeness of man to God is the truth most frequently set forth in the Scriptures ; we are called his children, and he is called our Father. The Lord is spoken of as possessing and exercising the various faculties, powers, and attributes which belong to man ; and it is said that he made man in his own image and likeness, — in the image of God created he them.

From all these representations we learn the great truth of who and what God is. We learn that he is a Divine man ; or rather, that he is the one Divine Man of the universe, — and that we are men simply because we are images and likenesses of him. All our finite attributes correspond to his infinite attributes, and thus, as we are finite men, so he is an infinite man.

This is the first great truth which the Scriptures everywhere desire and design to teach us. But if this truth alone were given us, we should form incorrect ideas about it ; we should be liable to think of the Lord as only a larger and more powerful man like ourselves. The fallacies of the senses would come in to shape our thought, and we should think of the Lord as possessed of greater size, greater will, greater wisdom, and greater power than men, — but yet of all of them as being essentially human will, human wisdom, and human power. We should think of him as possessed of the same quality of faculties as we ourselves possess, only increased to an indefinite or illimitable degree.

As this would be an incorrect idea of the Lord, and of what is Divine, therefore the Scriptures give us this other truth also, setting forth the essential difference between man and his Maker, — thus between what is Divine and what is merely human.

As we have said, this is not a difference of mere degree, or extent, — as of more or less, of greater or smaller, — but a difference in real essence, a difference of quality and kind.

Let us illustrate this difference by one or two familiar examples. There are two common sources of light and heat to

men. The first is the sun, which sheds down his rays from above, continually diffusing their beams, like a gentle shower, over the whole surface of Nature, stimulating her processes, animating her operations, and everywhere filling her with life and clothing her with verdure. The other source is the lights and fires of man's own kindling on the surface of the earth. They are different in their origin, different in their nature, and different in their effects. We may increase their size and enlarge their flame, but do not alter their nature, nor change the results they are capable of performing. They are mere chemical combustions, and the glare of their flame can never operate upon the leaf of tree or flower like the ray of solar light. There is no vivifying force in them. We may multiply them indefinitely, and spread them out over the whole continent; nay, may even wrap the whole globe itself in flames, and as their sheeted volumes should ascend into air, licking at the clouds, we should have only scorching and consuming conflagration, without one single ray of solar light or heat. With all our labor, we should have made no advance towards creating a single pencil of the sun's beams, or of making anything that would produce similar results.

Thus we see, from this analogy, that there is no tendency, by merely increasing what is human, to become what is Divine, or to render it any more of like quality as the Divine.

As it is with the two kinds of light and heat, so it is with the bodies from which they proceed. There are two kinds of function that are performed in the system of the heavens. The one is performed by the sun, the other by the planets or earths. The sun is in the centre of the system; he stands in the midst, and rules the planets in their motions. He is the lamp of the system; he shines by his own light, and he is the dispenser of light and heat to all the earths in his system.

The planets, on their parts, revolve around him; they are dependent on him for their motion; they have no light of their own, but in their own nature are dark and opaque; they are made to be inhabited, — to be the homes of men, —

to receive the rays of the sun and reflect them, — to shine, not in themselves, but by the light which is borrowed from him, and which is borrowed by them and bestowed by him every moment of time ; to receive that light and heat into their bosom, to appropriate it, treasure it up, use it to clothe themselves with life and verdure, and manifest it by shedding forth a reflection of it to other planetary worlds around them, as the moon and the planets do to us.

Thus we perceive a difference of specific and essential quality between the sun and the earth. No increase of size in the bulk of the earth would convert it into a sun, nor have the least tendency to do so. No enlargement of the moon's surface would ever cause her to shine by her own light.

And so it is with the difference between the Lord and men, — between what is Divine and what is human. As the sun of the natural heavens is in respect to the earth, so is his life above our life, and his quality above our quality.

He is the spiritual centre of the universe. It all depends upon him. He is the only possessor of life, — the only one who shines by his own light. He is its uncreated source and fountain ; out of him it flows. All other beings whatsoever are only recipients of this life ; none of them have life in themselves ; they all are created forms and organs fitted to receive, to appropriate, to use, and to manifest or reflect forth that life to others. This is the case with angels, spirits, and men. They never shine by their own light. Life is not created and put into them ; they never possess it as an inherent substance of their own being ; but it is forever continually communicated to them by an influx from the Lord himself, as light and heat are communicated every moment to the planets by the beams flowing forth from the natural sun.

This perpetual stream of life from the Lord flows down and enters into men, being breathed into the interiors of their souls, as air is breathed every moment into the lungs. And as the body requires the latter, so does the spirit require

the former. As if the air were withheld from us, and we should cease to respire, our natural life would soon come to an end, so, if this influx of life from the Lord should be withheld, and we cease to receive it for only a single moment, all our mental action would cease; we could neither feel nor think, and should fall down in a swoon.

It is here that we seize the very essential difference between the quality of what is Divine and the quality of what is human. The one possesses life in itself, — uncreated, self-existent, self-productive, forever giving it forth. The other is only a form or vessel capable of receiving an influx of that life, and of being filled with it.

How simple this truth, and how easy to be understood! And yet from how much vague thought and how many fallacies will it save us?

It will preserve us from the error of thinking that we possess life in and of ourselves, giving us a rational idea, and a firm conviction of our momentary and complete dependence on God. It will afford us a rule for the accurate and discriminating use of language in regard to this subject, showing us, at the same time, that, however good a man may become, he can make no progress whatever towards being Divine. No increase of manhood will ever change that essential quality of his nature by which he is only an organ recipient of life. He may go on improving forever; he may enlarge his powers and exalt every faculty of his soul; he may become more and more spiritual, more and more heavenly, more and more angelic, — may continue to increase in holiness and in purity to eternity; and all this time will only have been growing more and more truly human, but not one whit more Divine than when he first began. He will not have incorporated into his own substance a single particle of the essence of life, not have implanted in himself a single spark of truly Divine fire, nor have taken one step towards rendering himself an original source of spiritual light and heat to others. There is an oppositeness and diversity of

essential quality between the two, which separates, by an impassable chasm, the least thing of Divine substance from the largest or purest thing of human substance. The holiest archangel in the highest of all the heavens is no nearer changing his human into a Divine nature than the meanest or lowest mortal on earth ; nor has he taken a single step towards doing so.

We are too apt to form our ideas of the Lord, and of what is Divine, from what is large and high and lofty in a material sense : thus from size, or dimension, or bulk. The limitations of space and time come in to determine our thought. But when we come to think of the Divine from essential quality, the ideas of space vanish. Feelings of love do not occupy space ; and Infinite Love does so no more than human love. Ideas of thought do not occupy space ; and Divine Wisdom does so no more than human wisdom : size or dimension is not predicable of them. The Lord, in his Divinity, dwells above the entire region of space and time ; his substance transcends all their limitations ; they are not predicable of him, and they have no effect upon him. He is in all space without space, and in all time without time.

As it is quality of essential nature, and not size, which differences the Lord from man, therefore whenever he appears, he appears no larger than another man. When he veils his Supreme Divinity, and, descending into the region of man's ideas, — into the region of space and time, — there clothing himself with a form, which he uses as a medium to manifest himself, he takes a form not larger than that of other men. When he descended and came to Abraham, he did so in such a form. When he was seen by Moses, and talked with him face to face as a man talketh with his friend, he was seen by Moses altogether as another man. In a similar form did he appear to Joshua, Elijah, Isaiah, Ezekiel, as to all the seers and prophets of the Old Testament. And when he veiled his Divinity still further, and came into the

world, he here appeared in the common mien of men. He then changed the quality of the outward form he here assumed, and made it to consist of his own Divine substance ; thus causing the same quality to dwell in that which dwelt in himself. According to the Scripture, "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." That is, he made the humanity, which he assumed, essentially Divine. And being now Divine, that humanity, unlike the humanity of other men and angels, is now the source of light and life to men, because the Lord, our Heavenly Father, dwells in it as a soul in its body. Being made of like substance with himself, he took it with him when he went up again where he was before, when he ascended above all the heavens, above all the regions of space and time. And the Divine sphere of light and glory by which that humanity is surrounded is the sun of the spiritual universe.

We frequently call that Divine which is only derived or proceeds from the Divine. Thus, the Word of the Lord, or Divine truth ; the Holy Spirit, or Comforter ; that operative influence proceeding from the Lord to the mind and conscience of the believer ; that flood of light shed forth by him, in which all men are enabled intellectually to see and to think ; and that all-pervading atmosphere of life, which every one spiritually breathes, — all these are called Divine. And it is proper that they should be called so, because they all proceed directly from the Lord ; they receive all their quality from him, and as they come from him are entirely unqualified and unmodified by man. But yet we must always preserve in our minds the clear distinction between what is essentially Divine — by belonging to the Lord's own being, and forming a part of himself — and that which is Divine only by being derived from him. Otherwise we shall frequently fall into confusion of thought when we use the term "divine," and be liable to make mistakes in spiritual things corresponding to those which we should make in

natural things, if we were to confound the breath proceeding from a man's mouth with the man himself, or the rays of sunshine with the body of the sun itself, or the gentle rain with the cloud out of which it descended. The Divine Being is not an ocean of life or spirit, diffused through space; but that ocean of spirit everywhere diffused, flows forth and is derived from the Divine Being.

Those things which proceed from, or are given forth by, the Divine are attempered, modified, and adapted, and intended for man's use. It is by receiving them without perverting them that he can become holy. As he allows them to purify and qualify his life as they are intended to qualify it, he becomes, not Divine, but truly human, and at length angelic. These intermediate Divine things, which proceed from the Lord, and which flow down from him to man, are symbolized by a number of corresponding things of the material heavens. Thus as we read: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it to bring forth and bud,—that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater,—so shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth."

On every side we turn ourselves we shall continue to see the perfect distinctness of quality there is between whatever proceeds from the Lord and whatever has a human origin,—between every work of God and every work of man.

First, as to God's works;—look at the peculiar character impressed upon them all. To take an illustration from the vegetable kingdom. If we direct our attention to so small an object as a single grass-seed, we shall find it to be a wonderful thing. It is fitted to perform a certain use, and endowed with a remarkable capacity to do it. It is insignificant in appearance,—very light and frail,—and yet there resides in it a power which if we should see it operate for the first time we should declare miraculous. Deposit it in the ground,

giving the right conditions of air and light, and heat and rain, and it will open itself, unfolding from within a blade or spire ; and when this is fully grown, other seeds will make their appearance. Plant these again, and you will have several blades or spires, and they in turn will cover themselves with a corresponding number of seeds. The increase will continue as long as the process is repeated. The seeds will multiply and the grass will spread out. Give it free way, removing all obstructions, and it will cover a township. Nay, it will do more. Allow it sufficient time, and it will weave a carpet over the whole continent. And then, give but transportation to a few of its seeds thither, it will in the same way clothe another, and another, — with all the islands of the sea, until the whole globe is covered. Transport the seed to another planet, and it will repeat its work there ; and so it will go on, from earth to earth, through the universe, never exhausting its energies and never stopping its work.

And all this immense result from an organized atom not half so large as the head of a pin ! with operative machinery so minute as not to be discernible to the naked eye. That seed has a principle in it which comes forth from the Divine ; and in its prolific principle, by which it could, unfolding from within, clothe itself with such a succession of material forms, it images and represents that self-productive and self-unfolding quality which belongs to all Divine substance. Does not this still further confirm the thought, already suggested, that the principle of Divinity resides in essential quality, and has nothing whatever to do with size or dimension, with any idea of time or space ?

As it is in the vegetable kingdom, so it is in the animal kingdom, — a single pair of fish are so capable of reproducing their kind, that, with opposing influences removed, they could in no great length of time fill all the oceans of the world. And if of one world, why, then, of all worlds in the natural universe. A single pair of beasts could cover all the land with their progeny. And a single pair of birds could people all the air of the visible universe with flying fowl.

Now contrast all these with man's works. He cannot create anything that can receive life,—nothing which can reproduce its kind,—nothing that possesses a prolific principle. He may fashion substance, and change its outward forms; but he cannot create any substance, nor give organization to its interior structure. He may build a ship or a steamer, and increase them in size until he launches a leviathan. But all the skill and labor expended on the united navies of the world would not succeed to make the smallest fish that sports itself in the waters of the deep, nor bring into being anything to compare with the little nautilus, which, guided by its instinct, rises at will to the top of the ocean, adjusts its shelly boat to the surface of the water, and spreads its tiny sail to the breeze. Man may rear a dome of St. Peter's, or build a pantheon, or pile a pyramid; but he cannot make a single seed of any plant, nor create a grain of sand. He cannot breathe the breath of life into one of the meanest insects that creeps upon the earth, nor even copy nor imitate the fabric of its shell!

It will be useful to us to divest our minds as much as possible of fallacies derived from the senses and from ideas of space when thinking of the Lord and his Divinity, and think of his Divinity as residing thus in essence and in quality; for we can see that from the very smallest spark of truly Divine fire a universe might be created. Divine substance possesses the self-productive faculty of unfolding from within itself other substances and other forms. The smallest amount of it, or what to the natural senses would appear as the smallest amount, would suffice to renew the entire universe, if that were destroyed.

We can see from this how Supreme Divinity could dwell in the person of the Lord Jesus, as he appeared on earth; how he could say that he that had seen him had seen the Father; how the Apostle could say that in him all the fulness of the Godhead dwelt bodily; and how he himself could say, "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

In him dwells the truly Divine fire: his substance is essential Divine substance; and even his human form is the fountain of spiritual life.

What a lesson of humility ought this truth to teach us! We are nothing in ourselves, and have nothing except as we receive it from him. It is the flame of his love that feeds all our affections, and the lamp of his wisdom that sheds all the light of our intelligence. How ought every feeling of merit, or self-complacency on account of anything that we are or anything that we do, to vanish from our minds when we reflect that every good impulse and every right purpose we have is inspired into us from the Lord Jesus! And how ought every sentiment of pride, on account of our own intelligence, to vanish and disappear when we know that every true thought we think is the communication of his wisdom!

Our dependence on his mercy and goodness is complete, and continued every moment. It was his Divine and infinitely compassionate work on earth to prepare and adapt this inflowing life to our capacities of reception, that so he might conjoin us to himself and redeem us from sin, and error, and evil.

It is ours to receive and use this life from him as he intends that it should be used. It is ours to apply and manifest it in learning truth and in doing good. It is ours to impart the effects of this life to others, in the practice of wisdom, without turning its light into darkness in ourselves, and without perverting its good to evil. Looking to the Lord in humbleness of spirit, and departing continually from the wrong things which his precepts forbid. Thus can he elevate us to himself; thus may we become, all the time, more and more orderly recipients and organs of the Divine love and wisdom; and better and better images and likenesses of our Father who is in the heavens.

W. B. H.

EXPOSITION OF THE GOLDEN PROEM IN THE MONTHLY JOURNAL.

THE November and December numbers of the Monthly Journal, the organ of the American Unitarian Association, contain an explanation of John i. 1-14, which we have read with a good deal of interest. However understood, those fourteen verses must be regarded, for depth and sublimity, as one of the most important passages in Scripture, and our idea of the passage must give the key-note to all our readings of the Christian revelation. The exposition, which we presume to be from the pen of the able and earnest Secretary of the Association, makes "the Word" to mean the Divine Speech, or God revealing himself. There are three of these Divine Words or Revelations, — the Word in Nature, the Word in the soul of man, and the Word in Jesus Christ.* The Word in Nature utters power, wisdom, law, goodness. The Word in the soul utters personality, unity, creation, freedom, holiness. Still something is wanting. God is not yet completely revealed. How the revelation is made complete in Christ is set forth by the following exceedingly pertinent illustration: —

"There was once a great king, who determined to erect a city. He sent architects and workmen and materials; he laid out streets and squares; dug reservoirs, and brought in water in aqueducts; made roads and canals leading from it to the surrounding country; and, when all was ready, sent a colony to inhabit it. These inhabitants went to and fro through the streets, examined the city, and said to one another, 'What a powerful government it must be that was able to build this city!' And, as they looked further and examined it more, they said, 'What wisdom, what foresight, did this power display in this city! How wisely was the site chosen! What order and method in all the arrangements! What knowledge in the choice of materials, in building, and in the general plan!' And then, look-

* Is this exhaustive unless we add the Word Written?

ing still further, they say, 'What goodness to us! How are our wants foreseen, and all provided for! We have high walls to defend us from without; markets, aqueducts, bazaars, gas, paved and lighted streets, within. Everything is arranged for our comfort. The government which built this city — whether it be a monarchy, an oligarchy, or a democracy — has evidently *power, wisdom, and goodness.*'

"The inhabitants of the city have thus heard in the city itself One Word about the maker of the city. The city itself speaks of its founder's power, wisdom, and goodness; but you observe that they are not yet able to tell whether the founder of the city is one or many, nor what his ideas are about right or wrong.

"But now let us suppose that the founder of the city sends a viceroy to live in it, who establishes himself in a central palace; announcing the name of the king for whom he governs; publishing the code of laws, with penalties attached; rewarding the obedient, and punishing the disobedient. He does all this in the name of his absent master. *Now* the people know more about the master: they know that he is one; they also know what his ideas are concerning right and wrong. They have thus heard a Second Word from him, which brings him nearer to them than the first did.

"But let us suppose that these citizens become disorderly. They disobey the laws established for their government. They rebel against the viceroy and his authority. They plunge into vices, and commit crimes. They grow idle, intemperate, reckless. So come pauperism, disease, and crime. A famine arises, and many starve to death. A pestilence follows, and they die in the streets. Bands of robbers prowl the streets day and night for plunder and murder. In this state of things, the king who built the city comes to live in it. He becomes personally acquainted with the citizens. He shows them the misery of their course; explains to them the importance of his laws, and the need of obeying them. He establishes hospitals for the sick. He feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the prisoners. The people all become personally acquainted with him, and learn to love him because he had loved them.

"And now it is evident that they have had a new Word spoken to them concerning their king. The Word is made flesh, and dwells among them; and they have come into personal communion with him.

"This story illustrates the three steps of progress in our knowledge of God. That which the citizens learned about their king from the city itself corresponds with what we learn about God from nature,—the city which he has built for us; that which they learned by the government of the viceroy corresponds with what we learn of God by means of his viceroy,—conscience in the soul itself; and what they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ 'reconciling the world unto himself,' and 'formed within us, the hope of glory.'

"It is in this sense that we may regard Jesus as a new divine Word; different from the Word in nature, also different from the Word in the soul. And this is the divinity of Christ,—that as God's power, wisdom, and goodness dwell constantly in nature, that as God's holiness and freedom constantly manifest themselves anew in the soul's freedom and conscience, that so God's love to individuals is constantly manifested in the life of Jesus."

All of which seems to us to be admirably put, and to suggest as much of Christian truth and doctrine as could well be crowded into the same space.

When the writer, however, comes, in the next place, to answer the question, "*How* was God in Christ?" the discussion of which has so baffled the wit of man for eighteen hundred years, we cannot make the answer at all consistent with the grand truth which is here illustrated. First, the orthodox doctrine of two natures in Christ is stated and rejected. Then the doctrine known in Church history as that of the Monophysites is stated and rejected,—that Christ had only one nature,—the Divine,—and that there was nothing human about him except his body. "A human body without a human soul."* Lastly, the writer gives his own explanation as follows:—

* This notion the writer strangely calls Swedenborg's. It was the heresy of Eutyches, a monk of Constantinople in the fifth century. It had slept fourteen hundred years, and was unwittingly exhumed one day in one of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's random performances, for which his orthodox brethren sharply rebuked him, and the Independent called him to order. Swedenborg we understand to assert two natures in Christ with special emphasis.

"The third explanation declares that Christ was divine, and was a Word of God, because he was a human medium through whom God revealed his divine love. His human will was in perfect harmony with the will of God, and so his life became a revelation of his Father's will. So when Jesus says, 'I and my Father are one,' he does not intend *one person* (as the Orthodox say), nor one nature (as the Swedenborgians imply), but one by becoming united in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will."

Are we not to believe that every good man, woman, and child is respectively "a human medium through whom God reveals his divine love"? Are we not to believe that every man, as he advances in the regeneration, is brought into more perfect harmony with the Divine Mind? and may there not be myriads in the heavens, and possibly some here on the earth, who have become united to God "in perfect sympathy of thought, heart, and will"? How, then, by this explanation, does God in Christ dwell among his people and become "personally acquainted with them," except as he dwells among them in the good men of all the centuries, whose wills have been so harmonized to the Lord's, and whose hearts have been so filled with the Divine Love, that it breathes through them and so acts upon the world? And why does not the Word in Christ, then, all resolve itself into the statement made under the second division, or the Word in the soul of man? And why is not something still wanting, then, and God incompletely revealed?

Very likely, however, the writer did not mean to do anything more than give a hint or suggestion on a theme that reaches so deep and high; but we wish he might have suggested more, after having written so admirably, and at least have kept our minds up to the lofty level of his first thought.

This question *how* was God in Christ was discussed during the first five centuries, especially in the Greek Church, and with the subtile power of the Greek language, so that it would hardly be possible to make a collocation of English words that should bring out a new idea. But we cannot think of

any doctrine worth reproducing now which would not resolve itself into one of the four following:—

There is the *Humanitarian*, which only acknowledges the simple, finite humanity of Christ, and makes his nature like that of all other men. He was a prophet, like Moses, though more fully and perennially inspired. That this satisfies the language of John's Gospel or the alleged facts of the first Christian history will hardly be contended now.* Notwithstanding its ingenious dealing with particular texts and its excision of Matthew's first two chapters, there is one broad fact in the Christian history which, so far as we know, it has always ignored,— we mean THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT THROUGH THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR AS THE NEW INHERITANCE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN ALL AGES. “*I will send you the Comforter,*” was the promise. “*He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear,*” was the fulfilment. Christ the glorified Head of the Church, and filling it with his personal presence, is the thought that glows through Paul's writings; and that he does not mean this as a figure of speech is evident from the fact that this was the power that laid hold of him at his conversion, and changed him from a proud Pharisee to a humble Christian.

There is the *Arian* doctrine, which seems to us essentially idolatrous, and which was nothing more than an offshoot from Gnosticism. It makes a creature the creator of this glorious universe. It exalts Christ in words, but it interposes a finite being between man and his God, and pays him honors due to God alone. We cannot see its ground in philosophy nor its value in theology, nor do we see how it meets the demands of a fair exegesis any better than the one just

* They are not so read by those whose position is outside of Christianity, and who have no polemic interest in the question. The last Westminster Review says, in a notice of Dr. Lamson's late work: “In tracing very justly the doctrine of the Logos to a Philonjan source, he has omitted to remark that the views given in the fourth Gospel are from the same source (?) that the Logos is there already hypostatized.”

named, except on the bare, unimportant question of personal pre-existence. Of what practical use is the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence, regarded only as a creature, and aside from the question of his impersonation of the Godhead, whereby human nature is put in living communion with the Divine? And if a creature made the world, nature is dishonored and leads us not up to God, but stops us short at some Demiurgus, and the gulf between us and the Supreme is as deep and dreadful as ever.

There is the *Tripersonal* theory, — Christ in his Divine nature was the third person of a Trinity. As the ingenuity and skill of fourteen centuries have never been able to defend this from the charge of Tritheism, or show it in any other light than as a palpable substitution of three Gods for one, we may presume they never will. As it has allied itself with the most uncharitable spirit, and always flourished best in the darkest and bloodiest times, we must believe its influence on the interests of piety to be most disastrous. Mr. Milman has some chapters in his great work ("History of Latin Christianity") which will cure a man, if anything can, of the superstition of believing a thing because the Church has believed it, and which turn the historical argument, the "*quod ubique quod ab omnibus*," with unmeasured force against the corrupters of Christian doctrine. That this theory is fast losing all practical influence over intelligent minds "*inquirers in theology*," in more directions than one, render abundantly evident.

Lastly, there is the *doctrine of the Logos*, which the writer in the Monthly Journal is well aware was the genuine and dominant Church doctrine before the Nicene Council, and before the Church lapsed into Tritheism, that is in its best and most peaceful days. It sets forth the truth of God in Christ, not by inspiration merely, but by essential indwelling. It asserts the union of the Divine nature in Christ with our own human nature. In some of the *hypostatizing* speculations of the Fathers — Tertullian's, for example — it infringes

on the Divine Unity ; but what need is there of so conceiving it? It is the primitive Church doctrine of the "hypostatic union," clear of the speculations of men. It can hardly be denied that John asserts it in the plain, literal language of his proem.

"But this makes out that there were two natures in Christ." Of course it does. And how else can the Word become flesh in any sense that may not be explained away, and discharged of its meaning, and turned into a flourish of rhetoric? We want bread to eat, not rhetoric. But we cannot see the doctrine of a twofold nature in Christ open to any such objections as the writer in the Monthly Journal urges. "The same person would at the same time and in the same sense possess infinite wisdom, and not possess it." Not so. The Logos doctrine asserts, as we conceive of it, that Christ was born with our human nature, grew with our passions, wants, temptations, and finite intelligence ; but that this human nature in his case had a specific relation to the Divine, so that "the Word" came finally into his self-consciousness when the finite and imperfect disappeared before it, and in place thereof came forth the unclouded wisdom of the Godhead, and through it the unclouded beamings of the Eternal Love. And then he could say, "All power is given me in heaven and upon the earth." "All things that the Father hath are mine ; therefore he (the Spirit) shall take of mine and show it unto you."

This transcendent view of the Divine Incarnation will suggest a great many questions which no finite being can answer, and so will any view, from the Humanitarian upward. In our profound ignorance of our own, much more the Divine psychology, of what the soul is as distinct from body, or spirit as distinct from either, and of how many natures are folded away within us, we cannot dogmatize on such a question as this, but look up rather in lowly waiting. But difficulties are one thing, self-contradictions are another thing. Let us turn, however, to the practical bearings of the ques-

tion on Christian faith and piety,—this doctrine of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. We hope in what we have said we are strictly within the comities of Christian fellowship, and that the writer in the Monthly Journal will receive it as we mean it,—a neighborly comparison of views, that all of us together may approximate as near as possible to the living truth as it is in Jesus. In what we are now to say we feel confident of his sympathy touching the practical value of the doctrine of God revealed in Christ.

This Logos doctrine, received, not as a figure of speech, but a veritable unveiling to us of the glory and loveliness of the Godhead, has three bearings of vast importance:—

First, it becomes forever impossible, so long as we hold this, that we should lose right views of the Divine character. Whence the superstitions that have polluted the worship of the Church and made its tender mercies cruel? From separating between Christ and God, making Christ propitious, and the Father vengeful. When we can point to Christ, not merely as one who came to talk about God, but one in whom dwells ALL THE FULLNESS OF THE GODHEAD BODILY, we can never mistake the Divine character. It is all there. Nature might misguide us, for we are crushed under her laws. Our intuitions might misguide us, for our hearts are foul. The Church may misguide us by her false traditions. Looking to Christ we are sure, for we know all that the Father hath is his, and that there the Divine countenance is turned full upon us like a sun.

Once more; when we hold securely the Logos doctrine, communion with God in Christ means something, and all that is said in the extract we quoted from the Journal on this head has a delightful significance to the Christian heart. “What they learned of their king when he came to live among them corresponds with what we learn of God in Christ; reconciling the world unto himself,” and “formed within us the hope of Glory.” The Word in the glorified Christ is still with his Church,—He who walks in the

midst of the seven golden candlesticks and keeps their lights burning bright. God, not by a viceroy and messenger, but in his own benign aspect and person, has appeared, not to angels only, but to mortal beings, and our Christmas celebrations did not commemorate the birth of a prophet, but a Divine Advent that lights up our dreary annals from on high.

Still once more ; if this doctrine of the Logos be true, our poor weak nature is encouraged and lifted up, and we are bound to our race with a new tie. Is there one so low or so outcast, that in our pride we turn away and scorn him ? *His* is the nature which Christ assumed and in which the Word was made flesh, and of him the Master will say in the judgment, "Because ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." This humanity must be dear to the Lord, who "wrapped the garment of our infancy about him." Or, as Dr. Channing puts it, in that appeal for the slave which was the last that fell from his lips, — "Christianity is a revelation of the infinite, universal, parental love of God towards his human family, comprehending the most sinful, descending to the most fallen, and its aim is to breathe the same love into its disciples. The doctrine of 'the Word made flesh' shows us God uniting himself most intimately with our nature, manifesting himself in a human form for the very end of making us partakers of his own perfections."*

What else do we need as a Christian people and denomination so much as being placed in living relations with the Christ that shall give us the same sense of the Divine power and presence, the same procession of the Holy Spirit, that his own true Church have ever enjoyed ? No people can be "excluded" from the great Church of the Lord, except by their own action. That Church is not gathered around a human messenger and teacher, but around Him in whom God passes over into our wasting humanity to enrich and glorify it, or, as the writer already quoted has said so worthily, to

* Address at Lenox, Works, Vol. VI. p. 408.

make it "come into personal communion with him." Far less do we need an "example," as a pattern of perfection which we might strive after with vain self-manipulations, than a quickening hand laid on our palsied nature and a quickening power that says, "Arise and walk!" — far less a Saviour who tells us about God, than one who fulfils to us the promise, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God."

8.

 ISAIAH LXIII. 1-6.

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this from Edom's land,
Travelling in his mighty strength?

SECOND VOICE.

Leader of the ransomed band,
Homeward I return at length!

FIRST VOICE.

Who is this in glorious dress,
Round whose chariot banners wave?

SECOND VOICE.

I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty still to hear and save!

CHORUS.

Shout Messiah's praise, and sing
All the glories of our King!

FIRST VOICE.

Why these garments dyed in blood?
O victorious leader, why?

SECOND VOICE.

Singly 'gainst the foe I stood,
Of the people none were nigh!

FIRST VOICE.

Deep thy garments' crimson stains,
As the wine-press thou hadst trod!

SECOND VOICE.

Of the foe not one remains,
Crushed they lie beneath my rod!

CHORUS.

Willing subjects of his reign!
Shout Messiah's praise again!

FIRST VOICE.

Dawns at length the glorious day!
Vanquished are our mighty foes!

SECOND VOICE.

Naught my conquering arm might stay!
Naught my vengeance might oppose!

FIRST VOICE.

This illustrious day we hail!
All thy saints are gathered home!

SECOND VOICE.

Of my promise naught shall fail!
Year of my redeemed has come.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Shout and sing!
Glory to our Saviour King.

L. E. S.

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW YEAR.

THE FUTURE VEILED AND UNVEILED.

WHAT a year may bring forth we cannot tell. It is impossible to know all the causes which shall be followed by their proper effects. We cannot tell which grains "will grow, and which will not." For wise reasons, the immediate Future is hidden from us. Even the sons of God and the prophets deal less than many have been wont to suppose in the names of cities and the numbers of the years. "Known unto God are all his works from the foundation of the world;" but it pleaseth him for the most part to hide this knowledge from his children; it is not for them "to know the times and the seasons." So we commonly speak of the Future as veiled, and we have frequent occasion to say, "How merciful that it is so!"

And yet the Future is unveiled too; — though the day, the month, the year, are hidden from our eager eyes, the world to come on earth and in heaven, the City of God here and hereafter, is not hidden. It is a Life of Promise. It is God's world, and its course has been appointed from all eternity. All things are working together for the good of the loving. The gates of hell shall never prevail against the Church. There is no peradventure. There can be no disappointment. We can do nothing against the Truth but for the Truth. If old things are passing away, it is only because new and better things are pressing into their places. If the moon is fading, it is because the dawn is breaking. I cannot tell you what will happen to-morrow; but I can tell you what shall happen in the last days, what shall be the end of all these struggles, — of all these fears and hopes and sorrows and joys. I know what preparation God has made for man, and what for the Devil and his angels; and so as the New Time begins I can meet all questionings and anxieties with the word HOPE. God reigns! Be still and trust in him! Take hold of that strong hand and move bravely through the darkness towards that fair City which he hath set upon a hill, and which can be hid only from those who are wilfully blind.

"Yes! sound again the horn of Hope, the golden horn!
 Answer it, flutes and pipes, from valleys still and lorn;
 Warders from your high towers, with trumps of silver scorn,
 And harps in maiden's bowers, with strings from deep hearts torn,
 All answer to the horn of Hope, the golden horn!"

E.

"NO GOD IN ST. GILES'S."

WAS HE RIGHT?

"THE history of Marian B. was a singular one. She earned a scanty livelihood in cutting fire-papers, or moulding wax flowers, or making bags for silversmiths in London; and her lot had been cast, for three and thirty years, in some one or other of the purlieus of the Seven Dials. A drunken father, who broke her mother's heart, had brought her, as a young girl of fifteen, gradually down, down from the privileges of a respectable birth, to dwell in a low lodging-house of St. Giles's. He died shortly afterwards, and left her and a sister, of five years of age, orphans in the midst of pollution, which they, as by miracle, escaped, often sitting on the stairs or door-steps all night to avoid what was to be seen within. An old man, who was her fellow-lodger, kind-hearted, though an Atheist, had taught her to write a little, and he bade her never read the Bible, — 'it was full of lies; she had only to look round her in St. Giles's, and she might see that there was no God.' That poor child is now one of the most successful of the 'London Bible Women.'"

Was the old man right? Is there not a God in St. Giles's also?
 See "*The Missing Link*."

E.

KILKENNY THEOLOGY.

OUR readers have heard of "Kilkenny cats," and of their internecine and exhaustive warfare; but we doubt they have not heard of the Kilkenny Theology. Let us give them an example thereof. It is recorded in the life-story of the socialist Owen, who labored so unsuccessfully at the old problem, "How to bring a clean thing out of an unclean," that during his apprenticeship he sometimes attended divine service with his master, and sometimes with his master's wife, not, however, unto edification in either case; for

the clergymen occupied themselves for the most part in attacking each the other's theology,—the Episcopalian belaboring Presbyterianism, and the Presbyterian Episcopalianism. Owen came to the conclusion that they were both wrong, and with this hopeful capital in negations proceeded to furnish himself *ad libitum* with denials, until he had divested himself entirely of the Gospel armor, and of all those garments of Aaron which are for glory and beauty to the soul. The two militant churchmen, instead of fighting with the Devil, fought with each other, and the Devil carried off him whom they should have shielded against his devices. So far as the young man was concerned, they had simply slain each other and cleared the field. Why will not theologians cease from their civil wars, and speak each one the positive truth which he finds edifying and gracious, and strive to build, in the firm persuasion that the thing which ought to fall will fall in due time, and that what is most needed is that something be reared and strengthened within, which shall stand forth in majesty and beauty when the worn-out structure tumbles into ruin?

E.

THE force of a saying varies with the mouth which utters it, as the blow of a hammer with the arm which wields it.

Reason and conscience, like man and wife,
 Unite their strength for the trials of life,
 And, side by side contending, prevail,
 When each, if left unaided, would fail.

The historian looks at men through a telescope, the moralist through a microscope.

The historian restores past ages, as the geologist restores extinct animals, by putting together and piecing out their fossil remains, and clothing them with beauty or deformity by the help of analogy.

Reading without reflection is only a narcotic for mental restlessness.

Literature consists mainly of a few ideas continually repeated with variations to suit different circumstances.

Books are like crates of crockery ; half
 Their contents usually are chaff.

Compact expression gives point to common thought.

Fiction crystallizes readily round a small nucleus of fact.

Many a writer's brilliancy is the phosphorescence of corruption.

How often wealth destroys its owner's peace,
The sleepless guardian of a golden fleece !

Those who have much to lose are much afraid of losing it. The wealthy are often afraid of coming to want ; for wealth usually produces indolence, and indolence incapacity, and incapacity a feeling of insecurity. Men who are actively employed have a spring of wealth in themselves ; but the idle rich draw from a reservoir, and live in dread of its being exhausted. Besides which, leisure and luxury naturally breed melancholy. The evil spirit finds the house empty and garnished, and enters in and dwells there.

A man who shows himself through a magnifying-glass will be thought smaller than he really is, when he comes out (as he must soon or late) in his true dimensions.

Small motives often call forth great efforts.

A man should train himself for difficulties, and not wait for them to train him. It is better to be inoculated with the small-pox than to take it in the natural way.

Lyell, in his "Travels in America," reports the following remark as made to him in this country : "Your nobody in England is our everybody in America."

Who's truly learned ? He who knows
Man's highest good from goodness flows.

Living words are often buried in dead ones, like a statue in a block. Strike away three quarters of the mass, and the rest starts into life.

Unequal conditions may produce equal happiness, and more good is often done with small means than with great ones.

Sweet as the fragrance of the fire
In which the phoenix dies,
The hope in which the good expire
Regenerate to rise ;
They know that death is priceless gain,
And, in its promise, triumph o'er its pain.

E. W.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.—This fresh instalment of Lectures or Essays by Mr. Emerson has already been eagerly welcomed, and those who listened to the Lectures, and a multitude of persons who did not, will read the Essays with deep interest and unfeigned contentment. Given the time and place, Mr. Emerson was inevitable. New England, in the day of a declining and effete Calvinism, must needs produce him. The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide of men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost; and Mr. Emerson found himself a preacher of a doctrine which he had ceased to believe, and a priest at an altar which for him had become antiquated and superstitious. He took the only course which remained for a consistent and honest man, and turned to the Gentiles, not with the purpose of a Paul, but as one wholly in sympathy with them. Hence this masterly Gentile wisdom, proclaimed up and down in many Christian cities and villages, and even on the Lord's Resurrection Mornings. That Mr. Emerson is a noble Gentile, a fine old Greek, is not to be denied. And, as we say, in these days when so many have lost their faith, he is unconsciously, like the Gentiles of old, with their moralities and philosophies, preparing the way for a new coming of the Lord, laboring at the restoration of faith, one of the schoolmasters who shall bring men to Christ. We believe that the Christ would say to him, and to many who are with him, "You are not far from the kingdom of God, — nearer indeed than many who still speak according to the traditions, and minister at the old shrines." That any considerable number of men and women will ever be content to abide in the fields with this eloquent Priest of Nature, we cannot believe for a moment. Every earnest and brave affirmation from his pure lips will but awaken a longing for Him who alone embodies all these aspirations and is the substance

of all these shadows, — in whom dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, now, as of old, — in whom we are complete, and from whom if we depart for a season it is only that with a deeper heart-cry we may return to Him, saying, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.” It was a wise and kind Providence that changed the essayist in the pulpit into the man of letters and lecturer, — and we know where to find him, and what to expect from him, for none is truer than he, or more lovingly outspoken; and whilst no wise man will choose to leave his home and the City of his God and go out into the wilderness, it is fortunate that those who are already gone out can listen to the voice of one crying in the wilderness and uttering better things than he knows. E.

Grimms' Popular Tales and Household Stories. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 1861. — “Nothing but truth for the child!” say some, and so say we; only, do not understand by truth nothing but hard facts and dry reasonings. Let us have the truth of poetry, of fancy, of imagination, of dream-land, as well as of our common every-day world, — and by all means let us have the truth according to Grimm! — would there were four volumes instead of two! Is there no truth in a beautiful vision, — in a fair ideal? Was not the imagination of the child put into him to be cultivated? Before he is worked up as a brain, or a hand, or a foot, in some warehouse or factory, it will be well for him to read Grimm; and so we are exceedingly grateful to Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. for these finely printed and well-bound volumes. E.

The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — Mr. Thornton has done his work well, and has put together a volume which will be found very interesting to the student of history and to the Christian moralist. Discussions upon the Christian question of non-resistance to tyranny are of course appropriate topics for the Christian sanctuary; but some of the discourses expand into applications which, as we judge, cannot profitably find place in a Christian pulpit, even in times of the highest political excitement, and are not free from sentiments, which, if they are creditable to the patriot, certainly are not to the divine. “*Can we ever love*

Britain again? asks Dr. Stiles. Why not? saith the Master. The fac-similes of the old title-pages, the portrait of Rev. Dr. Mayhew, the copy of a curious old print, entitled "An Attempt to land a Bishop in America," and the excellent typography, add to the interest of this valuable book.

E.

Faithful for Ever. By COVENTRY PATMORE, Author of "The Angel in the House." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—This poem has not interested us so much as those by the same author which have gone before, and it contains much which can hardly be called poetry at all; but there is enough which is sweet and graceful to engage the reader's attention and secure for the poet his hearty thanks. It is a charming testimony to the beauty of love and goodness. We cannot refrain from commending the admirable typography, so legible even to dull eyes.

E.

The Romance of Natural History. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S., Author of "Aquarium," &c., &c. With Elegant Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861.—Under the different heads of Times and Seasons, Harmonies, Discrepancies, Multum è Parvo, The Vast, The Minute, The Memorable, The Recluse, The Wild, The Terrible, The Unknown, The Great Unknown, with a real love and poetic appreciation of his subject, the author has told the story of his wanderings through the wide and rich fields of Nature, and gives us a fascinating report of the Romance of Natural History, which, without being superficial, is intelligible and instructive,—a good book for young and old.

E.

A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor;" or, A Letter from MARIE E. ZAKRZEWSKA, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by CAROLINE H. DALL, Author of "Woman's Right to Labor," &c., &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. 1860.—We have already called attention to this work, and given an extract from the advance sheets. A fuller perusal of Mrs. Dall's Preface and of Miss Zakrzeska's Letter has fully confirmed our favorable impressions. We hope that the little book will be widely read and earnestly pondered; it is stimulating and encouraging as well as saddening, cheering in its suggestions as well as faithful in its testimonies, and Mrs. Dall could have no more instru-

tive instance to plead in support and illustration of the noble cause to which she has given herself. E.

Lucile. By OWEN MEREDITH. Author of "The Wanderer," &c. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860. — "Lucile" indicates no little talent, and ends far better than it begins; but on the whole it is not much to our liking. The best portions of it are the descriptions of nature; the men and women, even after they have been reformed, as they greatly needed to be, are not especially interesting. Owen Meredith is capable of things nobler, if less ambitious. E.

The Heroes of Europe. A Biographical Outline of European History, from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. By HENRY G. HEWLETT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Charlemagne, Hildebrand, the Cid, St. Bernard, St. Louis, Rudolph of Hapsburg, William Tell, Christopher Columbus, Luther, Loyola, Richelieu, are amongst the famous men whose stories are told in this well-written and well-illustrated volume, for the special benefit of the young, and of that portion of their elders who must economize their moments. E.

The Printer-Boy; or, How Ben Franklin made his Mark. An Example for Youth. By WM. M. THAYER, Author of "The Bobbin Boy," &c. Boston: J. E. Tilton and Company. 1861. — The apostle of the wisdom which *does* bake bread, and economize it when baked, is sure to be a favorite in our utilitarian age and land, and there was very much in Franklin's life which deserves to be studied by the young of any age and land. Mr. Thayer has made a book which young people will find quite as interesting as any sensation *novellette*, and far more profitable. The clear paper, large type, and excellent illustrations add much to the value of the story. E.

The Benefit of Christ's Death; or, The Glorious Riches of God's free Grace, which every true Believer receives by Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. Originally written in Italian, by AONIO PALEARIO, and now reprinted from an ancient English Translation. With an Introduction by Rev. JOHN AYER, M. A., Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1860. — It is the testimony of a martyr, and it has done good work in the world; for

three reasons it will have a value, though the treatment of the great theme may offer little which will meet the wants of our age of the Church.

E.

Prerequisites to Communion. The Scriptural Terms of Admission to the Lord's Supper. By ALBERT N. ARNOLD, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — A very fair, able, and kindly statement of the views which are entertained upon this subject by our Baptist brethren. We are glad to learn from a trustworthy modern source just what these views are, though we are wholly unable to accept them.

E.

Intercessory Prayer, its Duties and Effects. By G. W. MYLNE. From the Seventh English Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861. — For none of our Christian privileges do we find clearer warrants, whether in the Word of God or in the soul that has been taught and inspired by Jesus, than for this of Intercessory Prayer, and the Church of Christ may well be glad to be reminded of it by means of this beautiful little hand-book.

E.

Memoirs and Reminiscences of the late Professor George Bush. Edited and arranged by WOODBURY M. FERNALD. Boston: Otis Clapp. — This is a very incomplete and fragmentary record of one of the best of men. It will be read, however, with exceeding interest by any who have become acquainted with Professor Bush, either personally or by his writings. For vast learning, piety, — warm, humble, and tender, — a spirit fresh and childlike, and a heart in which there was no guile, there have been few men like him. The book has such extracts from his writings and letters as are more strictly autobiographical, and communications from persons who knew him, in which the traits of his character are depicted, and incidents related which illustrate his spirit and life. The letters of Messrs. Hayden, Bellows, and Whiting are specially interesting.

S.

Legends of the Madonna as represented in the Fine Arts. By MRS. JAMESON. Corrected and Enlarged Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This is a reprint from an English edition, and forms one of the series in blue and gold. It shows the influence of the worship of

the Virgin on the plastic arts, and incidentally brings into relief the opinions and controversies of the Church on that subject. s.

The Percy Family. Baltic to Vesuvius. By DANIEL C. EDDY. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. — There are no better books of travels for children's reading. The style is easy and colloquial, the descriptions vivid, and the young folks will be getting knowledge of the world and entertainment at the same time. The work is illustrated. s.

Wheat and Tares. New York: Harper and Brothers. — This is an English novel, with a double plot. Reginald Leslie and Grace Featherstone, Wynne and Rachael Leslie, are the characters around which the interest of the novel is mainly concentrated. Reginald is a loose liver, and marries secretly against his mother's wishes. Rachael is a fine character, whose affections and hopes are blighted. There are the usual crossings and troubles which attend the course of true love in the development of the double plot. There are many dull pages, and some tragic passages; but Wynne and Rachael gain constantly on the sympathies of the reader to the close. s.

Lake-House. By FANNY LEWALD. Translated from the German, by NATHANIEL GREENE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — "Lake-House" is an old mansion in Germany, the scene of a terrible tragedy; and a description of the characters and incidents leading to it and connected with it constitutes the story of the novel. A dark, strange mystery hangs about the place, and allures the reader till it clears away. The translation is done into English that flows on smoothly and gracefully. s.

Hymns for Mothers and Children. Compiled by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — The compiler writes of her work, in her Preface, with an exceeding, if not an excessive modesty. Spite of the poor material of which she complains, she has made an admirable collection, a precious household book, that will nourish whilst it expresses the faith, hope, and love that are at once the fairest ornaments of childhood and the glorious possessions of a manhood and womanhood out of which the light of heaven has not been suffered to fade. The printer

and publisher have admirably seconded the compiler in this work of love. E.

Ninety Days' Worth of Europe. By EDWARD E. HALE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — Contrary to the author's advice, we have read a large part of his book, and hope soon to read the whole of it. It is readable and sensible and instructive, without dulness. The traveller's carriage does not run always in the time-worn ruts, and yet we cannot complain of having been jolted. E.

Children's books by Walker, Wise, & Co. : —

Patty Williams's Voyage.

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Theda and the Mountain. By the Author of "A Summer with the Little Grays."

These six volumes are called the "Silver Penny Series," and the series is to be further extended. They are put in beautiful gilt dress, bound uniformly, and make an excellent series for a child's library. There is a pleasant alternation of fact and fiction, of humor and pathos, always with a healthful religious and moral tone. The whole series may be had at twenty-five cents each, neatly done up in a pasteboard box; and whoever wishes to make a present to the little folks, with a design to make them good and happy, will hardly find a better opportunity than the one offered in these volumes. Parents will find full compensation in the cheerful sunshine which will be let in upon their hearths. S.

Student Life: Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By SAMUEL OSGOOD, Author of "Studies in Biography," "The Hearth-Stone," "Milestones," etc. New York: James Miller. — Six letters are here given, written to a young college friend, with college addresses, all bearing upon student life. The advice is all good, con-

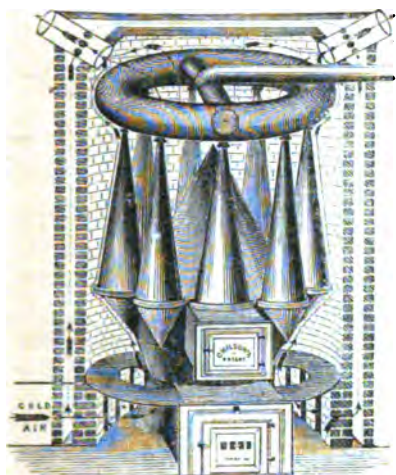
veyed in a pleasing and familiar style. The print and binding are the pink of neatness, and are a luxury to the eye. s.

Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg. Collected by Dr. J. F. I. TAFEL of Tübingen, Germany; translated and revised by Rev. J. H. SMITHSON of Manchester, England. A new Edition, with Additions by GEORGE BUSH, Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. New York: published by the American New Church Association. — Part I. Testimony of personal friends and acquaintances of Swedenborg. Part II. Testimonies to Swedenborg's intercourse with the spiritual world. (Oberlin's valuable testimony is here included.) Part III. Letters and Documents relative to Swedenborg's general claim. — The whole makes a large pamphlet of 232 pages. s.

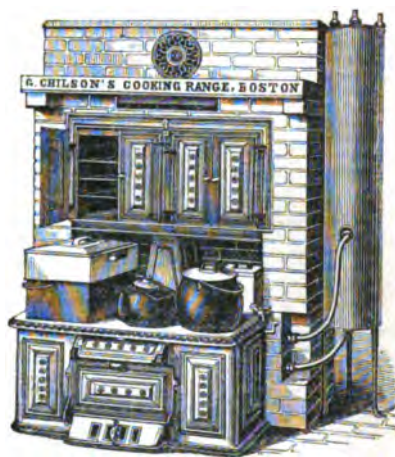
Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. Being Selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and other Sources. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — The multiplication of these sacred anthologies is one of the most encouraging signs of our religious times, and we are glad to welcome a "second series" of Hymns which are amongst God's best gifts to the ages, and have at once supplied the best expression and the best nutriment for the faith of the ages. Side by side with dry systems of divinity and juiceless books of casuistry, these heart-songs have come down to us; and whilst we might have spared the first and taken in their stead the old Gospels, which are better, we could not have spared the last. The Spirit breathes in numbers. Inspired prose has ever a peculiar rhythm; but poesy and prophecy belong together. The best human comforter is a sweet hymn, and when the soul of a true disciple of Christ is put into it, it becomes a Divine comforter, God-breathed. This second volume does not seem to us quite so carefully selected as the first, but it is nevertheless full of gems, and they have found a choice setting. E.

. Notices of several other books received from publishers we are obliged to omit till the next number, for want of room.

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ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY, for 1861. Edited by D. A. Wells, A. M. With a Likeness of Augustus A. Gould, M. D. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25. (Ready in January.)

THE ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY. By Philip Henry Gosse. With numerous Elegant Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. — No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — MARTIN LUTHER.

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; but aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the Church; and would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

TERMS.

The Magazine is published on the first of every month, in numbers of 72 pages each, making, when bound, two volumes of about nine hundred royal octavo pages a year.

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Two copies to Clergymen, \$ 5.00, " " "

*** Many good friends and subscribers have expressed a wish that the price of the Magazine might be reduced in some way, without diminishing the size or number of pages, with the belief and hope that this plan would increase the circulation, and extend its usefulness among a class of readers who are desirous to take it, but do not feel able to pay the full price. We, therefore, propose to try the experiment this year in the following manner, viz.: to furnish

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 247 Washington Street, Boston.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1861.

No. 2.

CARMEL IN THE SOUTH.

OUR former sketch from the Old-Testament history was of Carmel, the long mountain ridge in Galilee which runs eighteen miles east and west, ending in a bold promontory making into the Mediterranean Sea. You will recall the striking scenes of which it was the theatre, as also the fact stated that its name, Carmel, which signifies "a park," was derived from the luxuriance of its growth of grass and forest-trees, presenting a sight so unusual in Palestine that they were spoken of as the excellence, that is, the glory, the ornament of Carmel.

It is not uncommon to find the same name—and for similar reasons—given to different places in Judæa and Galilee. The vocabulary of the time was a limited one, and the name given to a place was generally because of some incident or fact connected with its first history, some peculiar feature in its situation, or some special culture for which it was known. Analyze or translate the names of places, and you will find that they all have some reference to some fact or event such as would strike a simple people. Indeed, many names of places in our own day are primarily commemorative of some such simple things.

If you will look on the map, far to the southeast of Mount
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Carmel, and south of Hebron, directly on the way down to Egypt,—the way that Joseph was borne when the Ishmaelites carried him, the way that another Joseph took when he fled with “the young child and his mother,” the way the traveller still takes as he enters the Holy Land on the route of the children of Israel,—you will find another Carmel, one which has not much note, which possibly by the casual reader is confounded with the Carmel above, which yet is not it at all, and has a separate history. Its name, like the other, is drawn from its peculiar appearance,—a place of fertility and natural beauty, very striking to those who ascended to it after forty years’ wandering in the deserts, which lay to the south between it and Egypt. It lies just within the hill country of Judæa,—a sort of frontier settlement between that neutral ground in which the shepherd patriarchs wandered before they had made a final settlement, and that land which God swore as a possession to the seed of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

The history of this Carmel will bring us to some incidents in the life of David.

Returning from his successful encounter with the Philistine, David and Saul are met by the women of all the cities of Israel, “singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day forward;” i. e. he grew jealous of him; and all that after madness, and that long, bitter persecution of one who had so befriended him, was the result, it seems to me, solely of that feeling of jealousy acting upon a conscience disturbed by its own infidelities, as a consequence of which God had taken the sceptre from him. Not only had he wronged himself, and offended God, but defrauded his children of their right to rule.

The jealousy thus suddenly engendered constantly gained strength with the king, as David continued to win his way to renown in arms and to the good-will of the people. As if an evil spirit indeed possessed him, on every possible occasion, in every possible way, the king caused David to feel his anger, until he became possessed by an insane thirst for his life. While David sat and played to him, twice he hurled his javelin at him, and once when David was absent he transfixed his empty seat with the same weapon. He married him to his daughter Michal only that she might be a snare ; but she, letting him down through a window, substituted a bolster and pillow for him in his bed, with which she deceived those who were sent to him. He sent him out against the Philistines, and appointed him almost incredible tasks, with the hope that his life would be taken. Even the interference of Jonathan could avail nothing ; and the ever-swift javelin hurled by his father at him, as he pleaded David's cause, convinced them both that the king was implacable, and that there was no safety except in flight.

Taking an affectionate leave of Jonathan, David first fled to the priests, who dwelt together at Nob, a short distance from what was afterwards Jerusalem ; but fearing to remain there, he sought shelter at Gath, hoping to pass unknown among his enemies. The people about the king discover him, and he only evades their fury by feigning himself mad, and finally escapes to the cave of Adullam, where he is joined by his father and brothers, who probably considered themselves no longer safe in Bethlehem. As soon as it was known where he was, his cave became the rendezvous for all the malecontents of the kingdom. " And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them ; and there were with him about four hundred men ;"—a band wholly undisciplined, wanting in unity of purpose, with no high aims, refusing at first to follow even David's commands.

David was now fairly an outlaw, and a price set upon his head. Pursued relentlessly by the king, "like a partridge among the mountains," he moved rapidly from place to place, down along the western shore of the Dead Sea, through the wilderness, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in caves, sometimes in towns, always discovered, and when discovered fleeing without a blow. The real magnanimity of his character is shown in this, that he more than once, when the king's life was in his hand, refused to injure the Lord's anointed.

He was now come into that southern country, that neutral ground, to whose fertile fields and excellent pasturage the people of Judah, who had large possessions in cattle, were wont to send their flocks during a part of the year. The shepherds in this open country had long been subject to the attacks of the prowling Arabs of the desert, who, sweeping all through this region from time to time, stripped them of their herds and possessions. David, whose band was now increased to six hundred men, constituted himself the guardian of these defenceless men, and, during the eight months of his stay, kept from them all danger and all fear; and it speaks well for him, and the discipline he had now established among the lawless men under him, that, though themselves often straitened and suffering, they never took advantage of their strength to defraud those they had volunteered to protect.

Among those who had been thus cared for was Nabal, who had large possessions in Carmel, the upland slope rising from the southern plain. Along this slope were his pastures, his vineyards, and his olive-fields, while in the plain just below his thousands of sheep and goats fed securely. Returning northward from his sojourn in the wilderness, David was told that this Nabal was making preparations for a great entertainment to his people during the shearing of his three thousand sheep. "And David said to ten of his young men, Get you up to Carmel, and go to Nabal and greet him in my

name, and thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity : Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast. And now I have heard that thou hast shearers : now thy shepherds which were with us, we hurt them not, neither was there aught missing unto them all the while they were in Carmel. Ask thy young men and they will tell thee. Wherefore let the young men find favor in thy eyes, for we come in a good day. Give, I pray thee, whatsoever cometh to thine hand unto thy servants and to thy son David."

And the young men came to Nabal, and respectfully gave David's courteous greeting and message. But this man, though a great man and possessed of much possessions, was held by all as a "churlish man and evil in his doings," — a mean man, as some others are, — having enough and to spare, yet with no intention of troubling himself at the wants of another, — one who would hoard, and not use. He ought, according to the custom of his land, to have anticipated this request, so soon as he knew that one to whom he was under such obligations was in the neighborhood. David should have been an invited and honored guest at his feast. A mean man, and proud, as mean men always are, he answered insolently, pretending not to know him, and classing him with the discontented, runaway servants with whom the country was now full : "Who is David, and who is the son of Jesse ? there be many servants now-a-days that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be ?" Naturally enough, David felt himself outraged by this reply, which his young men hastened to bring him, and with a terrible oath swore that by the morrow there should be no living thing that was Nabal's. "Surely in vain have I kept all that this fellow hath in the wilderness, so that nothing was missed of all that pertained unto him, and he hath requited me evil for good." And he

girt his sword about him and called his men to arms and bade them follow.

Now it happened, as it sometimes does happen still in like cases, that this man of great possessions and a mean soul, this churlish Nabal, had a wife, Abigail, beautiful in person, and, as the record says, "a woman of a good understanding." She seems to have had that authority in the household which, it is said, a woman of sense always will have, even in the house of a brute or a fool. One of the young men who had been in the wilderness, and had felt David's kindness, had stood by impotent when the insulting reply had been made, and felt keenly the disgrace of such a requital. He knew there was only one help, that, if there was any repairing the mischief, or averting the danger, his mistress could do it, so, quitting his work, he ran to Nabal's wife, saying: "Behold, David sent messengers out of the wilderness to salute our master, and he railed at them. But the men were very good unto us, and we were not hurt, neither missed we anything as long as we were conversant with them when we were in the fields; they were a wall unto us both by night and day, all the while we were with them keeping the sheep. Now, therefore, know and consider what thou wilt do, for evil is determined against our master and against all his household, for he is such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him." That was pretty frank speaking from a servant to the wife of the master; but the wife seems to have understood and agreed with it, for at once, and without words, she orders a munificent present for David out of the home stores, — wine, bread, parched corn, dressed sheep, raisins, and figs, enough for all those hungry men of the desert, — and, while Nabal is eating and drinking his fill, sets out herself to make amends for the meanness and slight of her husband. She meets him in his hot march, at the head of his band, hurrying with drawn swords to wreak vengeance on one who had set at naught one of the prime duties of those early times; and no sooner sees him than she alights

from her beast, runs and throws herself on the ground before him, and with true woman's tact soothes his passion, and convinces him that, if he will pass over the insult and not shed the blood he had vowed, the thought of it will give him no trouble in the day in which the Lord shall make him ruler over Israel, while the shedding of innocent blood in his anger would be a torment forever. Quick in his passions, yet quick always to see and own the right, David broke into thanksgiving that he had been spared the commission of so great a crime: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee to meet me this day, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood and from avenging myself with mine own hand." And he took her gift and departed, and she went back to her husband at the feast; but as he was, according to the Scriptures, "very drunken," she said nothing to him then; but when he was somewhat recovered from his debauch, she told him the danger he had so narrowly escaped, and his coward heart sank within him, and in ten days after he died.

The meeting with Abigail had left an impression upon David. Her beauty and wisdom had fixed themselves indelibly in his memory, and when he hears that Nabal is dead, he sends messengers to her in Carmel, to ask her to be his wife. And she came with his messengers, and though he had many wives after that, Abigail, the Carmelitess, seems to have been most dear. When the city of Ziklag, which Achish, king of Gath, gave him, was taken in his absence and spoiled, and his wife and the wives and daughters of his friends taken captive, he took no rest till he had rescued her. She shared with him the days of his adversity, and when Saul was dead, and he could once more return to his native land, she went with him to Hebron, where he was made king of Judah, and where he reigned seven years and six months before he finally established his throne at Jerusalem.

Had David been content with the wife he took out of Car-

mel, it might have all been well with him. Michal, Saul had married to another; and though she is said to have loved David, there seems to have been no special love on his part, and though he afterward sent to claim her of the husband she then had, it was probably as a matter of policy, as it might conciliate some of the friends of Saul who held out against him after the king's death. But his heart went out toward Abigail, — a noble woman, fit to be a king's wife and a mother in Israel. She would have kept him to the path of integrity, and he would have been spared the sorrow and the shame that grew out of his other marriages and from his other children. He followed the customs of his country in having many wives. They were taken from caprice, from policy, from passion. None other seems to have been selected from that pure respect which is the basis and the food of a true, enduring love; and though they may have added to his state, to his worldly importance, brought him some temporal gain or advantage, we cannot but feel that his life would have been happier, and less tarnished his name, had he been content only with Abigail the Carmelitess.

J. F. W. W.

THE HEBREW PRINCES.

III.

THE DREAM.

ARIOCH.

O KING, live forever! I have found a man
Among the captives of the Hebrew race
Able to show unto the king his dream's
Interpretation.

THE KING.

Art thou able, then,
The vision of the dream that I have seen,
And its interpretation, to make known?

DANIEL.

The secret which the king demands cannot
Unto the king be shown by soothsayers,
Astrologers, magicians, or by men
Of human wisdom ; but there is a God
In heaven, who hath power to reveal
Secrets, and to make known unto the king
What shall be in the latter days. Thy dream,
The visions of thy head upon thy bed,
Are these : (O king, thy thoughts came unto thee
Of what should be hereafter ; and He who
Doth secrets unto man reveal shall show
To thee that which shall come to pass ; but not
For any wisdom that thy servant hath
Beyond the wisdom of the sons of men,
But for the sake of them that do show forth
This secret, and that thou mightst know the thoughts
Of thine own heart.) O king, thou didst behold
A mighty image. This great image stood,
In brightness most resplendent, and in form
Most terrible, before thee. Of fine gold
Its head and breast, silver its arms appeared,
Of brass unto the thighs, iron its legs,
Its feet part iron and part clay. And thou
Didst look until thou sawest that a stone
Was cut out without hands, which quickly smote
The image on the feet, that were of clay
And iron, and them into pieces brake.
Then was the iron and the clay, the brass,
The silver, and the gold, in pieces broke
Together ! They became like unto chaff
Of summer threshing-floors, which by the wind
Away were carried, that no place was found
For them. The stone that smote the image then
Became a mountain, filling all the earth.
This is thy dream ! And now, before the king,
The dream's interpretation I will tell.

O king, thou art a king of kings ! for He,
The God of heaven, hath given a kingdom thee,
And power and strength and glory. He hath given
The fowls of heaven and the beasts of earth
Into thy hand, and made thee over all
The ruler, wheresoever dwell the sons
Of men. Thou art this head of gold, O king !
And after thee a kingdom shall arise
Inferior to thee ; and yet a third,
Of brass, which shall bear rule o'er all the earth.
And the fourth shall be strong as iron is,
And break in pieces, and subdue all things,
As iron doth. And whereas thou didst see
The feet and toes were part of potter's clay
And part of iron, this fourth kingdom shall
Divided be ; but there shall be in it,
As thou didst see the iron mixed with miry clay,
The strength of iron. Partly were the toes
Of iron, partly clay ; so partly strong
And partly broken shall the kingdom be.
Thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay,
To show its mingling with a barbarous race,
But not to cleave together, — even as clay
Cannot be mixed with iron. In the days
Of these last kings, the God of heaven will
Set up a kingdom that shall never be
Destroyed ; but all these kingdoms it shall break
*In pieces and consume, while it shall stand
Forever. Forasmuch as thou didst see
The stone out of the mountain without hands
Was cut, and that it brake in pieces all
The gold, the silver, iron, brass, and clay, —
Thus the great God hath shadowed forth to thee
That which shall come to pass hereafter. This,
The image of thy dream, O king ! is true,
And the interpretation thereof sure.

THE KING.

O Belteshazzar, unto thee belong
Worship and honor! Bring forth odors sweet,
In golden censers, for an offering
Of praise to him who hath revealed the dream
And its interpretation!

DANIEL.

Be the praise,
The offerings, O king! to Him alone
Who gave the wisdom to reveal thy dream
To thee unto thy servant.

THE KING.

Of a truth
It is, that thy God is a God of gods,
And Lord of kings. To thee He doth reveal
Secrets, for that thou hast made known to me
This vision.

Gifts and honors shall be thine!
Over this kingdom thou shalt ruler be,
And the chief governor of governors
Unto the wise men in all Babylon!

DANIEL.

O king! I pray thee give not unto me,
But to my fellow-captives, these thy gifts
And honors!

THE KING.

Thus it shall be unto him
In whom the king delighteth!

Be it as
Thou wilt!
But thou shalt sit in the king's gate!

JOHN NELSON, THE LAY PREACHER.

BUCKLE, in his Introduction to the History of English Civilization, says: "Under the two most remarkable men of the eighteenth century — Whitefield, the first of theological orators, and Wesley, the first of theological statesmen — there was organized a great religious system, which bore the same relation to the Church of England that the Church of England bore to the Church of Rome. Thus, after an interval of two hundred years, a second spiritual Reformation was effected in this country." This tribute of the philosophical historian is more significant, because, in his estimate of the forces of civilization, he places little value on the influence of moral and religious truth. The tendency of his mind is to depreciate everything relating to the sentiments, while he exalts in a corresponding degree the sphere of the intellect and the power of knowledge. When, therefore, in his broad generalizations, he recognizes the presence and action of a religious movement, the presumption is that the evidence of its power is incontrovertible.

Since, then, Methodism has acted so distinguished a part in the Church, it is profitable to study some of its features as exhibited in its representative men. Among these is John Nelson. He is an original type of the lay preacher, and his biography illustrates this feature in the system of Methodism. His early life was spent exclusively in a rough and vigorous wrestle with toil. In birth, mental cast, and natural bent, he was very unlike Fletcher. With a much coarser fibre of soul and less learning, his piety was far more practical than meditative. The work he had to do was also wholly different from that of the pastor of Madeley. In the comprehensive arrangements of Providence there is a need of a great variety of forces. Hence each sincere and earnest man or woman, whether thinker or worker, has a place and a sphere. Thus was it with Nelson. Though not endowed with a mind fitted

by the power of thought to give tone or shape to the religious system which he embraced, he was admirably adapted to perform what he undertook. The rude training of his early days, though not rich in the brilliant acquisitions of scholarship, gave him what served him better, — a robust frame and manly courage. This enabled him to brave a mob, maintain his coolness, and think with calmness and rapidity in scenes of personal danger. Often his preaching had a peril akin to that which would attend an antislavery advocate in a Slave State. The only difference in the comparison is the greater extent and intensity of violence and passion in the latter. The fury burns with more fierceness, and the hatred is more bitter and enduring.

John Nelson was put while a boy as an apprentice to a mason, and was educated in the Established Church. From a child he was grave and moral, so that his language of self-condemnation does not proceed so much from the memory of gross wickedness as from the high-wrought intensity of his feelings. Macaulay, in speaking of Bunyan, says most of his biographers have done him injustice, because "they have understood in a popular sense all those strong terms of self-condemnation which he employed in a theological sense." This distinction is necessary in our estimate of all deeply religious men. They often fall into language of self-disparagement which is not only exaggerated, but also false; and many a saint who calls himself the vilest of the vile, and exhausts the vocabulary of terms of self-condemnation on himself, would instantly repel any specific charge of immorality, such as a lie, theft, or fraud. Nelson is not pre-eminently guilty of this kind of exaggeration, and the circumstances of his lot did not tempt him in this respect so much as many of his brethren. He was a prosperous mechanic. He had health, good wages, and an excellent wife. Compared with those of the same social position, he had more than the average comforts and means of happiness, was free from vices, and blessed with a snug and peaceful home. But with all

this he was not content. His mind constantly brooded over the great problems of existence. While his hands were hewing stone, his thoughts were intent upon those themes which have stirred for ages the sage and philosopher. To his companions he was a mystery; for he would refuse to join in their dissipations, yet with burly English pluck would fight for his rights. Still his restless questionings gave him no peace, and his insatiable yearnings drove him forth to other religious communions in quest of positive spiritual assurance. He went to the Romish cathedral; but the desire for a vital personal religion was too intense to be satisfied by the gorgeous ceremonial of this Church. He had no better success among the Quakers, whose quietistic piety did not feed his emotional nature. After trying all forms of prevalent religion except the Jewish to no purpose, he returned to his first love,—to read and pray in the English Church, “whether he perished or not.” “A judicious minister,” says Southey, “who should have known the man, might have given him the comfort which he sought; but the sort of intercourse between the pastor and people which this would imply hardly exists in the metropolis, where Nelson was then residing.” Whether this be true or not, it is certain no peace came to the soul of this thoughtful mechanic. The more he revolved the themes of religion in his mind, the more he was perplexed. “Surely,” he says, “God never made man to be such a riddle to himself, and to leave him so.” Burdened with these reflections, he would betake himself to the fields and wander through them at night; but the darkness and the light were alike to him. He sat in gloom, though the silent stars shone serenely in the heavens, or the sun poured forth its splendor at noonday. While in this state of spiritual unrest, Whitefield came to Moorfield. Nelson, with a soul thirsting for the waters of eternal life, went to hear him. But even the graphic eloquence and devout fervor of the great preacher failed to satisfy him. “He was to me,” says this soul-distressed mechanic, “as a man that could

play well on an instrument, for his preaching was pleasant to me and I loved the man; so that if any one offered to disturb him, I was ready to fight for him; but I did not understand him; yet I got some hope of mercy, so that I was encouraged to pray on, and spend my leisure hours in reading the Scriptures." He was now on the verge of despair. At night his excited and distempered imagination haunted him. When he did sleep, he dreamed he was falling into a pit or fighting with the Devil, and would awake "dripping with sweat and shivering with terror." If this had long continued, his mind would have been wrecked, and reason would have yielded to his over-excited imagination and vivid feelings.

Now came the great transition period of his life. When the sun of hope had wellnigh set, the morning dawned. At this time Wesley visited Moorfield and preached. As he ascended the platform there was one hearer of his congregation who had so long dwelt on his own thoughts as to beget an intense self-consciousness. He saw all things through his excessive subjectivity. Hence the preacher had no sooner stroked back his hair and turned his face towards the place where Nelson stood, than the soul-diseased mechanic thought Wesley's eye was fixed on him. "His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." "Nelson," says Southey, "might well think thus, for it was a peculiar characteristic of Wesley in his discourses, that in winding up his sermons, in pointing his exhortations and driving them home, he spoke as if he were addressing an individual, so that every one to whom the condition which he described was applicable felt as if he were singled out; and the preacher's words were then like the eyes of a portrait, which seemed to look at every beholder." In this case the arrow pierced the heart to the quick. This man "can tell the secrets of my breast; he has shown me

the remedy for my wretchedness, even the blood of Christ." "Oh!" is his subsequent language, "that was a blessed morning for my soul." From this Moorfield preaching dates a change. His mind passed from its wrestlings to peace. A new life burst upon him, and he was flooded with joy. But no sooner was the spirit at rest than outward conflicts came. Religion was to this earnest man an intense and real conviction; so out of the depths of his profound piety he strove to bring others to a knowledge of the truth. As he went round exhorting, his friends became alarmed. They feared in the absorption of his zeal he would neglect his work and bring poverty upon his family. Nor were they relieved when he replied to their remonstrances, "that his business in this world was to get well out of it." But their fears were unfounded, for though he gave himself to exhortation, he also plied his hand diligently to his trade. The hours which he had given to brooding he now employed in the study of the Bible and in exhortation. He invited his fellow-villagers to his house every evening, and turned his largest room into a meeting-house. Here his fervent soul found utterance in prayer and discourse. So thoroughly in earnest was he for the fate of men's souls, that his neighbors thought he was either crazy or under the delusions of the Devil. Ere long the moral aspect of the town changed. In the evening the alehouse was deserted, while the people thronged at his door unable to get in to his crowded meeting. The inn-keeper raged at his loss of custom; but still the work of reform sped on, until it became of sufficient importance to be visited by Wesley. He came to Birstal and found both a preacher and a society;—the one he recognized as a "Helper," the other he enrolled as one of his "United Society."

Nelson now entered upon his Gospel labors, hewing stone by day and preaching at night. His ministry is of value, not only because it gives us a portrait of the genuine lay preacher, but also as an indication of the fearful social and

moral condition of the great mass of the people of England. Methodism was born out of the throes of popular violence and riot. Often in its first stages the Amen of the prayer was drowned by the hideous groans of the mob, and the response to the sermon was a volley of stones. This was often literally true of Nelson. No doubt that in his aggressive earnestness he often used provoking language. He was not dainty in his choice of phrases or in the employment of epithets. His heart was on fire with rude, impassioned earnestness. As thus he went from village to village, denouncing profane gamblers and besotted laborers, calling on them to repent and threatening them with the doom of eternal woe,—as thus his soul was burdened and he agonized in prayer for their salvation,—it was not surprising that he sometimes overleaped the proprieties of speech. Great reforms, in their practical operations, are never carried forward by those whose caution weighs every word they utter. The man who is never borne away by the hot impulse of honest, though extravagant zeal, will rarely be found among the efficient workers in a popular movement. The rough life of England, as it then existed in the cottage and the workshop, could not be morally quickened by weak, though polished platitudes. The men who lounged about the wharves of Bristol or Plymouth, wasting the earnings of a voyage in a fortnight's carouse; or the mechanic and collier, who on Saturday night spent in debauch the money which should have gone for children's bread and a wife's dress;—in fact, the vigorous, dissipated common people would never have been roused from degradation and ignorance by any except the most resolute, bold, and enthusiastically earnest religious men, such as could speak from the workingman's experience and in the dialect of the cottage and the workshop. Besides, the reform conflicted with the interests of the tavern-keeper, the passions of the multitude, the ease and power of the established vicar. It is necessary to keep these all in mind as we follow this sturdy evangelist in his perils and expos-

ures. His career is marked by the romance of danger, and after reading of his various encounters with fierce and passionate mobs, we are surprised at his escape from a violent death. On these occasions his coolness, courage, and admirable tact served him. Thus once at Nottingham Cross an attempt was made to silence him; but his discourse having subdued the rioters, he was allowed to go on to the end, when a soldier stepped forward, and, kneeling, with tears in his eyes, besought the preacher to pray that God would have mercy on his soul, for he had come there to pull him down; "but your words have come as a sword to my heart, and I am convinced you are God's servant, and I hope I shall begin to lead a new life from this hour." His biography abounds in other instances of his power over the passionate multitude. Once a clergyman having hired the town drummer at Grimsby, to drown the preacher's voice, after beating three quarters of an hour he was so impressed with Nelson's preaching that he threw away his drumsticks and stood listening with the tears running down his cheeks. At Epworth the clergyman and clerk were drunkards, and the mob was excited to violence; but it was of no avail. Though other indignities awaited him, yet he never quailed. His moral courage rose with the danger. It is painful even to read of the physical conflicts of this earnest and devout preacher. We are in constant antagonism with the rough and fierce passions of the multitude. At the suggestion of the ale-house keeper of Bristol, Nelson was pressed as a soldier. While in keeping of the officers, he was marched from town to town, lodged in prison, and subjected to many indignities. He was finally released through the influence of Lady Huntingdon. Nothing daunted, he was more zealous still in his Master's cause.

But though this brave mechanic preacher could face a mob as effectually at least as Wesley, he was not invincible. Sometimes he was overpowered. One of the most brutal scenes of this kind was at Hepworth. He had succeeded in keeping the mob at bay while preaching, but upon stepping

down he was struck with a brick on the back of his head and fell bleeding. Not heeding the yells of the rioters as he rose and tottered, he cried out, "Lord, thou wast slain without the gate, and canst deliver me from the hands of these blood-thirsty men." On the next day at Acomb, whither he went, a worse fate awaited him. After various attempts he was seized by the ringleaders and so severely beaten that he was left for dead; yet to satisfy the doubts of some he was lifted up, and giving signs of life he was knocked down eight times. The rage of the multitude burned with increased fury; they stamped on his body "to tread the Holy Ghost out of him," and wrought other deeds of cruelty too atrocious to recount. And yet, says Stevens, "these ruffians passed in the community for gentlemen." The fury of a mob, when once aroused, cannot easily be allayed; and doubtless those who instigated this mode of dealing with the Methodist lay preacher were "respectable." A cause which is afraid to trust to truth, and has recourse to violence, must have its basis either in selfishness or injustice.

Nothing but a frame naturally vigorous and toughened by toil enabled Nelson to rally from the violent assaults on his person; and yet the next day after those we have just mentioned he rode forty miles to hear Wesley preach. Unable to stand, he leaned against a tombstone, and his soul was wonderfully refreshed at the words of the apostle. Under the influence of the discourse, Nelson cried out, "O Lord, I will praise thee for thy goodness to me in all my trials; thou hast brought me out of the jaws of death; and though thou didst permit men to ride over my head, and laid affliction on my loins, yet thou hast brought me through fire and water into a wealthy place. So far, Lord, I am thy witness; for thou dost give strength for our day according to thy word, and grace to help in time of need. O my dear Redeemer, how shall I praise thee as thou oughtest to be praised? O let my life be a living sacrifice to thee, for it is by thee alone that I have escaped both temporal and eternal death."

John Nelson lived and preached surrounded by dangers.

His presence set a whole town astir, and doubtless many staid and quiet gentlemen of classic training and Christian culture desired peace and exemption from agitation. But the calmness of stagnation is death. No advance in morals or religion is ever made in practical life without coming into antagonism with selfishness, prejudice, and passion. The life of this zealous preacher followed the great and all-pervading law of reform; and planting himself on what was religious truth to his own mind, as a preacher of the "everlasting Gospel" he declared it. His sincerity, earnestness, and fervor combined to make him an effective evangelist. Even in those places where he was mobbed, the seed brought forth fruit, and during his last years he preached to crowds with marked success. After a laborious ministry of thirty-three years, he suddenly died, in the ripeness of toil, in 1744. His remains were followed to the grave by a procession a mile long, weeping and singing Charles Wesley's funeral hymns. Hundreds of sad hearts surrounded his grave in Bristol, and the Methodist communion mourned for one of its most faithful and devoted lay preachers.

Though lowly born, and bred a mechanic, Nelson is described as having a natural dignity. Southey says "he had as brave a heart as ever Englishman was blessed with;" and Stevens adds, "that perhaps no lay preacher ever raised up by Methodism has presented a better exemplification of what such an evangelist should be,—a more admirable example of heroism, of magnanimity, good sense, sound piety, hard work, and courageous suffering." His memory is embalmed in thousands of hearts, and he was an admirable type of that class of Christian disciples who supplied the religious wants of the common people in the eighteenth century, as did the Franciscans in their purity that of a former generation. There is this difference,—the mendicant preachers of the earlier Church bequeathed a system capable of great abuses, while that of lay preaching will live without any marked attendant evils as long as it can be of service to Christendom.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE NATIONAL FAST, JAN. 4, 1861,
BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

Mark xi. 22. — "Have faith in God."

IN times of anxiety and amidst threatenings of disaster man is sure to take refuge in God. He will go in fear, or he will go in love and confidence, according to the measure of his growth in true religion; but he will go in some way. When the sun shines, and the sea is calm, and the Great Spirit clothes himself in beauty and lavishes his gifts, we may fail to think of our entire dependence upon God, — we may even be led away into perplexed and perplexing discussions about his providence in the ordering of our life; but when the clouds gather, and the tempest rises, we have an ear for what holy men of old have said of Him who is our refuge and strength, and the wise heart sets aside all our sceptical theories with a single word of authority. This is the experience at once of the individual and of the nation. As the individual goes alone to the everlasting Helper, so, as with one mind and one heart, a whole people will prostrate themselves before Him who sitteth upon the throne of the universe. How can we fail to do so when our God is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, living and loving, near to us at all times, his eye as open to our wants, his ear as open to our petitions, as when his admonitions and consolations came to the disciples through the lips of his Son. To believe in Christ is to believe in the efficacy of prayer. To be a Christian is to pray; and it would be a marvel were a nation whose fairest inheritance is the Gospel of Jesus to forget the house of God and the shade of the altar in the hour of trial.

In my observance of this special Fast I wish to place myself upon this broad ground. I feel at home here, — quite above the conflicts of parties and sections, and in sympathy with those preachers of the Word who have pressed upon

men of the most opposite opinions the same great lessons of truth and love in the spirit of Him who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and sought to change the world, not by direct assaults upon organized evils, but by those influences which are felt in the hearts, the manners, the morals of individual men and women, and so of the community.

In the prospect, as many fear, of one of the worst of evils and offences, a civil war, we have been admonished to look to God. No matter who is right, no matter who is wrong, it is good to do so. Perhaps until we have done so, it will not be so easy to say who is right and who is wrong. There is nothing like looking to God, if we really desire to be instructed, for clearing the moral vision, for steadying the judgment, — nothing that will so surely protect us against those extreme opinions which, as they are formed in haste and in passion, are maintained in bitterness and in obstinacy. Let the nation keep silence before the Lord in his holy temple at least one day, and hear the solemn lessons that he will read from the records of the nations, the book of his judgments, — stern testimonies for Him who reigneth on earth as in heaven, a King of kings, and overturneth and overturneth until at last the rock-foundations are reached, and through the prevalence of righteousness and love the kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ. Let all men everywhere lift up unto Him holy hands without wrath or doubting, asking for patience under his judgments, and for light that shall lead us back to the path from which we have wandered. If there are any who are ready to say, "I have no need to come, for I have nothing to confess; I have no part in the great transgression, whatever that may be," — let them not fail to come; perhaps they will find that society is one, and that it is not so easy as we sometimes think to have no part in the sin of society, or, if they are really righteous, the prayers of the righteous shall avail much. Let men of all parties come together and try in His presence who searcheth the heart, and before whom many of

our conflicts seem so very pitiful and unjustifiable, to rise above merely partisan considerations, and receive a measure of that blessed wisdom which is first pure and then peaceable. This wisdom will issue for one and another in various, perhaps opposite, practical applications,—in one purpose for you and another for me,—and men may seem enemies to each other even after they have prayed together and meditated together in the house of God ; but their antagonisms will at least be tempered,—they will be more respectful and more reasonable than they would otherwise have been. It would have been eminently fitting, and not without promise of good, had we proposed in our solemn assembling of ourselves only a service of confession and prayer, leaving each soul to make its own examination into motive and act, committing ourselves to Him who enriches every receptive nature, and sends us forth from his face illumined and strengthened. In going beyond this, we should strive to keep within the atmosphere of the holy place, and be more eager to report what the Lord saith to the quiet and confiding heart, than to offer the sacrifice of the partisan, and fast for strife and debate. As I seek to listen for the voice, it seems to say to me, “Have faith in God.”

1. Have faith in God,—in his purposes, which are rightly named decrees, and stand fast forever and ever, and are wrought out in the wondrous ways of his providence. The history of man unfolds according to a divine order under the wise and loving guidance of One who uses the freedom of man without invading it, and whilst he is achieving our discipline finishes his own work. We must never forget that it is God's world more than it is our world. It is no chaos with a king who is no king. There is ever a voice which says to the powers of destruction, “Thus far, but no farther.” The bad as well as the good have their places assigned them in the great host that are subduing the earth ; blindly and with no gentle weapons, but most effectually, they work the righteous will of Heaven. What the Lord willeth, that doeth

he. I do not find in this belief anything which can weaken a healthy feeling of responsibility, but it does sensibly relieve that terrible anxiety which hears in every unwonted sound the crack of doom; it does comfort us with a vision of the new world that is slowly but surely growing up into the perfection of beauty out of the ruins of decaying civilizations. God reigns! Through what days of darkness this great affirmation has carried men hopefully and cheerfully! They looked upon one and the other fearful disaster, and said, "A blessing in it!" — and so it has ever proved. Especially do these great divine purposes come out into the light of day in that part of our world to which the Son of God has been revealed. Christendom holds in her bosom that imperishable treasure, the Church of the Redeemer, and may well console herself in the midst of the tempest with the thought of her divine charge. "Thou bearest Cæsar!" said the Roman to the affrighted sailor; "thy ship cannot go down!" How much more emphatically may we say to an affrighted nation, "Thou bearest the Gospel, the world's hope!" Have faith in God, who creates and destroys and again creates, and the second creation is ever fairer than the first, though the night must come between. Even war has been one of the greatest civilizers of the world, terrible instrument as it is; indeed, had it not been for the warlike and fierce races of Northern Europe, our Gospel would have been almost crushed under the weight of burdens laid upon it by an ambitious priesthood. It is said that Charlemagne wept when his eye fell upon the ships of the Vikings, crowded with fierce Danes and Norwegians; but they, too, were needed, — they did not come a day too soon; and modern civilization is greatly indebted to them, and we are the better to-day because they got such a strong, though terrible grasp upon our English home. Have faith in God, that, step by step as he moves through the ages and carries the race of man with him, he leaves evil, sin, and sorrow behind, and, however slowly and however sorely, builds the City which hath foundations. Have faith

in God, and never look upon earthly trouble as though some strange and fatal thing had befallen you. We belong to a race which has bought its greatness thus far with real sweat and tears and blood, and which must again and again pay more of that good purchase-money, and be hurled down from the seat of pride and security, and learn the sad yet sweet and indispensable lessons of adversity.

2. Again, have faith in God!—in God who is goodness, and who asks of us penitence and a sincere purpose to do justly and love mercy. The believer knows that the only way to be better off is to be better, and in any time of calamity his first questions are, “In what have I offended, and in what way, so far as I am concerned, can the offence cease?” Let each one of us put these questions to himself, and strive to deal honestly with himself, and hear conscience out. One general answer all will readily give, to the effect that the religious and moral tone of Christendom is still, after these eighteen centuries, very low; that few Christians are thoroughly Christian; that for this reason, even when we are striving to promote good causes, we fall into sour and fatal dissensions, wars of religion and of opinion, and are found to be serving God with the Devil’s weapons, so that one is sometimes tempted to say that we could spare our good men quite as well as our bad men. So long as the world is what it is, it must needs be that offences come; and just so far as any one of us lives for himself and not for God, disregarding conscience, falling short of his aspirations and ideals, following Christ at a great distance, he has a part in these offences, not directly perhaps, but indirectly; and when the day of darkness comes, we must all say, “I, too, am a partaker in this transgression; let me strive to draw nearer to God, and to trust in him more.” Nations sin and suffer because nations are unchristian, and nations are unchristian because the men and women who compose them are unchristian,—because they are selfish, worldly, passionate,—because they will not accept it for the chief end of man to

glorify God by seeking to build up his kingdom in the deeds of our every-day life. In a very important sense we are all sinners together, and so we need not think it so strange that we are often all sufferers together.

But let us try to be a little more specific. This will be the easier, inasmuch as I have not the least desire to add anything to the chaotic medley of opinion and advice with which a patient community is afflicted. There may be perhaps throughout the land a score of wise men who would do well to counsel their fellows; should the residue hold their peace, it would be *their* wisdom. Statesmen are not born every day. It would be rash to suppose that each Christian congregation the land through had found one in its pastor and teacher. We go too far, I presume, when we take for granted that we have one in each daily or weekly journalist. I doubt whether ministers, or even editors, are the best judges as to the expediency of sending or refusing to send regiments to one and another post of danger. The division of labor is a modern improvement of which we avail ourselves far too little, to the great confusion of those who, after everybody has said his say to his heart's content, must really do the work, and take the responsibility in every crisis. Moreover, I shall feel under no obligation to go back into the past, or to point out the present shortcomings of others, — we want to know what we ought to do and can do to-day, and we are not keeping a fast for the sins of other men, of our fathers, or of our brethren. It would be easy to show how the evils which are afflicting us might have been prevented, or to blame those who have gone before us in the world with transmitting their problem to us instead of solving it themselves; it would be easy to ask of our fellows at a distance a heroism of self-sacrifice, an exceeding righteousness of which we have given them in our own lives no examples. It would be easy to add fuel to the fire which is raging in our land, by criminations and recriminations, — by what is called boldness in one or another direction. It is wiser and more Christian, as it seems

to me, to sit in judgment only upon ourselves, and to ask what we must do to-day in order that our record upon the page of history may be clean, and if, alas! there should be any shedding of blood, it may not be upon our heads, inasmuch as we have sincerely tried to be right, even though at the expense of consistency, and have done our utmost to live peaceably with all men, willing to sacrifice everything but principle, to make more account of our duties than of our rights, not from any selfish love of peace, but out of a deep sense of the sin and shame and unspeakable calamity of civil war and possible anarchy. What then, as Christians, — as those who have faith in God, and would obey his voice in the soul and in the words of the Bible, — can we do or refrain from doing in this national crisis to restore peace and maintain the integrity of the nation?

I answer, — 1. We may separate ourselves more emphatically even than we have heretofore done from that class of persons in the community who deal with the institution of slavery as a sin, in and of itself, with which no Christian can hold terms for a moment, either in the communion of the church, or in the matter of citizenship, or in the intercourse of society, — a sin to be followed up and ferreted out wherever it exists, to be met with sharp words if one believes only in the weapons of the tongue, or with swords and rifles if one believes in these. Thoroughly antislavery myself in conviction and feeling, I have never been able to sympathize or act with those who demand the emancipation of the slave from every one who would show proof of his Christianity. There are practical difficulties in the way of emancipation which a Christian may regard without sacrificing his Christian character, and I do not find that the Gospel deals with slavery as with stealing or lying, or impurity. Slaves and slaveholders in the ancient Church there unquestionably were, and there may be in the modern Church, though there will be none, I am sure, in the City of God towards which the Gospel is leading us. I believe that amongst our brethren

and friends at the South there are those who are endeavoring to discharge their duty towards their slaves as they see it, striving to do the utmost for them in a condition which they know not how to change, certainly upon the instant. Are there many of us, unwilling as we should be to accept such responsibilities, who would venture to say, Let these people go to-morrow! In judging and trying to help others, we must take into account the influences of education and the inheritances from the past. My Christianity would not suffer me to accept the gift of a slave, but my Christianity does not oblige me to denounce as less Christian than myself another, neither born nor taught as I was, who has accepted and retains such a gift. My duty towards him is a good example in my own dealing with the less favored at my own door, a loving testimony in behalf of my own opinions when such testimony will not be unseasonable or needlessly irritating, and the offer of help in providing the means of escape from a sore evil. I believe that even Christianity can afford to wait for men and women to grow up within her fold to the measure of her ideal in this matter. The early Christian preachers recommended, but did not require, emancipation; emphatically discountenanced those servile outbreaks which can only work mischief to the slave; and gradually, under the indirect influence of the Gospel, European slavery has given place to serfdom, and serfdom will soon give place to citizenship. The work is to be done here in circumstances of great difficulty, a peculiarity of race adding to the perplexities of the problem, and there is a demand, not for any sacrifice of principles, but for wisdom and patience in the application of principles. The laws of society and the spirit of the Gospel working in the heart of the modern world will be far more instrumental in bringing about the results that we crave, than any agitations by professional philanthropists, or measures of merely political reformers; and I am sure that we, who have on our hands cities that are filled with multitudes as heathenish and wretched as any in nominal heathendom, need not

think that we are not serving our Master with all faithfulness unless we are all the time pouring into the unwilling ears of angry men denunciations of a system which perhaps they like as little as we, but have determined to defend so long as it is assailed from without. In so speaking I speak as I have always spoken when I have said anything at all, and believe that Christianity will justify this moderation, and that precisely here the churchman, or say the Christian, parts with the world in the matter of dealing with institutions that can have no place in the City of God, though they may be argued for again and again, to the end of time, from the letter of the Old Testament.

2. And, again, we may be content to labor for human liberty, even where we are directly concerned, strictly within the forms and restraints of law, the limitations of the social organism, of the national constitution, and of ancient compacts. The business of the Christian, with a law which his conscience does not approve, is to labor to have it changed; and when it crosses his path, quietly, submissively, like a good citizen, to pay the penalty of a passive non-compliance, going to prison with Baxter and Bunyan and Paul and Peter, because no way was open for them save that of obeying God rather than man. It is a fearful thing to have recourse to violence, to take the law, as we say, into our own hands, to break up the whole framework of society because there are serious defects in it; — if we have made any agreements which we cannot conscientiously keep, we are bound in honor to offer fair equivalents, — to strive to realize that what is to us conscientiousness may seem to others obstinacy and even dishonesty, and that the victories won by peaceful struggles at the ballot-box and in the senate are worth incalculably more than the successes of the soldier. And in our service of liberty we can afford to be patient and good-tempered, and strictly just, not intruding by so much as a hair's breadth upon domain for which we are not responsible; so justifying our refusals and non-compliances when we have reached a point beyond which

as honest men, respecting our own convictions, we cannot go. And let me add, that there is a practical wisdom here which is eminently worth regarding, — the wisdom that forbids us to sacrifice a substantial good for what is merely technical and formal, to hesitate in doing right lest the captious criticise, or cry out inconsistency. What men want is things, not words; and if the thing is right and works well, no matter if we cannot adjust it to something which was said last year, or even yesterday. I have in my mind one,* and I love to claim him as a fellow-worshipper, who at the risk of being charged with inconsistency has in this very crisis gone as far as seemed to him possible in conceding for the sake of peace what was rather formal than vital, being careful now, as he has ever been, to distinguish between a zeal for constitutional liberty and the fervors of the mere fanatic. Would that all who love freedom loved her as wisely as he. Impulse and sentiment can destroy in fact, and rebuild in imagination; only wisdom and patience, toiling on little by little, can reconstruct actual society. Have faith in God, with whom a thousand years are as one day; and even now try to believe that North and South shall work amicably together for the advancement of humanity, — of the white and the black alike.

3. Finally, have faith in God, even if for us, as for so many who have gone before us over the earth, there must be months and years of strife. As I meditate these last words there come startling tidings, for History is making rapidly in these days. Perhaps we shall have need of all our manhood, of all our Christianity; but what we need God will bestow, if we will only put our trust in him. His way is in the sea and his path in the great waters, but his law is the truth, and we are safe in keeping it. Human society and human governments are of Divine appointment, and they will never fail. Our own government may be an experiment, but government itself is not an experiment. "Render unto Cæsar the things

* Hon. C. F. Adams.

which are Cæsar's," will be truth to the end of time, and there will be a Cæsar of some sort, better or worse, imperial or republican, to stand for civil order. Whether it should be by coercion of the malecontents, or by reconstruction upon a different basis, let those who are wiser than I attempt to say; but we shall have a country, and it will be a free country and a Christian country. The world is God's world, and it does not go backward, save as the wave upon the sea-shore goes back into the ocean to recover itself for a fresh advance. The blood of the Northmen still flows in our veins, and we have been baptized into the constructive spirit of Christianity; and the Gospel, the everlasting refuge against barbarism, in giving us the home has given us the germ of the Christian State, and out of all those confusions and sufferings which are needed to discipline our earthly nature we shall come forth, we or our children, a Christian commonwealth. The descendants of the New England Puritans, the countrymen of Washington, have a glorious destiny to achieve under the blessing of God. Only let each one of us walk by the light which shines out of heaven into the soul, and be at once wise and harmless, and the days of our trial shall soon come to an end. The glory hath not departed from Israel until the ark of God has been taken, — until corruption, private and public, has sapped the nation's life, — until party spirit has prevailed over patriotism, — until expedients have supplanted principles, and children sit upon thrones which belong to men. God be praised that we have a country still to pray for, and that hope has not yet wholly deserted the souls of men. May we even now rise above our misunderstandings, and fanaticisms, and bitternesses and needless strifes, and, accepting together the lofty aims of a truly Christian civilization, only struggle to surpass each other in all that elevates and redeems humanity, employing our wondrous resources, not in a vulgar, selfish luxury, which despises the oppressed and the poor, but in those grand enterprises which uplift the degraded, empty the poor-houses and prison-houses, reconstruct the poor's

quarter, reform thieves, reclaim transgressors, and educate the bondman for the estate of the freeman: for wise old Homer most truly said, that when you take away a man's liberty you take away half his humanity; and a wise modern adds this comment, that a slave who has only broken his chain has probably lost the other half.

And so, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, and to the guidance and consolations of the spirit of his Son. Through far more troublous times than these the children of the Kingdom have passed safely, and the thing which hath been, it is the thing which shall be, only in the fairer and nobler form which it pleaseth God to send forth out of his inexhaustible fulness.

THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN.

THE darkest hour that falls upon the earth
Is that before the coming of the dawn,
When light with darkness struggles for its birth,
And help Divine for man seems oft withdrawn!
In vain the eye would penetrate the gloom,
And look beyond the darkness of the hour,
To see of Wickedness the fated doom,
Or Virtue's kingdom come with greater power.
Thus when, amidst convulsive throes of old,
Christ's kingdom in its glory should appear,
He the dark hour before the day foretold
In signs and wonders to his followers clear,
And bade them earnest watch, and earnest pray,
Until in splendor rose his peaceful day.

J. V.

CHRIST NOT A PATTERN, BUT A REVELATION.

At first view it seems a great privilege to have before us a pattern of sinless perfection. Christ is revealed to us out of the heavens as the ideal of an all-accomplished humanity. This is the ideal which we must follow, and not any saints of the calendar,—not the Fenelons and the Howards, not the Senecas and the Platos. We soon find, however, that this revelation of sinless perfection, so far from putting life and courage into us, depresses us under discouragement and despair. It shines away off and above us, like a planet in the heavens, with gulfs of infinite space between. Who of us are endowed like him, who of us born like him, having power over nature, having all things delivered to him of the Father, having foreknowledge of the future, having power to lay down his life and take it again, so that the tomb bursts the third day and he comes forth and goes up into heaven from Ascension Mount? And yet he is set forth to us as an example, and we are to follow in his steps! Discouraging enough! if an example means only a pattern to imitate.

This, however, is a very partial and one-sided view. There is a view of Christ as our example which is exceedingly animating and hope-inspiring. In unfolding the subject let us see first what errors we are to avoid, and then let us see what is the grand truth which appeals to us in the example of Jesus Christ.

First, there is *not* implied an imitation of his words and actions. What folly to suppose that we could do the same things that he did! We might try this, and only ape him at an immense distance, and come no nearer to him than we were before. Suppose we were to take up his language or style of address in those awful denunciations of the scribes and Pharisees, as if we were in the seat of judgment to pass sentence upon men! Or think, again, of any human being

standing up like him and saying, "All that the Father hath is mine!"—"No man knoweth God but me, and he to whom I reveal him!" What on his lips were divine declarations, on ours would be self-conceit and blasphemy. See what fallacies we fall into when we suppose that following Christ means acting as he acted. His example has been cited as proving that no physical force must ever be used in restraining or resisting wicked men. Christ used none, so his followers must not;—this is the argument, and it would prostrate every human government on earth. Why should he use physical resistance, who held the winds and waves at his word, who could command twelve legions of angels, who saw through the souls of men with a glance, who could command them with his eye and wither up their courage with a word, so that those who were sent to arrest him slunk away and dared not take him, and could only report, "Never man spake like this man"? His death was a part of his great plan of redemption, and till his time came they could no more put him to death than they could pluck the sun from his orbit. Follow him through his whole mission, and you see how fallacious is the notion that to imitate Christ is to assume his deeds or his language.

Again, it is not implied that we must be what he is. Understood in this sense, following Christ would induce a spiritual culture extravagant and fantastic, and even insane. We open the book of revelation, and read the ritual of heaven, every creature in heaven and on the earth ascribing "Blessing and honor and glory and power unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Put in place of the Lamb the name of any saint in the calendar, — Fénelon or Howard, — and how would it read? and how monstrous would our self-culture become, if it put us on the vain effort of trying to be what he is!

In another view of the subject, however, Christ is our example, and our example in such wise as to stimulate all our efforts in the Christian life. An example is a pattern to be

copied. The copy answers to the original line for line, and feature for feature, though it may not be, or even aim to be, what the original was. I hold up a mirror to the sun. The sun's image is formed in it, and answers to it ray for ray. It can never be another sun, though it can always receive the sun's image and reflect its splendors. Throughout the whole of the New Testament there is a striking and exact analogy between the life of Christ and the life of the Christian. An analogy, you observe, is a very different thing from sameness or equality. The Jewish temple, says the writer to the Hebrews, was made after the pattern of heavenly things, or served as "the example and shadow" of holy things. It copied down the things of heaven on its own plane and in its own degree; and in this sense there is an exact analogy between our life and the life of Christ. This is shown in four things.

His spirit must be ours. We cannot do the deeds which he did; but all our deeds can be done in the spirit of Christ. This, in fact, is the exhortation of the Apostle: "Let this same *mind* be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." The same spirit, the same temper, the same love, may be in us, so that, though we do not the same works, we may work for the same ends. The spirit that warms the heart in the humblest scene of work-day care or of household labor, may be precisely the same spirit that lighted up the scene at the grave of Lazarus, or that calmed the waters on the Lake of Galilee.

The Divine incarnation in Christ was designed to bring down into our world the more immediate sphere and presence of the Godhead, and thus to light up all the annals of this earth with the Divine Love,—to make Christ the central figure of all human history, to make all its outgoings the developments of Christian benevolence,—until Christ knits all the nations together in the bonds of fellowship and peace. What Christ is to the whole world, he would make every individual follower in his own little world of duty and care.

As Christ is to fill the earth with the spirit of the Lord, so the Christian is to fill his home and the circle all around it with the same spirit, so that under every roof there shall be a new Divine Advent, the image and the copy of God's great advent to the race. Thus we see, that, though we may not do the same things that Christ did, yet every man and every little child may make his own small sphere of action the image and the copy of that wider sphere of Christ which extends over the earth and through endless time.

Not only his spirit, but *his death, must be ours*. It hath pleased the Father in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through suffering. All through the New Testament, how much emphasis is laid upon the death of Christ! "He purchased us with his blood." He is the lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Paul says he glories "only in the *cross* of Christ." From such phraseology as this, it comes to pass that the Church has come to fix its eye mainly and almost exclusively on a single scene in the earthly career of the Saviour, — the scene on Calvary. There it is supposed the whole stress of the Gospel lies, there the whole work of redemption is wrought out. Now you will see, on a faithful reading of the New Testament, that the death of Christ does not mean the mere rending away of the fleshly body. If so, he is an example in suffering to a very few of us; for how few of his followers are called to a death of martyrdom! By the death of Christ is meant the denial and putting away of the whole selfish and earthly nature. This is precisely what the cross symbolizes; and for this purpose it is emblazoned on the Christian banner. So it was that Christ died. Through temptation, trial, suffering, — through the deserts and Gethsemanes, as well as the Calvaries of life, — he died to this world, and to all its seductions and applauses. Calvary was only one of the scenes in this progressive work; and when Paul says we die with him, we are buried with him, he means very clearly, we follow in the same path of self-denials,

till there is nothing more to be denied,—the old sinful man is dead and buried, and all its motions cease. This is dying with Christ. This is taking up the cross. This is following him in the regeneration. And how exactly in all this is he our pattern and example! And what a light is thrown back from his cross over all our sufferings and self-denials! We may not always see the mighty work which they accomplish within us; but, looking at that glorious pattern that leads us on, we may know that every defeat we suffer and every pain we bear, if we turn them to this account, will be weakening and rending away some clogs and hinderances of the spirit, and be the prelude of victory and of triumph. What encouragement is here! What hope and inspiration from the cross! Denials and sufferings are not so much meaningless torture and agony,—to the Christian they are the dying of the old earthly nature, and a preparation to a complete and glorious victory. All this will come to us if we keep the eye steadily on the cross of Christ, and take in the whole meaning of the symbol.

His resurrection must be ours. “We are buried with him by baptism into death,—that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.” All human progress is a death and a resurrection, and of this the death and resurrection of Christ are the heaven-drawn picture and representation. From his childhood he began to die, and just in that degree he began to rise. The earthly nature waned and disappeared, and in the same degree Divine nature broke forth unclouded and all-refulgent. On one side the desert and Gethsemane and Calvary, on the other side Transfiguration Mount. Now in the guise of our broken and suffering humanity, “having no beauty that we should desire him;” then clothed in sunlight splendors, so that John fell at his feet as dead. As the earthly body dropped off, the Divine body was put on, and

death cleared away the scaffolding that the Divine man might appear. How exactly in this likeness do all his saints arise! In all our sufferings and self-denials we die to the old corruptions; and in the same degree we put on a glorified body. Death simply clears away the last of the old scaffolding, and then the celestial man appears in the likeness of his Lord; so that death and resurrection are not something strange and miraculous, — not some anomaly thrown in upon the universe, — but the evolution of an all-beneficent and all-beautiful law; and we never grasp it and take it home to us, till we look and see where the Son of Man is lifted up, and from that bright and blessed example see the light stream back over all our lowly condition, and light up all the mysteries of the grave.

Once more, *His ascension must be ours*. He disappeared on Ascension Mount from the eye of his disciples, went up far above all principalities and powers, — up to such perfect oneness with the Father as to be the medium of Divine power and blessing through all ranks of angels and to the Church on earth for evermore. Here, too, he is the exact image and exemplar of the ascension of the believer, of his future rise and progress to more perfect union with his Lord, and to higher and broader instrumentalities of Divine blessing and beneficence, above all the clogs and hinderances and narrow conditions of our gross and earthly mortality. “He ascended on high and gave gifts unto men.” So as we die with him and rise with him, we also ascend and become more perfect and transparent mediums of the Divine light, beneficence, and love. So we follow Christ from birth to death, from death to resurrection, from resurrection to Ascension Mount; and we see the glory that falls back from this august example upon the low estate, the splendid possibilities, and the endless destination of our own humanity.

Such is Christ as an example. It appears from this exposition that he is not properly a pattern for imitation, — that he is more than a teacher to tell us about duty and about

heavenly things. He is himself a revelation of Divine truth. Life, death, resurrection, immortality — all the possibilities of our weak and frail human nature — are shown and illustrated. A light streams upon us from this example, illustrating all the stages of our life from cradled infancy to the glorified seraph. Not only so, we are not left to imitate him by trying to mimic his excellences. In him we get life and strength to act, not from imitation, but from original promptings and inspirations in the soul. "I will be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Christ, then, is not an example to us in any such sense as the patterns of sainthood which we read of in the lives of good men. He is the revelation of a Divine Humanity through which life and strength roll in like a river upon our suffering nature, to heal and to bless, and he imparts power to his followers to act, not after some model, but from the inbreathings of God in the soul.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

1830 - 1832.

ONE morning, about the end of March, 1830, the writer of these reminiscences entered Charleston for the first time. His conveyance was a commodious stage-coach, and the company it contained had become pleasantly acquainted, in the course of a long journey by day and by night. The writer was, in stage-standing as in years, the youngest of the group, having joined the stage at Raleigh, N. C., on his way to a field of duty at the South, he being, as humorously styled by a fellow-traveller, "a journeyman soul-saver."

Through a level country we approached the level city. The beautiful spire of St. Michael's, towering above less conspicuous belfries, arrested the eye, as the ferry-boat

bore us across the broad Cooper, — the river which, uniting at Charleston with the Ashley, perpetuates the name of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the patentees of South Carolina in the reign of the second Charles. The restless and intriguing spirit of the Earl, joined with high abilities and a strong sense of personal honor, made him no unfit patron for the colony that was destined to become the South Carolina of our days.

My first home in Charleston was at Jones's Hotel, then the principal one of the city. Jones was a free colored man, and so, though wealthy, could not be out o' nights without a pass, for which he would apply to one or another of his numerous boarders. At his house, however, my stay was brief, being soon invited to those hospitalities which so many visitors have shared with delight, and which I in following years so often enjoyed, where refinement, genius, and kindness clustered around the table of the "Northern Laureate." That name was given to Dr. G——, in questionable compliment, by a Southern statesman, in reference to his Union Ode, sung at a Fourth of July celebration by the Union party. The Ode — beginning,

" Hail, our country's natal morn !
Hail, our spreading kindred born !
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free ! " —

was fairly inscribed on the silver surface of a vase, presented, by those who felt its sentiment, to its author.

My first garden walk in Charleston ! I had left snow and ice at Cambridge, and cold ground and sharp winds at Washington ; but now, in my host's garden, I seemed to be in fairy-land. The season was flush with flowers ; it seemed to me like late summer rather than early spring. Myrtles, and other shrubs, whose names we associate rather with fancy than with fact, gave the impression of Arcadia ; and my entertainers, " Arcades ambo," were fit tenants of so bright a scene.

My first ride on a railway! It was not with steam-power, nor with horse-power, — nor, as I afterwards travelled in the same region, with negro-power, four stout Africans singing vociferously as they turned the handles of a small self-moving car to which that which bore the passengers was attached. No; this was in the earliest days of railway locomotion. Of the Charleston and Augusta road, one of the earliest in the country, only one mile was as yet completed, and on this a small car had been placed, for the amusement of the public and the profit of its projector, propelled by means of a sail. I took my seat, and a gentle breeze wafted me smoothly on, while I thought of Milton, and of

“ the sandy plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light.”

In after years I travelled often on that railroad, in its more advanced state, though I can scarcely say in its completeness; for it was built on trestle-work, its interminable bridge stretching away over fields and swamps, and the work of filling in being left to be effected by degrees.

Among my first impressions of Charleston, the sense of insecurity on the part of its inhabitants held a place. The city seemed to be in a permanent state of siege. The police were in military uniform, and one of these seeming soldiers was stationed in the porch of each church during the time of service. At evening, close following a sweet chime from St. Michael's, resounded the drum-beat, signal to the black population that they must no longer be found abroad. If any were so, without a written pass from some white person, he was liable to be arrested and punished. Then, about the centre of the wide base from which the triangular city stretches out between its two rivers, stood a large brick building, bearing the warlike name of “The Citadel.” It was built around a quadrangle, and was provided with means of military defence. The class who were to be held in awe by these means swarmed on every side. I thought I

could perceive in their demeanor a more subdued and cringing aspect than that with which I had been familiar among their brethren at Washington; but this may have been the fancy of a youth. I witnessed a slave-sale. It was on the piazza of the Custom-House; and several, of both sexes, changed their masters. The scene was loathsome to me, — indescribably so; but more from the idea of man being made merchandise, than from any exhibition of grief on the part of the “chattels,” or of brutality on that of the ruling race. The transaction seemed viewed by both parties as a common occurrence.

My visits to Charleston were frequent and long enough to afford me some intercourse with its refined society, beyond the friends to whom reference has already been made. And to that society it is but justice, to bear witness to its elegance and its courtesy. Among my remembrances is the studio of an artist, a gentleman of property and polished manners, who, not content to be merely wealthy, had won himself an honorable reputation as a sculptor. As I write, scene after scene rises before me, of domestic ease, or of social enjoyment, with the grace of fashion but without its affectation, and with a genial courtesy that made the young stranger feel at home.

The society of South Carolina has a strong infusion of the French element, derived from those Huguenots by whom some of the first settlements were made. The names, half Anglicized in pronunciation, still indicate their source. One of these French names, its possessor informed me, was traced farther back to an Italian form, in which it had been borne by a Doge of Venice, from whom he claimed descent. None of these foreign appellations is better known through the Union than that of Huger. I met, at a later period of my Southern residence, the brave old Colonel of that name, and heard from his lips the narrative of his chivalrous attempt, with Dr. Bollmar, to rescue Lafayette from his imprisonment at Olmutz.

Of the churches in Charleston, I have already mentioned St. Michael's. This, a fine stone building, dedicated to worship according to Episcopal order, stands at the corner of King and Meeting Streets, the two widest streets in the city, the other three corners being occupied by public buildings for secular purposes, — the City Hall, Guard-House, and, if I remember rightly, an office for the deposit of records. St. Michael's dates from before the Revolution, and its interior, in the ecclesiastical style of that period, reminded me of King's Chapel in Boston, though probably larger than that church. It is embellished with numerous monumental tablets, though in this respect it yielded to St. Philip's, a still more ancient church, which was destroyed by fire during my residence at the South. In St. Philip's not only were the walls incrustated with mural tablets, but tablets in various styles of ornament and inscription were affixed to the columns, giving to the edifice an aspect of solemn and venerable grandeur. The exterior of St. Michael's, of white stone, is adorned with a steeple which appeared to me of remarkable beauty, combining massiveness with grace. It contains a chime of bells, whose sweet voices were heard, when I was there, each quarter of an hour. On the roof of the belfry, where the diminished size of the next story of the steeple leaves an encircling walk, a sentinel was stationed at night.

Next to these churches I may rightly name the Circular Church, for Independent or Presbyterian worship, — a plain but spacious edifice of brick, in the shape of the Roman Pantheon. This church and one in Archdale Street were formerly connected by a singular arrangement, the two congregations being known collectively as the Independent Church, and supplied by two ministers, who officiated alternately in each. But in 1817 a large portion of the compound society having, with the pastor of their choice, adopted Unitarian opinions, a separation took place, and the building in Archdale Street became known as the Second Independent, or, in popular usage, the Unitarian Church.

Guided by a friend, now long since dead, but whose kindness I well remember, I visited the Jewish Synagogue, during the Saturday hour of service. That service has been often described, yet some who read these reminiscences may not be aware of its peculiarities. The building resembled a church with side galleries; but, instead of pulpit and pews, there was a railed platform in the centre of the edifice, an ornamented press or book-case at the farther end, and benches around. The platform was occupied by several persons, who read in turn; but my Hebrew ear was not sufficiently acute even to identify the language. Suddenly, however, in the midst of the foreign sounds, came in a few words of good plain English. These were "the United States of America and the State of South Carolina." Whether these modern names were considered incapable of being translated into Hebrew, or whether the worshippers thought it best that their prayer for State and nation should be recognized as such by their fellow-citizens, I was not informed. Occasionally, persons from the body of the congregation entered the railed enclosure, while others withdrew from it to take their seats on the benches without. Those who officiated wore scarfs, and the whole assembly wore their hats. The galleries were occupied by the females.

During my residence at the South, I had the pleasure of forming many acquaintances among the people whose mode of worship I have thus described, and among them were some for whom I cherished a high respect. They were among the most intelligent and honored members of society in the cities where they resided.

I was led by the same kind conductor to visit the City Hall and the Jail. In the former building I was shown the pillory, the instrument of a punishment antiquated elsewhere, and, I hope, since abolished in South Carolina. The pillory consisted of a platform, supporting upon upright beams a sort of yoke, with apertures for the head and hands; and in this frame the culprit was to be exposed to the view and to

the insults of the crowd. In the Jail, the presence of my companion procured me a general inspection of the building. It was spacious, and appeared to be neatly kept. I found that it was used for the confinement of insane persons as well as criminals. The impression of this was painful, but the fact was no uncommon one, thirty years ago, and before our people in general had had their attention strongly directed to the claims of the victims of insanity by the philanthropic labors of Miss Dix.

After our general view of the prison, the keeper observed, "Perhaps you would like to see a prisoner who has lately been sent here; he is from the North, and this gentleman may possibly know something about him." With these words he led us to a room of comfortable dimensions and well lighted, where a young sailor rose to meet us. His name was Edward Smith, and he had been arrested for distributing incendiary pamphlets. His account of it was, that, on leaving Boston, some person had given him these pamphlets and asked him to circulate them in Charleston, and that he had done so without knowing their character. The book was "Walker's Pamphlet," the first publication, I think, that was made in Boston on the subject of slavery. I have heard the pamphlet described as of a highly incendiary character, but cannot vouch for the truth of the account. I asked him some questions, in the hope of being useful to one whose appearance made me think he had been rather indiscreet than criminal; but my introducer showed great uneasiness, and soon cut short the colloquy. I afterwards saw by the papers that Smith had been found guilty, and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

Among my subsequent visits to Charleston was one during the height of the Nullification excitement in 1832. It will be remembered that the cause of this excitement was the unpopularity of the then existing tariff or revenue law, which was thought to press heavily upon the Southern States for the benefit of the manufacturing interest, the seat of which was

principally at the North. South Carolina, denying the constitutionality of the law, assembled, at the call of the Legislature, a Convention, invested with extraordinary powers ; and by this Convention an Ordinance was passed, declaring the revenue law to be unconstitutional, and therefore null and void. The State did not, as at present, resolve on secession ; but its purpose was to resist the execution of the obnoxious law, and, if it should be enforced, to appeal to the sword. A conversation which I had with a very intelligent young lawyer, himself a member of the Nullifying party in Georgia, showed me that the real cause of the movement lay deeper than in the laws relating to revenue. He represented the matter thus : that the sentiments of the North and South were opposed on the subject of slavery. " We are not afraid," said he, " of what emissaries from the North can do to excite our slaves, so much as of the impression made on our own people by their visits to the North. They go there for purposes of trade or pleasure in great numbers every season ; and if this continues, they will bring back with them abolition ideas. Our only security is in a separation." But what his candor revealed to me was not the argument used before the world. This fact suggests the suspicion, that, in the present excitement, the leaders of the Secessionists have far deeper motives than those which they employ to stir up the passions of the people.

I visited Charleston during the height of this excitement, for the purpose of exchanging pulpit services with one of the clergymen of the city ; and, my residence being distant, the exchange was arranged for a month. The nullifying ordinance had been passed ; and General James Hamilton had ordered a cargo of sugar from the West Indies, for the express purpose of proving that it could and would be carried into effect. The party which had the ascendancy designated themselves as the State Rights party, but were more commonly known throughout the country as the Nullifiers. Their members might generally be recognized in Charleston by the

blue cockade, which they wore as a badge of their enrolment in the service of the State for the contest which seemed approaching. On the other hand, the "Union and State Rights party" — for they too claimed to be State Rights men — were not much less numerous than their opponents, and had also their own military organization, the difference being, as I was told, that the drill meetings of the one party were public, and those of the other private. The Union party were contemptuously styled Submission-men by the Nullifiers; but while they submitted to law, they had no thought of submitting to the ruin of their country, but were prepared, if called on, to stand up for the preservation of the national Union.

Shortly before I arrived, the processions of the two parties had met in the streets, and it had required all the address of the Union leaders to prevent a hostile encounter. But the first news I received was an indication of a more hopeful character. The evening before, a meeting had been held, at which General Hamilton had made known that, in consequence of some advices from Washington, he had concluded not at present to test the power of the law; adding, however, that he knew, if the hope of a peaceful settlement failed, his fellow-citizens "would go to the death with him for his sugar." As the collector's office had been removed to one of the forts, which were all strongly garrisoned, and a vessel of war was also stationed in the harbor, the conduct of General Hamilton in postponing the entrance of his sugar without payment of duties was not less prudent than patriotic. But though the firmness of the President, and the conciliatory spirit displayed in Congress, gave hope of the danger passing away, the excitement was not yet allayed, and the possibility of a bloody result still existed.

It was under these circumstances that I went, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, on an excursion in the harbor. Among us was the daughter of a leading Nullifier; and as a United States flag lay in the boat beside her, she put it

from her with an expression of disgust, which had more of sportful than of serious meaning. We landed at Sullivan's Island, the summer retreat of the inhabitants of Charleston. The purpose to which it is devoted, and its position in reference to the city, reminded me of Nahant, but the island itself is very different. Instead of rocky hills, it is a long beach of sand. At that point of the island which commands the channel, stands the famous Fort Moultrie. Entrance was not allowed under the doubtful circumstances of the time, but we wandered around its walls upon the landward side, and observed the style of its construction, — a high enclosure of stone, with advancing angles, so as to command the approach of a foe from whatever direction. It is about seven miles from the city. Of Fort Sumter I have no remembrance, and suppose that it was not then built. It is situated, the newspapers inform us, a mile from Fort Moultrie, on the opposite or the southern side of the channel. But in going to the island and in returning we passed Castle Pinckney, a large and lofty circular place of defence, much nearer to the city than either of the others, and which had then been supplied, we were told, with the means for its bombardment. When, somewhat later, peaceful feelings had resumed their reign, and the commander at Castle Pinckney proposed to give a ball to the citizens, a clerical gentleman made the remark, that, if things had gone otherwise, the Colonel would have given them a good many balls.

At another time I visited the Citadel, which stands, as already mentioned, about the middle of the landward side of Charleston. My conductor was a gentleman of excellent character, modest and amiable, but whose political opinions coincided with the ruling party in the State, and who, whether he fully approved the course of its leaders or not, felt bound in honor to stand by them in the hour of danger. The conversation which occurred between us impressed me much at the time, and its repetition may perhaps soften the bitterness of feeling towards those in South Carolina, of whom there

are probably many, situated as my friend was then. As we walked towards the Citadel, we conversed upon the abstract political question with which the excitement around us was connected, the question of free trade or a protective tariff; and Mr. H—— (so I will call him) expressed his views in favor of the former, and spoke with admiration of a recent essay by Dr. Channing upon the subject,—the article on the Union, now printed in the first volume of that great man's works. From this subject we passed to another on which Dr. Channing had written,—that of Peace. We had been admitted into the Citadel, and entered a hall where numerous swords lay on a large table, while other weapons were arranged around. Some young Carolinians were examining the swords, and expressing their ideas upon the kind they would prefer, evidently with not a little military gusto. We turned to a window overlooking the quadrangle within, and saw before us the State Guard, who garrisoned the building, going through their drill. In this warlike scene my friend continued his observations on peace; expressing his agreement with Dr. Channing's views on that subject, and his hope that the time would come when all such military preparations as we saw around would be discontinued as needless, and when war should be no more. I evinced my surprise at such words from one of a party then actually in arms against the government; and spoke of the young men we had just seen selecting swords, and sporting their blue cockades. "It is true," he replied, "and I have my cockade also, though I do not make a display of it, but carry it in my pocket. I am enrolled as well as others. Much as I regret the approach of civil war, I agree in opinion with the State Rights party, and I must in honor share their danger." The next morning, as I went abroad, Mr. H—— met me with the news of Mr. Clay's suggestion of a compromise. The danger of civil war was over, and we shook hands warmly in mutual congratulation.

I do not know whether my old acquaintance is now living, or whether his admiration followed Dr. Channing, when that great writer turned his attention to slavery. But I can well

believe that there are now in Charleston men like him, who deplore the existence of that evil, but conceive it to be inseparably connected with the prosperity of the State, and even with the personal safety of themselves and their families; who, lovers of peace, yet suppose themselves called to the dread necessity of war; and who, bearing the badge of secession, turn yet a lingering look of fond farewell to the Union which their fathers joined with ours in forming.

The condition of South Carolina, social and geographical, can alone explain the seeming madness of her people on the subject of slavery. By the census of 1850, South Carolina and Mississippi were the only two States in which the number of slaves exceeded that of white persons; and while in Mississippi the difference was trifling, in South Carolina it was in a proportion of more than four to three; — the numbers being 274,563 whites, and 384,984 slaves, with 8,960 free persons of color. More than this, in some districts the slaves outnumber their masters in a fearful ratio. The seaboard districts (with the exception of Horry, the northernmost, which has more whites than blacks) number about 40,000 white persons, and more than 125,000 slaves. Among these, in the district of Beaufort there are more than five slaves to one white person; and in that of Georgetown there are eight slaves to one white. These regions are swampy, devoted to the cultivation of rice and of sea-island cotton, and are considered uninhabitable for a white laboring population. They yield at present the richest products of the State; while to remove the black population, were it practicable, would be, not only to ruin the proud aristocracy of the State, but to consign these wide regions to utter solitude. In the midst of this portion of the State stands Charleston, the only city of importance which it contains, and which must perish in the desolation of the surrounding country.

In such a region, the removal of slavery by colonization is evidently out of the question; and colonization is regarded at the South as the indispensable condition of emancipation. The people of South Carolina, therefore, regard the perma-

nence of slavery as a necessity ; and while they know that public opinion throughout the civilized world is more and more directed against it, this knowledge excites them, not to concede to that opinion, but to brace themselves against it with the firmness of desperation. It is in vain they are told that no attack is intended by any political party upon slavery in the States. They reply that measures not contemplated now may be called for hereafter by the growing madness (as they style it) of mankind. Hence they see no safety but in secession. Even that, could it be peaceably effected, would at best but postpone the dreaded evil ; for public opinion crosses frontier lines, and is not to be arrested by ordinances or proclamations.

I greatly fear that the course pursued by South Carolina, if persevered in, instead of averting the emancipation of her slaves, will hasten it in its most fearful form, that of a servile war. Should such a war break out, the overwhelming numbers of the insurgents, aided by a climate favorable to them and dangerous to their pursuers, may, after years of unimagined horrors, convert the lowland districts of the State into a black republic, while some Dessalines or Christophe rules in Charleston.

To avert such evil, two ways present themselves. The one is, a course of gradual emancipation, or rather amelioration of the slave system. Let the effort be to convert them from bondsmen into vassals, the master not resigning his power, but gaining for it an increase of dignity by surrounding it with just restrictions, and exercising it as magistrate, not as owner. Let education be no longer forbidden, but promoted. The lower class, as they become intelligent, and acquire some humble rights of property, will recognize the advantages they receive from the existing order of things ; while the moral restraint on the increase of population beginning to be felt, and the country under the influence of cultivation becoming more salubrious, the disproportion between the races will be diminished, and the relation between them remain for ages that of feudal protection and obedience.

The other way is simpler still. It is only to do right according to the light now enjoyed, and leave events to God. If the people of South Carolina do not see it to be best to take any step towards emancipation now, with themselves rests the whole decision of the question. But let them not resolve that their grandchildren shall see the subject as they do ; nor break up the Union, because, a hundred years hence, some attack may be made on slavery in the States. The Ruler of nations is wise and just and merciful. They who would anticipate the work of his providence may do harm where they intend good ; but alas for those who place themselves in defiance to its irresistible course !

S. G. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

TRUE HEROISM.

WE mean the heroism of patience and a wise moderation, their heroism who are resolved not to precipitate a fearful strife, and to strike no blow until every peaceable method has been exhausted. That is a very cheap bravery which blusters and vapors at a safe distance, — that is not a very costly bravery which, incensed by unreasonableness, is swift to wrath ; — he is a hero who can stand, match in hand, at the loaded guns, and defer the order to fire hour after hour, in the hope that it may not be necessary. Here is an example of it clipped from one of the daily journals, which amidst much that is saddening in these times are not without cheering items : —

“ Captain Doubleday, who is with Major Anderson in Fort Sumter, writes, under date of January 6th, to General Segoine, of Auburn, N. Y. : ‘ There is no such word as surrender in Major Anderson. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men. We have about seventy ; but should they attack us, I hope the country at large will have no reason to find fault with our defence. One of our boats and some of our men have been captured. All communication has been cut off with us, except such as the Governor chooses to authorize,

and yet we hesitate to fire upon them. Major Anderson still hopes that wise counsels may prevail among them, and that something will occur to prevent the impending strife.”

A CHAPTER ON FOOLS.

It would be very difficult to define exactly what a fool is, or to fix the line between fools and wise men. The reputed *compotes* sometimes say and do more foolish things than the *non compotes*; and the latter are capable of saying some very bright things. Shakespeare's fools often show more sense than their masters. Sometimes a whole community shows itself so utterly bereft of common sense as to leave us in doubt whether there is any such thing as perfect *compos mentis* here on the earth. A person for some time will seem remarkably sensible; put him in another position and he will act like a fool. We readily believe all that is told about improving the condition of idiots, and we think the time will come when the distinction between them and the non-idiots will be purely arbitrary.

In Ramsay's "Reminiscences," noticed on another page, there is an interesting chapter illustrating this subject. The "parish idiots" say some of the brightest things in the book. The congregation of Lunan in Forfarshire were in the habit of sleeping under the sermon. Jamie Fraser, however, the parish idiot, always kept awake. The minister very naturally was annoyed by this habit, and one Sunday undertook to reprove it: "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing."

Jamie did not relish this personality. Few people like to be singled out and talked to in meeting, and this direct allusion roused Jamie's latent wit, and he replied: "An' I hadna been an idiot, I wad ha' been sleeping too."

Another of these parish idiots lived in Peebles, and was known as Daft Yedie. Daft Yedie once met a gentleman with a club-foot and fell to philosophizing on so strange a phenomenon. He went up and surveyed it attentively, and said, compassionately, "It's a great pity, — it spoils the boot."

Daft Yedie had got hold of one end of a great truth, for it is a fair question whether fops in general are worth the leather and cloth which must be accommodated to their persons.

Daft Yedie's remark may be fairly paralleled to one which a distinguished lawyer is said to have made, looking out from his office window into the street, seeing a man and a monkey with a crowd of boys about them.

"What do you see that interests you, Mr. B.?"

"O, quite a curiosity. Here's a *monkey, leading a man with a chain.*"

It may humble our pride to be told that all the essential difference between the *compotes* and the *non compotes* lies in physical organization, but such is probably the case. The latter are in some bondage to the body; some organ or some fibre will not do its office, and when the physical body falls off and sets the mind free, the mind will have its full development and progress. The minds of the wisest men sometimes disappear under a cloud, because some congeries of fibres has been wrongly played upon or refuses to do its office, and not only a second childhood, but idiocy supervenes. Sometimes a small matter will knock some screw out of a man's mind, and *pro tanto* he is *non compos*. An old soldier, after an operation on the brain, was found to have forgotten the numbers five and seven; and a school-master, after a brain-fever, was found to have lost all knowledge of the letter F. So says the Edinburgh Review. The old practice of hammering knowledge into the brains of dunces is not to be recommended, though it would seem from a recent writer it had some chances of success. Dr. Pritchard is reported as saying that a case came to his knowledge of an idiot boy who received an injury on the head, and from that time his faculties brightened, and he became a man of good talents and practised as a barrister. He had two brothers who were also idiots, and always remained so, their heads never having received any concussion. As a general rule, however, teachers who cudgel the heads of their pupils are those who have the fewest and dullest brains in their own.

Idiots manifest a religious nature sometimes very strongly. John McLymont was for preaching, and one Sunday he got into the pulpit in advance of the minister.

"Come down, sir, immediately!" said the minister, on arriving.

"Na, na," was the reply, "juist ye come up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and, faith, they need us baith."

Mr. Ramsay cites another case among the parish idiots, showing an activity of the religious nature so intense as to shatter the physi-

cal organism, and set the mind free on its endless progress. The poor boy asked permission to come to the Lord's table. The clergyman at first refused, thinking no doubt the rite would be desecrated, and that the petitioner did not know what he said. At length the clergyman yielded, however, to the earnestness of the poor boy, who was deeply and even violently affected with the ceremony. All the way home he was heard to exclaim, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" referring to the Lord Jesus, whom he approached in the sacrament. When he went to rest at night he kept repeating the words, "O, I have seen the pretty man!" He did not come down in the morning, and on going to his bed they found the body had given way,—the soul had left it and risen among the glories it thirsted for. Thus the soul, if kept pure and single, tends to slough off the covering that holds it in bondage, and rise into clear heavenly wisdom; while knowledge abused goes out and becomes extinct. The great law of retribution holds here, and the first become last, and the last first. The fools become wise, and the wise for a bad end become fools.

S.

THE TIMES.

THOUGH we plunge not into the troubled waters, we are painfully alive to the agitations of the sea all about us and the dangers that threaten us. We have just received a pamphlet by William H. Holcombe, M. D., of New Orleans, author of a beautiful volume of poems in the spirit of the New Church. It is difficult to conceive how a person can write at one time in so good a spirit, and at another in a spirit so thoroughly bad. The pamphlet bears the title, "The Alternative: A Separate Nationality, or the Africanization of the South,"—and totally misconceives and misrepresents the aims and sentiments of Northern people. And here comes back a "Monthly Magazine" all the way from Nashville, Tenn., with this superscription written upon it, which we should smile over, except that it shows the fatal mistakes which sometimes become epidemic:—

"Your periodical is rejected. Until you cease to be covenant-breakers, and until you repudiate Nullification by a repeal of your Personal Liberty Bill, and learn to respect the rights of your Southern countrymen, the South will utterly and forever refuse to have friendly intercourse or interchange with you.

W. W. A."

The Personal Liberty Bill is not a nullifying ordinance, but was designed to protect the free colored people of Massachusetts. Those who enacted it *thought* it constitutional; whether it is or not, the legal tribunals will decide impartially when it comes before them. It has never deprived the South of a single slave, and it never can. In 1856 an act to repeal it was introduced into the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and passed to a third reading, and would undoubtedly have passed finally, had not news come the next morning that a Senator of Massachusetts had been knocked down in his place and carried out covered with his gore.

There is another provision of the Constitution which they who talk of "covenant-breaking" would do well to read: "THE CITIZENS OF EACH STATE SHALL BE ENTITLED TO ALL PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES OF CITIZENS IN THE SEVERAL STATES." What would "W. W. S." say of it if the citizens of Tennessee, as soon as they touched the soil of the Bay State, were mobbed or gibbeted for their opinions, or for the hue of their complexion were imprisoned and sold at auction to pay their jail-fees? This is what Massachusetts has borne for years without secession, whereas we believe no slave was ever arrested on her soil without being "delivered up."

Two things become perfectly obvious. Notwithstanding the increased facilities of human intercourse, the different sections of the Union totally misunderstand each other. Mr. Holcombe opens with the declaration, "When Lincoln is in place, Garrison will be in power;" and he imagines that a whole army of John Browns are coming to free the negroes. Every man *here* of common candor and intelligence knows that, in the vast body of Northern citizens, the sentiment is all but unanimous against the least political interference with slavery in the States. So strong is this sentiment, that we have not a doubt that Mason and Dixon's line might be made to bristle with Northern bayonets if necessary to protect Southern homes from ruthless invasion. The demand of the North is, "Clear us of this horrible responsibility of extending slavery. Take the whole responsibility of slavery yourselves. Do not make *us* its propagandists over new soil, and we are content to leave it with you, who have inherited the institution, and to the benign influences of an advancing Christian civilization."

And it becomes obvious enough, in the second place, that this high ground is the only safe ground, and can never be compromised.

Yield that now, and more awful convulsions are sure to follow. Slavery must be withdrawn from the national politics, and be made strictly a local State institution, or we never shall have peace. Give up the territories to it now, and the next demand will surely be, "Give up the free States to it also. Let slaves be brought thither as property under the United States Constitution and kept there." The distinction between free and slave States will be merely nominal, and this becomes a great black republic, whose main object is to extend human bondage and protect it. No sane man will imagine that with this policy inaugurated we have anything in prospect but the throes of revolution. The question can be settled now better than at any other time. We hope it will be, peacefully if possible, and that with firmness for the right Northern men will unite kindness, conciliation, all possible forbearance, and a scrupulous regard for all the rights of their Southern countrymen. Above all we hope there is manhood enough in the country to save us from conceding a single hair's breadth to threats and gasconading, to maintain the righteous sovereignty of government, and make treason yield to the majesty of law.

S.

ON A PICTURE.

WHAT would this world be without children? we have often heard people ask. What would heaven be without children, is a question quite as pertinent, and forces itself upon us as the little ones are translated from this world before any blight has fallen upon their purity. One third of those who are born upon the earth are drawn up into the heavens before sin has touched them, like drops of dew exhaled in the morning and reflecting the glorious rainbow on the evening sky. When we lose them, our loss seems irreparable, and we go forth weeping; but we look up, and ever up, and find they are not lost, but gone to be the living transparencies of the Divine light and love, and to shed down upon us the softened lustre of the heavens. Such are the children who, in the language of Burke, are "put in the place of ancestors."

Here is a picture hanging upon the study wall, which brings up a throng of images from the past. There is the clear dark eye which used to flash fire and sunshine, and which almost *glows* now from the wall; the countenance that used to light up with so much brilliancy

of thought and of love. The living face vanished away from sight, but the mind and soul have plastic power over form, feature, and expression; so we are very sure that the spiritual body wears the same countenance as that in the picture, only beautiful in the tints of immortality, and that we are to see it again, — another and yet the same. We do not know that we can hang anything under this picture to describe the memories and hopes which it ever brings afresh better than the verses of Aldrich. If the verses prompt the reader to read the whole poem, which we only quote from, unless he has done so already, he will agree with us that there are few things of the kind equal to it.

BABIE BELL.

Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the purple depths of even, —
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven.
She touched a bridge of flowers, — those feet
So light, they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels.
They fell like dew upon the flowers,
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours.

And now the orchards, which in June
Were white and rosy in their bloom —
Filling the crystal veins of air
With gentle pulses of perfume
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime,
The plums were globes of honeyed wine, —
The hived sweets of summer-time!
The ivory chestnut burst its shell;
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell.
The grapes were purpling in the grange,

And time wrought just as rich a change
In little Babie Bell !
Her tiny form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face !
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came,
But she was holy, saintly now. . . .
Around her pale, angelic brow
We saw a slender ring of flame !

It came upon us by degrees ;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for Babie Bell !
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,
And all our hopes were changed to fears,
And all our thoughts ran into tears,
Like sunshine into rain !
We cried aloud in our belief,
" O, smite us gently, gently, God !
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,
And perfect grow through grief."
Ah ! how we loved her God can tell ;
Her little heart was cased in ours !
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell !
At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger from unseen lands :
And what did dainty Babie Bell ?
She only crossed her little hands,
She only looked more meek and fair !
We parted back her silken hair ;
We laid some buds upon her brow,
White buds, like scented flakes of snow, —
Death's bride arrayed in flowers !
And thus went dainty Babie Bell
Out of this world of ours !

ANOTHER PICTURE.

It is of one whose living features we never looked upon, but who touched this earth just long enough to give those that knew her a

higher ideal of angelic womanhood. There is the placid expanse of forehead, the eye dark, mild, and thoughtful, as if looking into the serene deeps and seeing things unveiled to faith alone; a blending about the lips of sweet affection and holy purpose, an expression over the whole countenance of almost unearthly purity, and withal of calm and modest surprise, such as we might suppose her to have had when she rose up among the shining ones, and saw for the first time the heavenly purities unveiled. It seems to say, "This I believed in; this I hoped for; but how high and blissful the reality!" Was there something in her life and spirit that foretokened the heavenly beatitudes, or mildly anticipated their dawn, and has the artist here caught it and preserved it to bless the eyes and hearts of parents and friends? Heaven must be brought nearer to them, and draw them with more attractive force; home must be more fragrant of the Christian graces, in the consciousness that such a life has been perfected there, and that there is such a "messenger of love" between that and the eternal abodes.

The following lines are already familiar to some of our readers. They will be glad to preserve them in permanent form:—

NAPLES, 1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, Helen Waterston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston, of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:—

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

[Eds. Independent.

I give thee joy!—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea,—

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb,
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown ;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away,
And Capri melted in its sunny bay ;

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought,
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knewest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchanged city sends its cheer,
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy !

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramped limbs to the sun again.

O, joy for all, who her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival !

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death !

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers, " Arisen again ! "

Independent.

"SEATING THE MEETING-HOUSE."

THIS practice, alluded to in our last number, used to bring out some of the most amusing traits of human nature. Somebody of course was generally seated *too low*. One man was seated out of place as he thought, and was complaining bitterly about it.

"I pay seventy-five cents a year for the preaching," says Mr. Smith, "and I won't do it any longer. I'll sign off."

"O," said a bland old gentleman whom they called Uncle Nicholas, "it makes very little difference where people sit. We go to meeting, Mr. Smith, to get good, to hear the prayers and sermons, not to quarrel about our seats. We can't all sit in one pew, Mr. Smith."

"That is true, Uncle Nicholas, and I don't want anything unreasonable."

"No, Mr. Smith. Let us hear the words, and that is all we want. I had as lief sit behind the door as anywhere, only let me hear the words."

"Why, Uncle Nicholas, you *are* seated behind the door."

"I am, did you say?"

"Why, yes, — did n't you know it?"

"No, — you must be mistaken, Mr. Smith."

"I certainly am not, for I was there and heard your name, and you are seated in the pew behind the north door."

"Well, I'll be — hanged if I ever sit there!"

BARKING IN CHURCH.

SWEDENBORG says that animals are copied out of men, wild, noxious, and unclean animals being simply impersonations of the worst things in an unregenerate human nature, whereas gentle, useful, and clean animals are impersonations of the kindly and benevolent affections. This being so, it is very well for men to look at the animal kingdom sometimes for purposes of self-revelation, to see themselves out of themselves, and how they appear. Let cunning men see themselves in foxes, gluttons in swine, cruel men in tigers, controversialists in dogs, fops and belles in peacocks, and so through the whole list.

Mr. Ramsay, whose book we have already quoted, gives a scene in a Scotch church illustrating very well a certain kind of preaching.

He does not use it for this purpose, but it is too good not to be turned to account. It shows pretty well, we think, how controversial preachers look, copied down upon a lower plane.

The minister, getting warmed with his subject, raised his voice to a higher and higher pitch till he became very boisterous. A mischievous dog was in church. At first he kept very quiet, but as the minister's voice rose, he began to growl, and finally to bark outright. As the minister "kept whinging and whanging," the dog followed suit, and as the speaker's voice rose to a shout, the dog's became a perfect howl. At length the minister stops: "Beadle, put out that dog!"

The beadle obeys, but cannot resist turning his eye up to the pulpit, and saying very significantly, "Ay, ay, sir; but indeed it was yerself began it."

AN ORTHODOX CREED.

A MEMBER of one of the large metropolitan orthodox churches sends us their creed. It is an excellent creed, every article of which we could heartily subscribe. Tripersonalism, the resurrection of dead bodies, election and reprobation, and other dead traditions, have here sloughed off, bringing this church into nearer conformity with the one Catholic Church of the Lord. If this could be done in all the orthodox churches, Zion would indeed arise and shine and gather all the good into her fold.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

ART. 1. — We believe there is only one true God, self-existent, eternal, perfect in wisdom, power, goodness, and holiness, revealed as subsisting in a manner mysterious to us, as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

ART. 2. — We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments were given by inspiration, and contain the revealed will of God to man, and are the only unerring or authoritative rule of faith and practice.

ART. 3. — We believe that mankind are fallen from their original rectitude, and are, until renewed by the Holy Spirit, destitute of the holiness required by the divine law; and that when they become capable of moral law, they fall into actual transgression.

ART. 4. — We believe that God so loved the world that he gave his Son for its salvation, — that his Son became incarnate in the person of Jesus Christ, — that he set forth an example of perfect obedience and purity, taught the way of life, and suffered upon the cross for sinners; and that, by his obedience, sufferings, and death, he became a propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and opened a way whereby all who believe in him, with repentance of their sins, may be saved, without impeachment of divine justice and truth.

ART. 5. — We believe Jesus Christ arose from the dead, and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, whence he sends forth the Holy Spirit, and where he ever liveth to make intercession for us; and that through him God offers full forgiveness and everlasting life to all who will heartily repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

ART. 6. — We believe in the resurrection of all the dead, and a general and final judgment, when God will judge the quick and the dead through Jesus Christ, and when the wicked shall go into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal.

WHY NOT BUY THEM? A NATIONAL DEBT BETTER THAN A NATIONAL ARMY.

“MONEY answereth all things,” wrote the Wise Man, and in so writing he was a prophet as well as a preacher, a seer as well as a sage. It is the age of merchants and bankers, of economists and stock-brokers, and, spite of what is said in vilification of it, it has a right to a place amongst the ages, — as good a right as any. Give good security and the capital is forthcoming for State-houses, city halls, school-houses, hospitals, and, alas! for armies and navies. The property interest shapes and controls revolutions, and within suitable limits may well be accepted as a wise and efficient peacemaker. Why may not North and South avail themselves of it in this crisis? The evil of slavery is one for which we are all of us more or less accountable. Northern ships brought the slaves, a vast deal of Northern wealth was earned originally by the slave-trade, before it was declared to be piracy. This infamous traffic was tolerated for a time by our National Confederacy. We cannot be justified in casting the whole burden and reproach of the institution of slavery upon

the present slaveholding States. It is very easy for the abstractionist to say, Emancipate! Do it to-morrow! This thing is a sin and a shame, and you have no right to continue it a single day! But would it be wise to act with such haste? And when we go to others with a demand that they shall beggar themselves upon the instant, are we not asking more than we, from our moral stand-point and with our own small measure of heroism, have a right to ask? What shall we do then? Divide and go to war? We answer, No! please God, no! Is it credible that a Christian nation in the nineteenth century can devise no better solution than this of their practical problem? Must our three or four millions of slaves destroy a whole people? Does not war mean their extermination? Does not peace promise their elevation and emancipation! We ask again, then, What shall we do? And we answer, raise a great National Fund, even through the creation of a national debt, by the help of which the South may be enabled to pass gradually from their present social system into a better and higher. Can any one tell us what a year's war would cost the country, — we do not mean in heart's blood and human feeling, in morality and piety, in manhood and brotherhood, but in vulgar coin? Why not appropriate that much to this great philanthropic purpose, instead of spending it in powder and shot, and in men to be food for them? Some will say, perhaps, that this would be a recognition of the right of property in man. On the contrary, we say, it is a plan by means of which those who have no other property may be able to give up their all and cease to be owners of men. We are told that nothing binds a people together and makes them a nation like a national debt: let us in good earnest set about creating one, and keep united until it is paid, and meanwhile give our brethren at the South some tangible assurance that we mean them no harm, when we strive, so far as we are directly responsible, to be no promoters of slavery, and within the limits of our National Constitution to separate ourselves from it.

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Evenings with the Doctrines. By NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D. Author of "Friends of Christ," "Christ a Friend," "Communion Sabbath," etc., etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Dr. Adams is a preacher of genuine, unadulterated, orthodox Calvinism. He accepts it square and entire, and does not try to sweeten it or dilute it. Those who take the pill from his hands must swallow it without sauce or jelly. Moreover, his style is clear, simple, and direct. He accepts the Trinity, God in three *persons*, the vicarious atonement, election, the saints' perseverance, and the endless punishment of the wicked. We like to meet with such a book from such a writer, and know what old Calvinism is as held at the beginning of the year 1861. We have read several of these sermons, and perceive nothing of the bitter spirit which Dr. Adams formerly exhibited towards those who differ from his opinions. The temper of the sermons is good, with the exception that there is an assumption all along, expressed or implied, that those who believe "the doctrines" are more humble, godlike, and regenerate than others, and that only the carnal heart prevents others from believing them. Dr. Adams must wipe out a thousand years of the darkest ecclesiastical history to make that assumption good.

These sermons were delivered on Tuesday evenings in the regular course of pulpit ministrations. Consequently they are for the popular ear, and are not an elaborate logical treatise. At least we should hope Dr. Adams would reason a great deal more consecutively, even for what seem to us gross falsifications of Christian doctrine, if he were appealing to thinking men, and not to the unreasoning popular mind.

s.

The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Written by himself. Edited and condensed by REV. H. LINCOLN WAYLAND, Pastor of the Third Baptist Church, Worcester, Mass. With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. — Who has not heard of the age of miracles revived in "the Lord's dealings with George Müller." A man without a dollar, and without asking help of any one, has for the last twenty-five years been doing the work which large associations, with agents, committees, and extensive begging appliances, are generally

considered alone competent to accomplish. He has bought land, built buildings, filled them with seven hundred orphan children, to be fed, clothed, and educated. He has opened a Bible-house for the distribution of Bibles, and supports now one hundred missionaries. In this benevolent work he has expended one million dollars. All this he does by a single agency, — prayer. He asks no one but God, and God sends the supplies. He has never been in debt, and his orphans have never wanted a meal. He prays for the means, and the means always come. This book is a practical illustration of the might of single-minded trust and faith in God over worldly expediences and calculations. The compiler has condensed the work from reports and bulky documents, and has thereby made one of the most useful books we could have. Faith is quickened and strengthened, the efficacy of prayer practically proved, and the reader, catching the spirit of George Müller as he reads on, is drawn to the Lord in a more perfect childlikeness, and with a new resolve to do the duties of to-day with confiding piety, in the assurance that the uncertain future will all be well. Dr. Wayland says in his Introduction, "If Mr. Müller is right, I think it is evident that we are all wrong. The means which are frequently employed to secure the approbation and pecuniary aid of worldly men in carrying forward the cause of Christ, are intensely humiliating. It seems as though God was the last being to be relied on in carrying forward the work which he has given us to do."

8.

Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments ; for Families and Schools. By the Rev. DAVID GREENE HASKINS. Boston : E. P. Dutton and Company. 1861. — We are sure that many, indeed most persons who have not abandoned the good Christian custom of a family reading of the Scriptures, must have felt the need of just such a book as Mr. Haskins has here supplied. It is not wise to take up the Bible in the household at the daily devotions, and read it through without break, chapter by chapter. The necessity for making selections *in such circumstances* is obvious even to those who have the highest reverence for the Book, and the inconvenience of passing from one chapter to another in joint reading is exceedingly great. Very much of the Old Testament is in the highest degree interesting and profitable to young persons, and yet, save through the help of such a work as this, the family readings are

likely to be confined to the New Covenant. We wish that the Psalms were more fully represented; but this is a want that is very easily supplied by a separate volume of Psalms, or by a copy of "The New Testament and Psalms." We earnestly advise every householder amongst our readers to possess himself of a copy of this book of selections. He will find it the most usable volume in his house, next to the Bible itself. E.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M. A., LL. D., F. R. S. E., Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — We have given our readers some taste of this book in the Random Readings. It is a volume of 270 pages, which has had a wide circulation in the "land o' cakes," abounds in quaint anecdote, racy description, and current old proverbs, all illustrative of Scotch life and character, especially on the humorous side. The reader will find it very amusing, while it brings him into a more genial acquaintance with the people of bonnie Scotland. S.

Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk. Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Dr. Carlyle was born in 1722 and died in 1805. He was minister of Inveresk, Scotland, through a period of fifty-seven years. It will be seen that his life extended through a period in which lived and flourished the great men who have given form to the institutions of modern society, — through the rebellion of 1745, the French war, and the war of the American Revolution. Dr. Carlyle, though a parish minister, was brought into relations with the important characters of his times, was a man of much force of character, learned and eloquent. The Autobiography, therefore, is a picture of contemporaneous characters and events, of people distinguished in literature, science, religion, arts, and arms. The literary execution of the work is good, and it will be very interesting and valuable as one of the side-lights of history. S.

Personal History of Lord Bacon, from unpublished Papers. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON of the Inner Temple. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — For two hundred years the name of Lord Bacon has been used in poems, essays, and sermons to point a moral, and show how splendid gifts, learning, and eloquence are compatible with meanness and corruption. .

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Hallam, Lingard, Macaulay, follow the satirist, and history and poetry seemed both to have fixed the place of one of England's greatest men and most eloquent writers as a fallen magistrate who sold justice. It will be gratifying indeed if, after all this, the great name of Bacon is to shine out pure, without a spot upon his fame. So Mr. Dixon tries to clear it in these admirable memoirs. His admiration for Lord Bacon is unbounded, and the charges of corruption and the supposed fall of the Chancellor he shows to be from the plots and wiles of ambitious and cunning men. This is the result after careful examination. "After the most rigorous and vindictive scrutiny into the official acts of his servants, not a single fee or remembrance traced to the Chancellor can by any fair construction be called a bribe. Not one appears to have been given on a promise, not one appears to have been given in secret, not one appears to have corrupted justice." Mr. Dixon does not increase our confidence in the verity of what goes by the name of history, but he brings us into nearer and more loving acquaintance with one of the greatest men that have illustrated the annals of England. s.

Bonnie Scotland. Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By GRACE GREENWOOD. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — Here is one of Grace Greenwood's most charming volumes, which we hear the children already pronouncing "real good." About Robert Burns, Sir William Wallace, Rob Roy, Robert Bruce, Mary Queen of Scots, The Pretenders, Sir Walter Scott and the scenes where he lived and which are covered with memories of his person and his works, — such is the bill of fare, and such the themes made fresh and living by the writer through personal observation and incident in her tour through Scotland. s.

Bruin: the Grand Bear-Hunt. By CAPT. MAYNE REID. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — One of the author's most attractive bear-books, copiously illustrated. Bears, leopards, wolves, and men, both black and white, appear in very uncomfortable relations, defining their positions in all kinds of odd places. The boys read the book for the sixth time, and get from it some ideas of wild animals and wild nature. s.

The Millennial Age: Twelve Discourses on the Spiritual and Social Aspect of the Times. Extemporaneously spoken by THOMAS L. HARRIS, in the Marylebone Institute, London. New York: New Church Publishing Association. London: W. White. — *Spiritualism, Swedenborg, and the New Church. An Examination of Claims.* By EDWARD BROTHERTON. London: W. White. New York: New Church Publishing Association. — The twelve discourses are in Mr. Harris's most fervid style, and great truths are set forth and put home, though with redundancy of rhetoric, yet with remarkable power. We believe him perfectly sincere, though we do not believe in his special claims to a Divine mission. Under the guidance, however, of such great truths as he holds with evident honesty of aim, we think that whatever fantasies may mingle with them must at length clear away. His insight into the heart of the times, and the needs of the times, and especially the needs of Swedenborgianism, is deep and searching; and the New Jerusalem has risen on his vision with so much splendor as sometimes, we think, to dazzle and bewilder it. We would be slow, however, in judging a man of transcendent moral genius, as Mr. Harris certainly is.

Mr. Brotherton's book contains matter of exceeding interest. He refutes, pretty effectually, the claims of sectarian Swedenborgianism, and he quotes from newly discovered documents pertaining to the life of Swedenborg, very important, he thinks, to a full and right apprehension of his character and mission. We trust the new documents detailing Swedenborg's personal religious experience (he went through a regular Methodist conviction and conversion) will not be suppressed, but fairly published. S.

Art Studies: The "Old Masters" of Italy; Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES, Author of "Art Hints," "Parisian Sights," &c., &c. Copperplate Illustrations. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1861. — Mr. Jarves is a Bostonian by birth; but his love of art has made him for many years a resident in Italy, amidst the beautiful creations of faith and genius which make that land the home of the artist. During these years, as indeed before, his pen has not been idle, as many of our readers know, and yet he has found time to gather a very considerable collection of paintings, with a view to illustrate the progress of Christian art from its infancy onward, besides completing the arrangements for bringing his pictures favorably

to the notice of competent judges in his own country and elsewhere, in the hope that in his native city, if possible, or, failing this, in New York, they might constitute the foundation for a true Gallery of Art. Persons whose opinion in such a matter is of value have praised at once the pictures and Mr. Jarves's plan with regard to them; and they are now attracting much attention from the lovers of art in New York. The book and the pictures should go together. The enthusiastic and unwearied collector is at the same time an earnest, painstaking, graceful, catholic writer, discriminating in his judgments, and alive to the high function of art as a servant of humanity and a high-priest of true religion. We should have liked the book a little better if it had been somewhat more compressed, for our days upon the earth are few; but there is no censurable diffuseness, and from the hieroglyphs of the Catacombs to the pictures of Domenichino the way is long. Mr. Jarves's pages are covered with attestations to the power of the Father and the Son, who "work hitherto," to inspire the soul of the artist, and through him to fill the world with works of beauty, the creations of human hands, corresponding to the splendors that bear witness in nature for the Divine Workmaster; and he is quite right in regarding the Church as somewhat in abeyance in our day,—weak because of its divisions into many sects, including the two great ones, but soon to be revived and rebuilt, to be clothed with new and fairer garments, to have a new art which shall even surpass the old, glorious as that was. Then the warehouses shall no longer overtop the churches, and the churches shall no longer be such abortions that we shall be thankful to have them hidden away behind the noble structures which the merchants build. We sympathize entirely with Mr. Jarves in his pungent criticisms upon the meagreness of the popular religion, which relegates everything like open vision to the past, calling that alone sacred, and believe with him that heaven is ever flowing in upon earth, though we should be far, we are sure, from accepting some of the illustrations of this great fact that seem to have commended themselves to his mind. His book will be read with great interest and profit by many besides those who are consciously lovers and students of art; and they will derive much entertainment, as well as substantial and needed assistance, from the admirable illustrations, which, with the fair paper and beautifully clear type, remind us far more of the artist than of the artisan.

E.

Poems, Sacred and Secular. By the REV. WM. CROSWELL, D. D. Edited, with a Memoir, by A. CLEVELAND COXE. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — All those to whom the remembrance of Dr. Croswell is bleased will be thankful to his biographer for the memorial and the accompanying poems. They will be valuable to the few rather than to the world at large, and yet they have a sweetness and grace which all may rejoice in. Moreover, the book is a small one, and we are generally as grateful to one who makes a small book, as our children are to every one who preaches a short sermon.

E.

Lessons on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America. By a Churchman. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company, Church Bookstore. 1861. — Episcopalians and others who wish to gain some general information about the Episcopal sect will find this little volume very useful. Confined within such humble limits, the writer of course gives us only results, the results which he has individually reached, and the reader who would thoroughly understand the subject must look further and deeper. So looking he will find that the Epistles of Ignatius are by no means the most trustworthy authorities to which the Church antiquarian can appeal. Their genuineness is more than doubtful, and that they have been largely interpolated is admitted on all hands. It is not easy to close questions which have been open for centuries; but happily these questions do not relate to any essential matters. It need not greatly concern us whether the Gospel is preached by three orders of ministers or by one only, so long as it is preached by those who are filled with the spirit of Christ, and the same God who works effectually to the apostleship of the circumcision is mighty also towards the Gentiles. But it would be foolish to expect to find all sides presented in a little volume of less than three hundred small pages, and many who are not what are technically called Churchmen will find here a great deal of interesting and valuable information about a Christian Communion to which our world owes a large debt, and whose offices, could they only be freed from a little unscriptural dogmatism, would be to us exceedingly welcome.

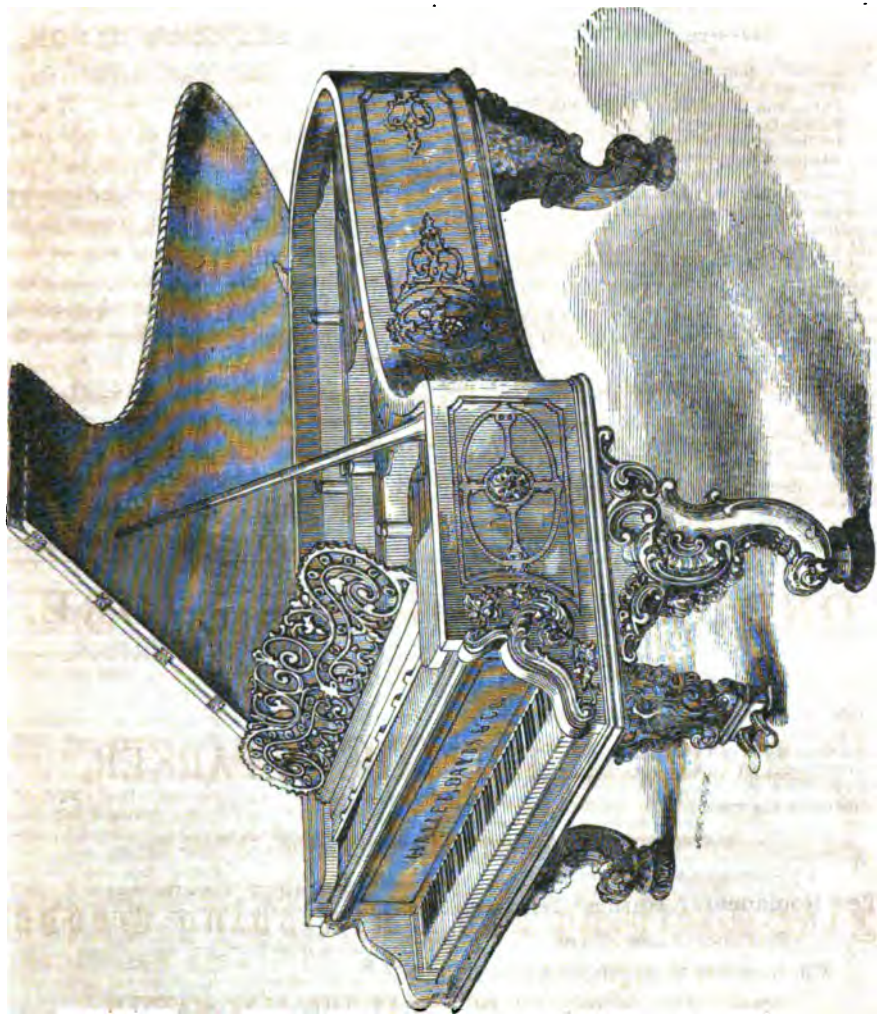
E.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1861.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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A MISSIONARY AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

JOHN HUNT was the son of a Lincolnshire laborer, who was at one time so sorely beset by poverty that he barely escaped taking refuge with his family in the parish work-house. The wolf, however, was driven from the door, and, affairs taking a more favorable turn, the father obtained work, and thenceforward was able to support his domestic charge. Neither of the parents could read, but they gave their children the example of a sturdy, honest industry, which is by no means the poorest patrimony in the world. John, however, had some meagre advantages of instruction under the parish pedagogue, though his education was "finished" at ten years of age, and he applied himself to the occupation of farm-work. To this business he was ill adapted, and his clumsiness and inferiority procured him the contempt of other boys who labored with him. He was not of robust health, but he bore the taunts of the rude lads of his age as well as he could, and determined that he *would* be a farmer at any rate.

The father and mother made no profession of religion; but their children received a strict moral training, and acquired a great reverence for religious things. John in his early life practised prayer very constantly, and used to make all his lit-

the difficulties and fears matter of supplication to the Father in heaven. Associating with other boys as he grew up, he became somewhat rude and thoughtless, but not openly vicious. When about sixteen years old, he was more deeply interested about the concerns of his soul, and became a constant attendant upon the Methodist meetings. His progress at first was a little irregular; but he was finally delivered from his doubts, and entered upon a free, happy, and healthy Christian experience. About this time he found a situation with a pious master, who gave his servants access to his library, which, though small, was respectable and useful. Previous to this, John had read little beyond the Bible. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, part of a volume of the *Methodist Magazine*, and a few tracts, formed his whole literary resources. Entering into this larger field of letters, he was delighted at the prospect. During the scanty leisure left by his farm-work, he read diligently. New thoughts filled his mind, and the beginnings of a new life were in him as he strode beside the team or followed the plough.

Being a faithful and efficient servant, his master was much interested in him. His piety growing deeper, and his wise zeal rendering him quite influential in the society, he was soon looked upon as promising much usefulness. One evening when there was to be no preacher at the chapel, his master asked John to give a short address to the congregation. Frightened at the thought, he nevertheless yielded to the added solicitations of other friends, and stood up before them. His thoughts, quickened by warm young love, found free expression, and greatly profited the hearts of the rude villagers. His friends, encouraged by the success of this first timid effort, afterwards pressed him to speak in other places. Disturbed at the proposal, he told his fears and troubles to his master, who answered, "If the Lord calls thee to the work, he'll give thee tools to work with." It was not long after this that he became convinced, though with many distressing doubts, which only gave way to earnest

prayer, of his call to the ministry. His name was put on the "Local Preacher's Plan," and the ploughboy, though not yet out of his teens, was frequent in his ministrations to the scattered congregations in his neighborhood. He had a rough, ungainly aspect, and spoke with a rustic brogue; but as he talked on, among all his blunders there was a something that won attention. His piety meantime increased; a noble vigor and earnestness were manifest, and under the diligent self-culture to which he subjected himself his intellectual powers began to assert themselves, and he became a great favorite at the country chapels in Lincolnshire.

As yet he was only a farm-boy, exercising his gift on Sundays and evenings, though never to the neglect of his daily toil. But his superiors in the Church had observed him, and began to question him respecting an exclusive devotion of himself to the work of the ministry. The proposition startled him; for, whatever might have vaguely suggested itself to his own mind, he would have thought it the height of presumption to avow such a project to others. However, he confessed that he had "an ambition to go to the Cape (Good Hope) as a servant to Laidman Hodgson," a missionary, who had formerly labored in Lincolnshire; there he thought he might do farm-work and gardening, and perhaps "a little in teaching children in the Sunday school and in preaching to the English settlers." Such were the modest early perceptions of a call to the missionary life, in one destined to be a most laborious and efficient worker in bringing "the abundance of the seas" unto God.

The solicitations of good and sensible men, joined with his own growing convictions of duty, finally decided him, and he was received on trial as a conference preacher. His inclination being still to the missionary work, it was decided by the officials of the Church that he should be sent abroad; and the missionary committee, after examination, admitted him among their beneficiaries at the Theological Institution in Hoxton. There were about twenty young men there at

the time, and among them the Lincolnshire ploughboy was kindly welcomed, though his ungainly carriage, his provincial brogue, and his blunders in reading, at first rendered him something of an oddity. But the rustic exuviae soon fell off, and the deep piety, the earnest, honest ambition, and strong good-sense of the young man, not only made him highly respected by his fellow-students, but enabled him to make rapid strides in the path of learning. So great had been his success, that, at the close of the first period granted him by the committee, they determined to continue him at the school still longer. It would be interesting to dwell upon the incidents of this young man's student life, and the history of a soul whose powers, intellectual and spiritual, were so rapidly developing,—for such a study is always pleasant and profitable. But we took our pen with another object in view, which must not be lost sight of.

All this time the young man's inclinations and anticipations were towards Africa as his field of labor. But a great cry had reached England from the far Pacific. Among the numerous Wesleyan missionaries in the Tonga and Friendly Islands, two had been adventurous enough to attempt an opening in Fiji. They soon found that what had been told of the dreadful condition of this group fell far short of the truth. The most revolting cruelties and systematic cannibalism were nearly universal. An appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," was sent to England, and issued from the mission-rooms. It awoke the deepest feeling in the Methodist societies throughout the kingdom. It was soon resolved to send out a band of missionaries. John Hunt was summoned before the committee, and asked if he would go. Startled at the unexpected question, he was not instantly prepared to answer it. Hastening to the room of a fellow-student, with intense emotion he announced the proposition. His friend expressed his sympathy, and spoke of the perils and hardships of a mission to the cannibals.

"O, it's not that," said John.

"What is it, then?" asked the other, as he saw the strong frame of his friend almost convulsed by some powerful feeling.

"I'll tell you what it is; that poor girl in Lincolnshire will never go with me to Fiji. Her mother will never consent."

It was with no craven fear for himself that the young man trembled, but for her whom he had faithfully loved for six years, and who had nobly consented to share the missionary's life anywhere. He forthwith wrote her a brief letter, in which he says: "I have been fixed upon by the missionary committee to go to the South Seas. You must therefore immediately return home, and make preparations for becoming a missionary's wife to a most remote station for twenty years." He just alludes to his difficulties and his affectionate anxiety on her account, and invokes the blessing of God on the solemn affair. The days in which he awaited the reply were days of agonizing suspense. But the reply came, and with a free, cheery voice he announced to his confidants, "It's all right, — she'll go with me anywhere!"

The arrangements were soon determined on by the missionary officials; and John Hunt, with two other missionaries and their wives, were designated for this most forbidding yet needy field of Christian labor. Little more than two months was allowed for preparation for the voyage, and for taking leave of friends; and the party embarked in a vessel bound for Sidney, in Australia. Nothing of particular note occurred on their voyage. They were warmly welcomed by their brethren in the Australian mission churches, and spent some time with them. Hunt was urged to remain there. Inducements as tempting as possible were presented. There was a large field for usefulness. Every comfort should be secured to him in the colony. But at Fiji, among those disgusting savages, he would have to lead a most miserably uncomfortable life. His young wife, not very strong, would be exposed to suffering and insult; and the people yonder were by no means particular whom they clubbed and cooked.

But John had counted the cost, and no argument could turn him aside from what he regarded as a divinely appointed work.

Having stayed a few weeks at Sidney, they embarked again, in a schooner with miserable accommodations, and after the experience of many discomforts arrived at the Tonga Islands. Visiting their mission brethren there and in the Friendly group, they shortly after anchored off Lakemba, one of the Fiji Islands. Here they were met by Mr. Cargill, one of the two pioneer missionaries. Soon after their arrival, a meeting was held, and the work divided. It was the design to occupy as many different points as possible; and the missionaries did not give themselves the privilege of dwelling together. Mr. Hunt's station was Rewa on Viti Levu, a long way off on the other side of the group. It had been previously occupied by Mr. Cross, who had leave of absence on account of failing health. He however consented to remain for a while and assist his successor in the beginning of his work.

Of his arrival at his place of labor Mr. Hunt says: "This morning we came in sight of Rewa, and in the afternoon anchored safely in our desired haven. We have long and anxiously looked for it; and for apparent wretchedness it comes up to all our preconceived notions. Our anchorage was five or six miles from the mission station, our way to which was up a most beautiful river, said to be more than one hundred miles long. The island looked exceedingly lovely as we sailed along the winding stream. Nature all appeared charming till we saw the masterpiece, man; and a sight—especially the first sight—of a Fijian is very appalling. The people were much surprised to see us come, and stood nearly naked, staring and shouting with astonishment, as we passed. Mrs. Hunt, especially, was an object of wonder, as many of the natives had never seen but one white woman before."

The new missionary set himself diligently to learn the language, and otherwise to prepare for his work. Every day

he received fresh proofs of the degradation and cruelty of those among whom he had come to dwell, and every discovery made his desire more intense to be able to communicate the treasures of purity and love of which his own heart was so full. He was very soon able to address the natives in their own tongue ; in no great time after, to conduct three or four services a week. When he had been at Rewa less than six months he commenced translating the New Testament into Fijian, a work which occupied him most of his remaining life, but which was nearly finished by him and will continue a lasting memorial of his name among the Fiji Christians.

The people, from the first, entertained great respect for the missionaries, and especially for Mr. Hunt. He soon became quite a favorite with many of the chiefs. The preaching of the Gospel greatly impressed the masses, and there seemed a general expectation that it would displace the old religion. Influential persons from time to time gave in their adhesion ; but many of these were only nominal converts, who still retained some of their pagan customs. There were, however, almost from the first, sincere and genuine conversions, and a little church was soon gathered. The chiefs were slow to join the Christians, unless they could have the example of their kings or superior chiefs. One of the first of these converted chiefs by his conversion gave offence to a higher chief, who after some annoyance gathered a band of men, and one night robbed nearly every *Lotu*, or Christian family in Rewa. Mr. Hunt, though pained at the sufferings of the new converts, was gratified at the noble cheerfulness with which they bore "the spoiling of their goods."

When he had been about six months at Rewa, it was decided to open a mission in Somosomo, and Mr. Hunt was fixed upon as the man to commence it. The place had a horrible reputation, even among the Fijians, and no Christian agent had ever visited it, and no one belonging to the place had joined the *Lotu*. No white man resided there, and a Scotchman who had touched there in his passage be-

tween two neighboring islands a short time previously had been barbarously murdered for the sake of the little property he possessed. The inhabitants were the worst of cannibals; but the missionaries said, "The greater the evil, the more need of cure." It was, moreover, an important position, for the chiefs of Somosomo ruled over many islands, and the establishment of the missionaries there would give them great influence in the dependencies of the tribe. The king, too, had invited them to come, as it was hoped they would bring great store of European merchandise, whereby his people would be enriched. After a sickly voyage of nearly a week, they anchored in the harbor of the new station. The next morning they prepare to land. "Canoes, filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch, with all the boarding-nets up, over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe is brought close alongside to receive the mission party; and, as the ladies are lifted into it, men stand on deck at either side with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people among whom these ladies and their husbands are to live!"

Great were the trials of the missionaries in this fearful community. Scarcely had they become settled in their temporary abode, when report came of the loss at sea of one of the king's sons, and immediate preparation was made for the strangling of all his wives, that they might accompany him to the land of the spirits. The missionaries at once interceded for the wretched women. The king was angry at their intervention, and they only succeeded in deferring the cruel deed till the accuracy of the reported death could be ascertained. As it turned out to be true, the fiendish tragedy took place, the missionaries and their families being compelled to hear the cries and wailings of the doomed victims. Sickness, too, invaded the household. Mrs. Hunt came near the gates of the grave, and the poor husband had some fear-

ful forebodings; but he threw himself on the Infinite Mercy and was spared the threatening blow. A babe gladdened the home, — a strange flower blooming among moral wastes. But even this tarries but for a time. With much sorrow the parents are compelled to give it up, and bury its body among the pagan dead. In these sore trials there were aggravations from the treatment received from their heathen neighbors. They were not allowed to build a house for themselves nor to make suitable enclosures to the one granted them. Privacy was impossible; and often, while the mother bent over her dying babe, she was mocked by the jeers and grimaces of natives at the windows and doors. Sometimes they were not permitted to buy food; and sometimes, when they had with difficulty prepared a scanty meal, uninvited visitors would devour the principal part of it, or would sicken them by their hideous conduct while attempting to eat. They were often threatened by the king and chiefs, and once or twice destruction seemed inevitable. The labors of the Christians appeared to be of little effect. Ferocious wars raged between the tribes, and frequent cannibal feasts were the concomitants. The sickening stench from the ovens, which were in the neighborhood of the mission premises, was almost intolerable, and after these horrid banquets, and the orgies accompanying them, the demonism of the people seemed fiercer than ever.

All this time Mr. Hunt was working with intense zeal. Studying the language, translating the Scriptures, — and this alone implied almost incredible labor, — preaching constantly, ministering to the sick, helping the unfortunate, spending hours daily in private devotion, — ever seeking a deeper baptism of the spirit, and better qualification for his calling. In addition to these he attended to the secular affairs of the mission, visited new out-stations, had a large correspondence with friends at home, as well as with his fellow-missionaries, and found much else to occupy his time. It draws strongly on our credulity when we read his account

of his duties, written, too, in the spirit of one who seemed to think himself doing only a small part of what he desired.

But he was permitted to be only a sower of seed in Somo-somo. Others entered in and gathered the subsequent harvest. After about three years, according to a method pursued in the Wesleyan missions, Mr. Hunt changed his station to Viwa. It had been occupied for some time previously, and he found about a hundred and twenty persons who were under religious instruction, many of them giving evidence of genuine Christian conversion. He was able to employ eight native teachers in the out-stations, and the work went on encouragingly, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles. The training of these native teachers became a matter of additional anxiety and labor for Mr. Hunt. But we find him soon in the midst of a large class, instructing them in religious things, directing their studies, preparing a thorough course of lectures on theological topics, and at the same time relaxing none of his efforts in other directions.

But we may not follow him through all his experience in these islands. Trials similar to those already narrated, and even greater, awaited him. Great perils from the often out-breaking cruelty of the savage chiefs, which could have been averted only by providential interposition, were many times to environ him. Death came again and again to the little family; sickness prostrated both husband and wife; but still they joyfully and courageously pursued their way. Great revivals took place; whole tribes gave up their horrid pagan rites, and large numbers became real disciples of the Lord.

The career of this devoted servant of Christ was a short one. In about ten years from the time of his first arrival in the islands disease invaded his overworked system, and death soon looked him in the face. But John Hunt, whose brave, manly heart, warmed by the love of Christ, had never quailed before any danger in the way of duty to his Master, shrunk not before the last foe. A sense of his own unworthiness at first filled him with sad reflections. The thought

of giving up his work among the benighted savages occasioned a conflict. Once, after prayer by a brother missionary, he was observed to be greatly moved, and wept freely. His pent-up feelings at last found utterance, and he cried, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest how my soul has loved Fiji! my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" This conflict too terminated triumphantly for the suffering soul, and thenceforward he had great joy. He died October 4, 1848, aged thirty-six years.

He was much esteemed even by the hostile chiefs, while the love of the native converts for him was almost unbounded. Said one of these latter, in a prayer for him, "O Lord! we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If *one* must die, take *me*! Take *ten* of us; but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

"The workmen die, but the work goes on." From the feeble and almost hopeless beginnings made a little previous to the appointment of John Hunt and his associates to the Fiji mission, the work of God has spread through those habitations of cruelty, till now there are nearly sixty thousand attendants on the religious services of the Wesleyan missionaries. There are some two hundred native preachers; the New Testament was translated into their language by Mr. Hunt himself, and the whole Bible has since been completed; there are churches and schools, the press, industrial arts, commerce, and many other elements of a rapidly developing civilization; while cannibalism and other barbarous customs have become nearly obsolete.

G. M. S.

"BELIEVEST thou? then thou wilt speak boldly. Speakest thou boldly? then thou must suffer. Sufferest thou? then thou shalt be comforted. For faith, the confession thereof, and the cross, do follow one after another."

THE GOSPEL A WORD TO THE STRONG.

THE Gospel is a guide and comforter of the weak, but it is also a word for the strong. It is a manly religion. It is more than milk for babes. It comes to us in the noontide of life, and whilst we are in the maturity of our powers,—when we are bearing the burden and heat of the day, as well as in those last moments, when, leaning upon the staff of age, our eyes are turned towards the western sky, and our speech is of other and fairer worlds. It does not hide itself away in deserts, or betake itself to closets, or confine its appeals to those who are called upon to endure rather than to labor; it is not deprecatory and apologetic, but confident, vigorous, and aggressive; it does not dream and sentimentalize under every green tree and in every quiet rural spot,—it has rather chosen, from the beginning, for its fields of effort, the great cities, where the evil and the good of life are arrayed one against the other in most unqualified and clearly recognized antagonisms, and many doors are open, and there are many adversaries. If we have any strength, and would exercise or increase it, any wealth of thought or affection, and any force of will, which demands objects and instrumentalities, the Gospel points us to its kingdom; the Christ saith to us, If thou wilt be perfect, come, follow me! The Apostle Paul bids us be as manly in understanding as we are childlike in malice; and John, the burden of whose preaching was love, writes “because you are strong”! The Gospel, which strengthens what is weak, thankfully accepts and consecrates energy; it will not consent to be patronized as an amiable weakness,—as a toy for childhood or for age,—as the entertainment of the contemplative or the sanctuary of the fearful. It is the nurse of heroes. It has tasks for giants. It can bind to its high service all the elements of our wondrous being. It has had its own art and literature,—to a large extent its own social order. It has won and kept the loyalty

of millions of souls. Its singular purity and grandeur have made the world strangely patient of manifold enormities that have been maintained in its holy name. Its story, as written by the earliest disciples, is as thoroughly as it is simply heroic; and from the first day onward, though under ever-changing names, the army of martyrs extends unbroken, and will reach out into the future, until the offence of the cross shall have ceased.

It is a very common impression that Christianity is a feeble thing and suited mainly to the feeble, — a matter for the strong-minded and strong-hearted and strong-handed to be ashamed of, — a subject about which we may converse when we are confined to our rooms, and have lost through sickness the tone whether of mind or of body, but which we must drop when we are on the street and in the warehouse again, — a topic to be dismissed with a few brief formalities, wearisome to speak and to hear, — a possession which, in the judgment of many, seems almost to suppose a corresponding poverty in every other respect, a tame intellect, a feeble imagination, a limited culture, an unenterprising spirit, even a nerveless, bloodless, unmuscular body. Many are disinclined or unable to associate manliness and piety, greatness and goodness, wisdom and faith, cleverness and conscientiousness, the genial and the devout soul. There are not a few persons who express surprise when they find a nature of pith and vigor, rich in all noble and gracious humanities, the strong tower and the beautiful pillar of earth radiant with the light of heaven, and as abundantly endowed in things divine as in things human.

A little study of this very common impression discloses the weak things, not of the Gospel, but of the popular apprehension and employment of the Gospel. Too often it is seen of men, not in its power but in its feebleness, presented to the world in feeble thinking, feeling, speaking, acting, — the things of the child, without any of the spontaneity and grace of childhood. And although it is a sin to be ashamed of

Christ, it is no sin to be ashamed of much which passes current for Christianity. A vast deal of popular religious literature is fitted to confirm this impression. Poor in ideas as they are commonplace in expression, a large proportion of what are called good books would not secure a moment's attention if it were not deemed somehow an acceptable sacrifice to read them: they display neither learning nor spiritual experience; they are dull to a proverb, scriptures which are *not* by inspiration of God, heavy when they are not trifling, joyfully given away, cheerfully bound after the most approved styles of elegance, provided only the clasp which shall hold the covers firmly and forever together be not omitted. It is hard, and it may seem ungracious, to say it, but very often one cannot look for any vigorous and manly treatment of his theme from the popular theologian. He is too often only an advocate, and not very ingenious at that. The old straw is sedulously thrashed out again for the thousandth time, in the hope that some stray grain or two may have escaped the persistent flail. It has been said of Butler's *Hudibras*, that, although it is so full of wit, the allusions soon became so obscure that no one ever suffered his dinner to spoil from an unwillingness to break away from its pages. The same might be said of a vast deal of religious literature. And the feebleness of religion is painfully exhibited in the abundance of cant, — the superfluity of words, which, if they are not consciously meaningless and insincere, come up from no deep places in the soul, are manifestly formal and conventional, and in no practical relation to the world we live in. The young man hears that such a one has become interested in religion. He asks himself, How will this interest be displayed? and if the fruits are seen chiefly in a new way of talking upon stated occasions, in the adoption of a set of phrases, in greater ceremonial punctiliousness, the new life will not be accounted a great and beneficent power. Plainly there has been no upheaval of the whole being from its depths, no reconstruction of the whole plan of life according

to heavenly patterns. You would expect no marked changes in a world full of such converts,—a world where such persons ought to make themselves felt, and do perhaps make themselves felt, in every-day matters. The strong and beautiful thing in them, if there is anything strong and beautiful, is not their religion. It cannot be denied, that in quiet and prosperous days there is a vast deal of this religious feebleness, and of this feeble religiousness. It gives religion a bad name with vigorous natures. So presented, it is not so real or so attractive as a stout and unscrupulous worldliness. If religion is not more than this, we would none of it: it is better, we think, to serve Mammon heartily than, by trying to serve God and Mammon, to get no reward from either, and spoil our earthly life by a half-conscious hypocrisy and a dreary sanctimoniousness. The world cannot but contrast the genuine enthusiasm of the scientific, the inexhaustible energy of the inventor, the patient research of the student and writer of history, the enterprise of the merchant, with the dull routine of many a religionist. And the world needs to be told—or, better, to see,—the lesson illustrated in life,—that all this sad feebleness indicates not the presence, but the absence, of a vital Christianity. The fact is, that the Gospel, which was given to be an ever-renewed life amongst men, may be, and is very commonly, received as a tradition; it is not reproduced again in the new minds and hearts and deeds of the new generation; it is caught up and repeated parrot-wise by those who neither understand nor feel what they are saying,—as it comes from their lips it is not spirit and life, it has neither authority nor beauty, it becomes the jest of the scorner and the song of the reckless. And it is very necessary that all who have the Gospel at heart, and would bring the young to a recognition of its power, should hold it in a manly way, according to its intrinsic life and its high purpose, and commend it to the strong as at once the food which may nourish and the work which may satisfy them. Let me try to show in a few particulars why it is offered to men of

strength, — why they as well as those who are ready to perish should exercise themselves in it, and stand forth as its confessed adherents.

1. Christianity is given to the strong because it is truth, and truth is for vigorous and intelligent minds. It will employ and reward manly thinking. Christianity is the truth about our life to all who will receive it. If you can think about other things, you may well think about this. If you are not given to much thought, or drawn into much curious speculation, — if the world offers to your mind no perplexing problems, — you will find in the Gospel the few simple lessons which are necessary for action and for peace, and these will suffice. But if you are tempted to scale the heights and explore the depths, — if you are tried by the conflicts of opinion, — if the world turns towards you the face of the Sphinx, and you must solve its enigma or perish, — if sin and sorrow make large demands upon your trust and patience, — if you cannot in a day or in a year find the truth which you so crave, — the Gospel will abundantly exercise and perfectly guide and hallow your intellectual strength. It offers you nothing but truth ; it asks you to believe nothing but truth ; it is not content that you should rest until your thoughts are completely in accordance with Him who is truth. If you are strong, use your strength in learning the truth as it is in Jesus. It is no easy task ; if you have any intellectual vigor, you will need it all. It is not merely listening ; it is not to be merely passive. If you are strong, let us have proof of your strength in your earnest and truly catholic faith, — in your intelligent reception of Christianity. The world is full of those who weakly believe, and of those who weakly doubt or deny, — on the one hand, of the superstitious, who make an idol of the letter of the Bible, and are afraid to so much as correct the translation of a single line lest they should weaken its authority, of the formal, the sectarian, and the dogmatical, who will not enlarge their conceptions lest they should lose them ; and, on the

other hand, of those who, because there are difficulties in the reception and the reading of the Scriptures, and bitter controversies amongst Christians, turn their backs on the Gospel altogether. They are said to be strong in faith who, in a most cowardly temper, close their ears against all opinions save their own ; and they are thought by some to be men of vigorous intellect who reject Christianity as an antiquated and incredible superstition. But are not they only really strong who can see in Jesus the truth,— the truth which practically resolves all problems and harmonizes all contradictions ? Are not they only really strong who can read the Scriptures reverently and believingly, yet in the light of modern science, and with due regard to all fair criticism ? Are not they only really strong, who, without becoming indifferent or lax, can rise above the level and the speech of any sect into the broad plane and the eloquent language of the Church truly catholic ? A very weak man may be a dogmatist, or a bigot, — a very weak man may be an infidel, — but truth shall reward the strong. It is greatly to be desired that our young persons would engage reverently, and yet with courage and energy, in the search after the truth, resolved to follow whithersoever it should lead them. The subject which occupied Bacon and Milton need not be deemed beneath the study even of this illumined age. Let us try to understand and cure what we call bigotry ; let us make an earnest effort for a hearty Christian union ; let each one, emancipating his mind and heart from party limitations, endeavor to reproduce the Gospel for himself ! It is a glorious work. Many strong men have been laboring in it these many years, but especially these last years, trying to find a Christianity large enough to hold all Christians, — trying to find the truth which shall make all forms of truth comparatively insignificant. Arnold, Kingsley, Stanley, Jowett, Maurice, and the lamented Frederic W. Robertson, in England ; and, in our own country, Channing, Bushnell, Park, have labored, or are laboring, to establish the truth, on the

one hand against Romanism, and on the other hand against Rationalism,—and every private Christian who is moved to exercise his mind upon the subject of religion may work with them, and he will find that he is engaged in trains of thought infinitely removed from the dry technicalities and rattling bones of scholastic and sectarian divinity. Read the old divines of the English Church, Taylor, South, Barrow, and the rest; read, amongst the moderns, Robertson's sermons; read Kingsley's books;—and you will no longer say, as so many are ready to do, that religion supplies no food for the intellect. That is true of many religious books,—it is not true of the Gospels and Epistles; it is not true of those who have written upon them out of fresh and living minds. It is, indeed, emphatically true that the wisdom of the intellect will not save us, or fuse into beautiful unity the numberless and distracted sects of modern Christendom. That is a work which is reserved for the loving spirit of the Christ; and yet, as instrumental to this great end, there must be strong religious thinking, a resolute purpose on the part of all Christians to penetrate beneath the technics of sectarian theology, to brace the spirit for direct communion with the Master, to labor with ready hands in the reconstruction of the Church, the Home for all souls, upon that foundation which God himself hath laid in the life of his Son.

Our age boasts of its schools of popular education and literary culture and scientific attainment; but as yet religion has gained comparatively little from all this real or apparent intellectual progress: the strong thoughts of men have not been turned enough this way; they have too often only learned enough to be flippantly critical, and to jump at sceptical conclusions; they have yet to learn that it is a large part of wisdom to recognize the inevitable limitations of religious speculation, and to distinguish the realm of faith from the realm of knowledge. The great conflict in our day is not between one and another of the different sections of the Christian world: it is a contest between those who believe in the Gos-

pel, and those who do not believe in it. The questioning of our times reaches down to the very roots of things; it does not stop short of the rock foundations upon which human society is builded; it relates to the essential being and everlasting destiny of the human soul. Shallowness will not suffice for such a crisis; it is but poor conceit to turn away from religious discussions as trifling, to glory rather in letters, science, and the arts; here is work for the strong; because you are strong, give yourselves to a fresh study of the words of Moses, Isaiah, Paul, and John, and above all of the Christ; in making up your libraries, place upon your shelves the works of the dead and of the living who have sought for the wisdom of God, and of your own selves judge ye what is true.

2. And now let us turn for a moment from the mind to the heart and the conscience. Strong thinking is often contrasted with strong feeling, as if the two were incompatible. But a large and vigorous nature will not be so limited. That is the noblest thinking which kindles emotion; and no richly endowed soul can fail to recognize the real tragedy of human life, as it is brought home to us in the fact of sin, in the terrible conflict of passion with duty, in the selfishness that turns its back upon God, in the vain effort to harmonize the ideal with the actual, to satisfy aspiration, to change the earthly into the heavenly, to be at peace with the Judge above us and within us. If you are really strong, rich in divine humanities, something more than shallow and respectable worldlings, bent upon your routines of business or of enjoyment, — if you have any sense of what men ought to be in the sight of Heaven, — you will not be able to escape that mighty sorrow, and that fear, not of pain but of sin, not of bodily torture but of spiritual death, which are constant Christian experiences, — experiences to which many a giant intellect has borne its testimony, and which the Gospel alone adequately provides for. Not because they were weak and childish and superstitious, but because they were strong,

because they could discern the heavens above and the abysses beneath them, such men as St. Augustine, Martin Luther, George Fox, Bunyan, Baxter, Oliver Cromwell in his best days, Wesley, Samuel Johnson, Edwards, mourned over sin and abhorred themselves in the bitterness of their remorse, and asked eagerly for a way of reconciliation. Read the story of one whose name stands amongst the highest in English literature, the life of the sturdy scholar, Dr. Samuel Johnson. The faults of the great moralist are well known, — his uncouth and overbearing manners are familiar almost to a proverb; but no sort of justice has been done to his many and great virtues. Much of his roughness was superficial, and the measure of it has been greatly exaggerated; but the half has not been told of his incorruptible honesty amidst the sorest straits, of his sturdy independence, or of the benevolence which was liberal out of the extremest poverty and to great personal discomfort. It is related of him, that in the days when his store was reckoned not in pounds and shillings, but in pence, he was accustomed, as he returned to his lodgings at night, to put pennies into the hands of the poor little boys who, for want of a better shelter, were sleeping on the edges of the booths, that when they waked in the morning they might have the means of buying a morsel for breakfast. Judged by the standard of his time, and with due regard to his opportunities, he was certainly a man of average morality; and yet no fact is more noticeable in his biography than the remorse and anxiety of his soul, the intensity of his sense of sinfulness, the earnestness with which for himself and for his friends he magnified the forgiveness that is granted by God through his dying Son. His own feeling of want was deep according to the strength of his nature, — not a shallow passing emotion, but a manly grief, to be met only by a love as high and deep, as mysterious and unfathomable, as the justice which commands and convicts us, — a love which is not of works, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, of the worst, —

a love which can remit the debt because we have nothing wherewith to pay it, — a love which will not listen for a moment to the perpetual elder brother, but silences his angry complainings with this conclusive word: "It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, my son, was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." He may not be able to forgive himself, but I can forgive him. Reproaches and blows enough shall fall upon him, for what a man soweth that shall he also reap; but from me and mine there shall be only words of mercy and acts of love, — on earth, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee! and in the hearts of the angels of God, joy unutterable. If you are really strong, you will have a manly sorrow for all ingratitude and meanness in the sight of God, for every pitiful performance, and especially for that sin of sins which postpones God and God's kingdom to a fearful selfishness, and saith, Not Thy will, — though thou art the Infinite Perfection, the First Good and the First Fair, and my Heavenly Father, — not Thy will, but mine, be done! Because ye are strong, prize and accept the specialty of the Gospel, and with a multitude of the greatest of the earth fall on your knees before God, and let the fountains of tears be opened, — yes, go out with the King of men, the guide of heroes and of sages, and battle in the wilderness your forty days with the tempter that unto you also angels may come and minister.

8. And because ye are strong, let us have proof of strength in a life of Christian completeness. Strong thinking and strong feeling should issue in strong acting. The Gospel often declines into a fine theory and a strong emotion, the inspiration of the preacher and the psalmist; it spends itself in mystic contemplation, and pours out its heart in most touching litanies, and longs and prays that the kingdom of God may come; or perhaps it moves men to a little asceticism, a larger measure of that conventional morality which emphasizes abstinence from questionable amusement, straining out gnats and swallowing camels, keeping symbolical fasts and

bestowing a modicum of alms. They who are strong in faith are not so easily contented. First amongst the enterprises of this enterprising age, they recognize this of living a life which shall each day be more and more Christian. When they speak of success they mean this, — they mean to live in such simplicity and integrity that they will not fear to look any man full in the face, and be just before men, even though in the sight of Infinite Purity they cannot be justified. It is easy to say all this, — easy for one whose position secures him against the temptation and soil of life to exhort others to an obedience which, in the present state of our world, amidst all the complications and combinations of our artificial social state, is next to impossible, — easy to ask men and women to be heroes and martyrs, to be simple and abstinent in an age of luxury and amidst extravagant associates, to be scrupulous amongst the unscrupulous, to serve God where the most are serving Mammon, to be called fanatical, to be set aside as unpractical, — easy to ask, but hard to comply ! I admit it. I am not sure that the application of Christianity to life by those who are involved in its various relations is not as hard and perilous a task for the Christian of this age, as the establishment of Christianity was for the Christian of the first age. It is not easy even to count the cost in such an enterprise. And yet they who are strong, they who would do some great thing, they who would be perfect, will not shrink even from so great an undertaking. They will seek the kingdom as well as pray for it. True manhood is braced by opposition and difficulty ; true manhood is willing to go alone ; true manhood lays its life-plan deliberately and with prayer, and, whether men bless or curse, proceeds to execute it. I will not understate the difficulties in the way of a practical Christianity, — a Christianity for the home, the exchange, the warehouse, the office, — a Christianity for the week-day, when the stir of life shall begin anew, as well as for Sunday. It might not be so very hard to turn one's back upon the world ; but to stay just where

Providence seems to have placed us, and do our duty and realize our ideals, this cannot be without tears and blood,—tears, too, which must be shed in secret, and blood that will not win for us the fame of the martyr. It is not easy, yet only let the soul be raised to this pitch, only let the spirit of Christ get possession of the heart, and it is easier to live in loyalty than to content one's self with revolving great theories of virtue in the mind whilst we are ourselves conformed to the world. "*Because ye are strong.*" How we admire and prize strength,—the force of intellect, of eloquent action and speech,—the force which carries men into Arctic seas, which makes them great discoverers and artists, which unlocks the world of nature and reveals to the eye of science the thoughts of the Creator, the force which conquers and civilizes,—it is a reality, and we recognize and admire it; but we more than admire, we canonize and encompass with a halo of glory, the force of the spirit, the strength of faith; and yet the praises of the world, the crown which, however tardily, is sure to follow after the cross, cannot be compared with the oil of joy which the Lord pours upon the heart that has dared to love him supremely. That we may be even so strong as this, Jesus hath come to be the Lord of glory, that through him we may be able to do all things. To this end he binds men into a loving and helpful brotherhood, a great Christian family, rich and poor, wise and simple, the lofty and the lowly meeting before the Lord, to aid each other in the spirit common to them all in living a life of truth and beauty, in reconciling the strifes and dispelling the jealousies which alienate man from man. Christian union has been appointed that we may have Christian strength, that those who cherish the same faith and purpose may understand each other and secure it together, and that now, as of old, the kingdom of heaven may be a reality on earth, and become more and more real every day. Let us try to keep the commandments, also, because we are strong in the Lord.

E.

SONG OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

We see the gallant streamer yet
Float from the bastioned walls, —
One hearty song for fatherland,
Before its banner falls !
Last on our gaze when outward bound
We plough the ocean's foam, —
First on our longing eyes again
To waft our welcome home !

Beneath thy shade we 've toiled in peace,
The golden corn we reap ;
We 've taken home our bonny brides,
We 've rocked our babes to sleep ;
We marched to front the battle-storms
That brought the invaders nigh,
When the grim lion cowered and sank
Beneath the eagle's eye.

Beneath the stars and stripes we 'll keep,
Come years of weal or woe :
Close up, close up the broken line,
And let the traitors go !
Ho, brothers of the " Border States " !
We reach across the line,
And pledge our faith and honor now,
As once in Auld Lang Syne.

We 'll keep the memories bright and green
Of all our old renown,
We 'll strike the traitor hand that 's raised
To pluck the eagle down ;
Still shall it guard your Southern homes
From all the foes that come, —
We 'll move with you to harp and flute,
Or march to fife and drum !

Or if ye turn from us in scorn,
 Still shall our nation's sign
 Roll out again its streaming stars
 On all the border line,
 And with the same old rallying-cry
 Beneath its folds we 'll meet,
 And they shall be our conquering sign,
 Or be our winding-sheet !

'T is said that when Jerusalem
 Sank in her last despair,
 A spectre sword hung gory red
 Just o'er her in the air :
 Ye that tear down your country's flag,
 Look when God's gathering ire
 Hangs in its place, just o'er your heads,
 A sword of bloody fire !

S.

FIDELITY.

IN one of the narratives of awful disaster which occurred on one of our lakes, when the steamer was on fire and they were making haste for the nearest land, everything depended on the man who stood at the wheel. And yet the fire came nearer, and gathered about him, and its tongues were licking his garments. He might save his life, perhaps, by letting go and taking his chance in a scramble with the rest. But he said, "No, I will not let go till the fire burns off my hold. Here is my post, and here, if God wills it, to save these passengers, will I stay." And he did stay. God give us more such men, faithful at their posts, and society would be safe. Put them at responsible places of the ship of state, and she will sail on gloriously, and escape fatal disaster.

S.

SALVATION BY FAITH.*

A SERMON BY REV. T. COLANI.

Luke vii. 36-50.

AFTER the reading of a text like ours, the Christian preacher feels more than ever conscious of his insufficiency. What can be said to you which approaches, even at a great distance, the words which you have just heard? The Apostle who has most deeply sounded the mystery of Christianity nowhere expounds the dogma of justification by faith with the clearness, the energy, the heart which we find in this simple recital. With St. Paul the human reason struggles with the divine thought in order to seize and express it; with the Master all is peace and harmony, for he lives in his Father, and the words which he speaks he speaks not of himself. The four Gospels are an infinite, unfathomable ocean, which reflects the azure of the heavens in calm, clear waves. The same waters flow through the Epistles, but contracted, limited, having obstacles to break their course. With the Apostle, reasonings and discussions are necessary to make his readers, already Christian, understand the nature and the effects of faith, whilst with the Lord but one word is enough to explain it to a poor sinner. All that I can do is to repeat that word, to seek to engrave it in your hearts, to study it with you, not as a problem of theology, but in its most evident bearing; it is to follow with you the various acts of that history which, I boldly assert, contains the whole Gospel, as a sweet flower encloses in its calyx the seed from which will spring the whole majestic tree.

In a city of Galilee, a sinful woman one day enters the house of Simon the Pharisee, seats herself at the feet of a guest, and bathes them with her tears. Who is she, and for

* A friend has kindly translated for our Magazine a Sermon by a famous preacher of Strasbourg, which, we are confident, will be read with pleasure and profit.

what does she come? She is a child of God, who, plunged in evil, cannot escape from it, notwithstanding all her efforts. For evil is a power. There was a moment when you were free to choose between virtue and vice, between purity and corruption, between the spirit and the senses. You were equally solicited on one side and on the other. If the satisfying of the senses or of pride has a mysterious attraction, the joy that self-denial and humility procure exercises a charm no less certain. But you have chosen, and woe to you if, like the sinful woman, you have chosen the evil part. You are no longer free. You have sold yourself. At the next temptation conscience will speak in a lower tone, and you will not hear it. Since you have soiled your lips at the cup of this world's pleasures, an inextinguishable thirst devours you. You will do evil because you have done so once. Each one of your falls renders the next more probable, I should say more inevitable, and you will thus descend step by step, even to the depths of the abyss. Sin will become your habit, your nature. You will end by doing evil spontaneously, without deliberating, without reflecting, without even knowing it. Your mind, being perverted, will no longer conceive it possible to struggle against bad inclinations, and it will represent them to you as really innocent. Your imagination will have no colors to paint to you any other than material joys, or those of vanity and of avarice. Your body will fashion itself according to your desires, and will imperiously demand satisfaction.

Ask those wretched creatures in whom one hardly recognizes the stamp of humanity, so much has debauchery besotted them. Do you believe that they have never tried to escape from its tyranny? But their body no longer endures temperance; having become slaves, it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that they should obey, should it cost them their life. Ask also the slave of ambition, who, after having sacrificed his convictions, his honor, his affections, has reached the end of his desires. Do you think he is not weary of

always intriguing, of always lying? But he will intrigue, he will lie, even to the hour of his death. Finally, address yourself to that unfortunate sinner. Do you imagine that she has never cursed her first step in the career of vice? But her whole being is become vicious.

No, not entirely! Whatever may be the power of sin, it cannot utterly efface the divine impression that each man bears upon his entrance into the world. Conscience persists, revealing itself by a continual uneasiness, and, whether we will or no, makes us lift up our eyes unto the heavens. Be sure that it was the case with the woman of whom the Gospel speaks; it is the case with all sinners. But what would meet her gaze into the heavens? God; that is to say, the Holy of holies, with whom no impurity can dwell. How should she invoke him? What should she offer to him with her impure hands? The most terrible name which can sound in her ear is that of the Heavenly Father, for that name signifies judgment and condemnation. If you speak to her of the commandments, she thinks of her transgressions; if you exhort her to holiness, she pictures to herself condemnation; if you speak of heaven, she understands hell. Unfortunate one! Sin holds her so tightly in its grasp, that she cannot fly from it; and even when she thinks of it, desires it, virtue drives her back. For is it not driving her back to wear that terrible aspect? Say, could you decide upon the good, if it were not lovely in your eyes? Could you obey God, if he should appear to you with a threat in his mouth,—not for sins to come, which you would be free to shun, but for sins already committed and ineffaceable? Thus the feeble light which still glimmers in her conscience will serve only to make her see the better the chains of sin. The more she struggles, the more closely do they hold her. In short, in order that virtue may be possible for us, it is first necessary that we should love it, and we love it only if we are virtuous; then he who is not virtuous would not know how to become so, at least by himself. You experience this

every day, my brethren. When you have performed, at one time or another, an act of devotion, is it not true that you were well-disposed? You have been capable of a good action because you were at peace, and were happy. Goodness, inward serenity, calm of the conscience, alone render virtue easy. At least, is it not true that in moments of trouble and discontent, such as you pass through after each sin, however small, you were more accessible to a new temptation? When you have recognized yourself to be bad, you will become worse.

The sinful woman had certainly a horror of herself; that horror, nevertheless, could not bring her back into the right path. Poor woman! who shall tell the sufferings she must have experienced, feeling herself condemned to do evil eternally! She may perhaps have had a light, careless nature, which permitted her to slumber; but be sure that at times she was nevertheless thoroughly aroused, and that then her guilty joys were transforming themselves into tortures. What can man conceive more frightful than despair under the mask of pleasure? Will she nowhere find consolation? What consolation would guilty men offer her? And she sees no others. Shall she seek peace in joining in public worship? She would find there the God whom she has outraged. Ought she not throw herself at the feet of some wise Pharisee, and, confessing her sins, demand of him protection against herself? If among the scribes many are truly austere, there is not one compassionate. The law of Moses in their hands, they will condemn her without pity. Irreparable! Such is the answer which she would everywhere receive. And the world, giving thus the echo to her conscience, throws her back again into vice.

Suddenly she finds herself in the presence of Jesus. Before the scene related in the Gospel, had she been present at one of those teachings of the Lord, when his wise and loving words were captivating the attention of an immense crowd? Or, indeed, has she seen him for the first time as he passed

through the little town, and entered the house of Simon the Pharisee? Our text tells nothing of this, but it shows clearly that Jesus did not know her. It will be enough for her to see him, to be drawn towards him. She is ignorant. All Jewish women were then, and she is more so than others. And do not suppose her familiar with the prophecies, so that she could apply them to Jesus by a wise interpretation. Perhaps she does not even know that a Messiah is to come to deliver Israel. But she does know that she has need of a Saviour, and from the moment she meets Jesus, something tells her that he is that Saviour. In the first place, this man is holy, — not like the Pharisees, who strut about in their austerity, advertise their prayers and their fasts, think that they have made proof of virtue, when they have insulted vice, and who are inwardly devoured with covetousness. He is really holy, pure, like God himself. Does the sinner believe this? She will give you a proof of it without any words. In the presence of that man her bad passions are stilled, her slumbering conscience is suddenly awakened, in order that it may speak to her with the voice and accent of Jesus. All that is good — law, virtue, religion — presents itself now to her imagination only in the person of the carpenter of Nazareth; but even now, while the words law, virtue, religion, were resounding in her heart like a threat which she was hastening to forget, she cannot detach her thoughts from the person of the Christ. He is not only holiness, he is love also. Even before climbing Calvary he bears the griefs of the poor and miserable. He who lives in constant communion with his Father must enjoy perfect felicity, even though the woes of humanity were drawing over his divine beauty the veil of an ineffable sadness. With that intuition which suffering and isolation give, the woman of the Gospel has seen the compassion of Jesus for sinners. Ah, may he be blessed, that compassionate Just One! And while this cry arises in her soul, she experiences an unknown feeling. She loves the Lord. How should she not love him! Now the Lord is vir-

tue made flesh, she loves then virtue also. It is needless to say that, in order to show her gratitude, she would wish to give the most precious thing that she possesses. She is then capable of sacrifice. What, that unfortunate one! who but now seemed condemned to despair, to do evil eternally, behold her burning with a holy passion for divine things! Without doubt she always has a horror of herself; but that horror makes her so much the better estimate the great compassion of Jesus, and increases her love. And she must show it to him, — not that she hopes to draw the attention of the Saviour upon herself (she is unworthy of that), but her heart is too full not to overflow. Without fear either of jest or of abuse, that woman, at whom they point with the finger, enters the house of the worthy Simon, and, taking the most humble position, crouching upon the floor, near the Lord, behind him, she kisses his dusty feet, she anoints them with a precious ointment, bought for a very different purpose; she bathes them with her tears, and wipes them with her hair. Do not pity her. Her tears are gentle. If she weeps over her lost innocence, her regret has nothing despairing in it. Her whole being has melted into gratitude, affection, tenderness. She has no time to be occupied with herself; her Master claims all her thoughts. He is there. She sees him. She touches him. He is so good that he suffers it, he the Holy One. He accepts the kisses of a defiled creature. With what timidity must she place her impure lips upon the Master's feet. If he should indignantly repulse her! But he seems to take no notice. Is this from sternness? No, — from an exquisite delicacy, he does not wish to disturb these sobs and sighs, the mute confession which the soul is making. And, besides, indifference would be more than she was daring to hope. Should he overwhelm her with reproaches, should he crush her, she will accept it all with joy, for she has deserved it; in the most bitter condemnation she will recognize the compassion of Jesus; does she not know that he has pity on her, and that surely he desires to save her?

Provided he permits her to love him, she will be happy, she will be virtuous.

Nevertheless, Jesus addresses himself to his host, the Pharisee. He speaks of debtors whose debts have been forgiven, and the sinner does not imagine, any more than does Simon, that he speaks of her. Suddenly she sees Jesus turn towards her, and she hears him pronounce strange words: comparing her with the Pharisees, he places the lost woman above the official defenders of morality. "Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house; thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Then Jesus assures the sinner that her sins are forgiven, because she has loved much. He finally dismisses her: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."

Let us pause a moment upon the conduct of the Saviour. Do you find nothing extraordinary in it, or, rather let me say, offensive? If you had not happily been nourished in the most absolute respect for his divine person, would you not be scandalized as the Pharisees were? It is not enough to be convinced that the Saviour could not have been mistaken; to be disposed to submit our judgment to his Christianity never encourages intellectual indolence; but its deeds and its words are so many problems which it is necessary to solve,—problems which it is necessary to study until we have recognized in every part the profound wisdom which has dictated them.

Ah well! would it not seem in comparing Simon and the sinner, that the Lord may not be perfectly just? It is true that, in that particular case, the woman has testified more affection than the Pharisee; but at first Simon has also clearly shown good-will in asking Jesus to sit at his table; and then a whole life passed in an honorable manner, does it not

weigh as much as one moment of feminine emotion coming at the end of a shameful life? Were not those words too stern, — He to whom little is forgiven, loveth little?

My brethren, the things of this world can be considered from two points of view distinct and often opposite, — man's point of view and God's point of view. From man's point it is incontestable that the Pharisee merits our respect, for he has always fulfilled his duties, both political and religious, while the past life of the sinful woman inspires us with extreme repugnance, and makes us doubt the sincerity of her tears. Surely from the divine point of view that woman's sins are not less than in the eyes of man; nevertheless, her actual repentance constitutes an action absolutely good, holy, perfect, — such an action cannot be found in the long career of Simon. And, even as a heap of dirt containing one diamond would have more value than a mass of objects, pure, but common, the morality of the sinner is superior to that of the Pharisee. The virtue of the latter strikes its roots in the bitter soil of pride. He never humbles himself. He reckons with the Creator. If God has given him life, he has rendered to God all due honor, and has paid the tithe exactly, therefore they are quit. Or rather, after each sacrifice he hastens to record his devotion among the advances which he has already made to heaven, and which heaven must repay to him with usury, for Simon does nothing for nothing. Now the Eternal requires only one virtue, humility, — only one sacrifice, the gift of ourselves. He has drawn us from nothing; but he requires that we should recognize our nothingness. He has made us to will and to act; but he desires that we should will and act as existing only by him. If in the depths of your consciousness you do not find this feeling of dependence, of abandonment, of free and joyous submission; if you think that you are something by yourself; if you imagine that your strength, your talents, your virtue, are your own, and proceed from yourself, — in that case, my brethren, your morality, should it be cited everywhere as

an example, does not approach the morality of that sinner kneeling at the Lord's feet. When the Pharisee refuses to give himself, and keeps back his heart, is he not guilty of revolt? He sets himself up for a god, as if he were his own creator. The sinner, on the contrary, what does she wish if it be not to submit herself to the action of the Divine spirit? She would be unable to say exactly what she is going to do, but she will do whatever God wills. Her will is entirely at one with that of the Heavenly Father, and is not this the very highest degree of holiness? Can you conceive a condition more perfect? Happy sinner; she is in that moment, without knowing it, holy,— holy in intention and in desire.

Since she loved much, said the Lord, her sins are forgiven, — she is saved by faith. This passage, the most explicit of all those in which Jesus speaks of salvation, shows clearly that we are not in accordance with the Gospel when we confound faith with belief in this or that doctrine. I ask you with what dogma can you suppose the sinner acquainted? Does she know that Jesus is born of the Holy Spirit, that he is the second person of the Trinity, that his blood will flow as an expiatory sacrifice, that he will come to judge the quick and the dead? She only knows one solitary thing; that is, that in Jesus she finds compassion and holiness without limit, and that she loves him, that she wishes to live for him, because in serving him she shall be delivered from evil. Faith, in the language of the Gospel, never means belief; but confidence, the giving our soul to God and to his Son; it is Love, as the Lord himself says.

How can the love which keeps the sinner at the feet of Christ procure for her the most precious gifts salvation and pardon? Nothing will appear more simple, my brethren, if you know in what these gifts consist. Jesus saves her from the consequences of sin. These consequences are, first, the pain and suffering which she would have merited in this life and in the other. He who has created mind and matter has organized the world in such a way that moral transgres-

sion is always followed by pain as a chastisement, as a warning to prevent us from becoming dead in sin. As soon as the guilty one reforms, that suffering has no longer a right to remain. But it would not be enough for the sinner to know that her punishment has been remitted; there is another consequence of sin from which she suffers more cruelly. The calm of a good conscience, peace, serenity, must be restored to her; she must be able to respect herself. Go, said the Lord to her, thy sins are forgiven; that is to say, I, the holy, I consider thee as washed from all stain; and, since thou hast renounced evil, thou art as pure in my eyes as the angels of my Father. Go; thou art a sinner no longer. I deliver thee from thyself. I take possession of thy soul. I put my holiness in the place of thy sins, and it is I whom I love in thee. Go; thy whole being belongs to me; thou must respect thyself, love thyself as thou lovest me. Thou art henceforth the vase into which I pour my spirit, like a celestial perfume. Go, my daughter; go in peace. Do you think that the sinner will not really go in peace? That would be to lose her faith in the Saviour's holiness. To doubt herself would be to doubt her Master. That would be saying that her conscience is more serene, more divine than his. Or rather, could the sinner think, that Jesus, it is true, pardons her because he is good; but that God, being a jealous God, probably requires another expiation than a broken heart? That would be pretending that God loves less, that he is less perfect than his Son. No; as soon as she refuses to believe in pardon, she accuses her Master of remissness, or she blasphemous the Creator. Despair is now a crime.

But if anguish has disappeared, has not sin remained? Who assures us that she has definitely broken the yoke? When she is with the Lord, is it not so? We should have taken great care how we dismissed her, to send her back into the world in the midst of temptations. We should have surrounded her and borne her off, watched over her night and

day, shut her up in a cell, that she might there do penance. Ah! my brethren, that proves how little we understand salvation by faith. If the sinner is not sincere, your pharisaical precautions will teach her mechanically the practice of honesty; but you will not transform her. If, on the contrary, she really loves the Saviour, fear nothing; no temptation would be able to conquer her love. Are you not aware that even a human affection, when it is sincere, produces marvellous changes in the most corrupted beings; and the tender confidence of that woman in the Holy of holies, would it not communicate to her a strength entirely new? Has not Christ taken possession of her soul? Has he not committed it to her as a precious charge? And do you imagine that she would be able to become again the plaything of vice and of the vicious? In declaring her pure, the Lord has really purified her. In accepting her love, he has now taken the command of her which sin but lately held. In declaring forgiveness to her, he has regenerated her. And verily I say to you that she will persevere in the right path. According to the tradition of the Church, the sinner is that Mary Magdalene who remained standing at the foot of the cross wishing to serve the Saviour when the whole world was abandoning him. And whilst the apostles, stupefied with having seen him by whom they were expecting the political restoration of Israel die upon the gallows, anxiously ask of each other whether they can still believe in their Master, she who had been the sinner does not hesitate. It matters not to her whether Jesus is or is not the Jewish Messiah. She is not going to search the books of the prophets in order to compel from them predictions applicable to his bloody death. She knows that that death is an act of love, like the whole life of Jesus. Her mind sees no difficulty there. Hardly is he taken from the cross, when she prepares a second time spices and ointments to testify to the cherished dead her unshaken affection, notwithstanding the ignominy of the punishment. Very early in the morning she is al-

ready at the sepulchre. But finding it empty, she weeps, for they have taken away her Lord, and she knows not where they have laid him. She speaks to the passers-by : " If you have taken him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away." Her tears prevent her from recognizing him to whom she speaks ; when he, moved by so much affection, calls her by name, " Mary," and she answers, with a cry of love, " Rabboni, my Master ! "

You have just seen how a soul, incapable in itself of escaping from the abyss, has been justified and regenerated by simple contact with the person of the Lord. Now, the repentance of the sinner, which would have driven her to despair had she been left to herself alone, has been changed into joy and strength as soon as Jesus has comforted her. Above all, peace was necessary to her ; and she could find it only in trustingly laying hold of the Lord's hand.

Ah, my brethren, permit me to ask, Are you at peace with yourselves ? No question could be presented of more importance (for I repeat it and you repeat it with me) that virtue is possible only to him whose conscience is at rest. To be strong, it is necessary to know one's self strong. Are you at peace with yourself ? Some among you, I fear, put that question but little ; and it might be concluded from this that their peace was profound, since those are generally well indeed who are ignorant in what their health consists. Yet the dead are equally ignorant. If your conscience leaves you in peace, is it, perchance, that you have stifled your conscience ? Then I should have nothing to say to you ; it is not to you that the Gospel would address itself ; you would be perfectly able to do without it. But no, your conscience is not dead ; it only sleeps ; let it be aroused, and you will feel uneasiness. For many years you have found in gain an eager pleasure, which at the same time has soothed and excited you. For many years you have thought of God only because God has a Church here below, and because that Church is a rich neighbor, with whom it is important to live harmoniously.

For many years you have not once balanced your soul's account, to be aware of all the good instincts that you have lost, — frugality, liberality, gentleness, benevolence ; and, like a merchant who, fearing to prove the imminent danger of a failure, never casts his accounts, you persuade yourself that your moral condition leaves nothing to desire. But your security will suddenly vanish. Perhaps you will lose in one moment all your riches, however wise may be your precautions and well established your credit. Perhaps the children for whom you amass will perish before your eyes, one after the other. And, at all events, the hour of your death will soon sound. Then you will be conscious of a horrible void. The waters of bitterness will surround you on all sides, mounting higher and higher to engulf you ; for it is an overwhelming weight, a life like yours. Are you very sure that in that crowning moment you will perceive the Saviour, that you will be able to throw yourself at his feet, and give yourself to him without reserve ? Are you very sure that he will yet find time to make those words of consolation resound even through your death-struggle, "Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee" ? Are you very sure of this ?

And you, my brethren, who are not absorbed to the same degree by the cares of the world, — you who silence from time to time the voice of your conscience, and do not pretend to be what you ought to be, — you who know what dissatisfaction, bitterness, and remorse are, — do not wait until the last moment to be at peace with yourself and with your God. Is it not true that you pass your whole life in vainly seeking an equipoise ; now presumptuous, now discouraged, now frivolous, then morose, but always powerless and always deprived of that joy which is like health to the soul ? Is it not true that at times you detest yourself ? It is because you are in reality detestable. Do not cry out as if I were doing you wrong. Tell me, rather, would you consent to show yourself to a friend just as you are at each moment of your existence, — to let him see your inmost thoughts, your most hidden inclina-

tions? Would you not be afraid of his affection becoming strangely cold, and of inspiring him with a sort of disgust? Would you desire that your son, your daughter, should resemble you in everything? No, I tell you that you hope your child will be more worthy, and it is in that hope that you cherish him; for you would love but little another like yourself. You are ashamed of your "*Me.*" And yet you make it the centre of your activity; you bind everything to it; you have no other occupation than to satisfy its contemptible vanities, or its brutal instincts. Believe me, renounce this absurd game of serving a master whom you despise. Place your affections out of yourself, in a perfect Being whom you can adore without fear of debasing yourself in your own eyes. I tell you, place your affections in God; but God! — no one has ever known him, and we should no more be able to love God intensely than to love virtue, or infinity, or eternity, or any other abstract idea. Now, to deliver us from ourselves a passion is necessary for us. Love then Jesus! Do not disturb yourself with any theological difficulty; do not allow yourself to dwell upon dogmas and formulas; go directly to the Saviour himself, to his history, to his words. Do not imagine that your affection for him must contain something supernatural, mysterious, factitious. Love him simply with all your heart; give him the first place in your thoughts; make him your intimate friend, — as intimate as your conscience, — and you will find peace and happiness, and virtue will become easy, for you will be able to say, with the Apostle, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

MY ANTIPATHY.

VICE from my heart I abhor, yet feel I a double abhorrence,
Doomed as I am now to hear virtue on every one's lips.
"How! hate virtue!" say you. — I would we practised it all, and
So, God willing, might hear nobody talk of it more.

SCHILLER.

A VERY COMMON STORY.

THE snow falls thick and fast. Every crevice and cranny is filled up with it; and still it comes down, softly and constantly, like all every-day bounties from the watchful Giver.

Mrs. Leslie looks out of the window with the pleasurable emotion that contrast gives, and anon at the warm ruddy lights shimmering and shifting about the room. The sparkling Cannel is joyfully reflected from the red worsted drapery and the Turkey carpet. The pier-glass renews the picture of comfort, plenty, and the luxury of warmth and protection. Over her mantel stands a photograph of Palmer's Faith, the gift of a loving friend; and the artist's Morning and Evening Star beam from conscious faces of immortal infancy on either side. Tea has long been over, and the girls have both gone to the Sewing-Circle. A thought, never long absent, of husband and son comes with pleasant pain to her; they will both be home soon. Indeed, it is time now for the train.

It is Mrs. Leslie's habit to recall at twilight—not the day's doings particularly, "nor the morrow's next design." But she has a habit of recalling, with some energy, as if she were dealing with a perverse child, her own manifold blessings and comforts.

So now, after several turns up and down the room, saying to herself, "Heart, why are you not happy? why are you not thankful? why, above all, must I, Conscience, forever be taking you to task for forgetfulness and indifference?" She stopped short in dismay. "It must be that I do not love God at all,—at least nothing that deserves the name of love! Here I am running off constantly on Pet and Lily, and wondering why *he* and Ralph don't come! There is no need to direct my thoughts to them! There is no need to tell a wife to love her husband, or a mother her child. But—God be merciful to me!—I must be honest with myself, and with Him at least; do I love Him at all?" The thought being put into shape, she recoiled from it.

Her heart would not allow its truth, whatever her intellect might accuse her of.

Mrs. Leslie was only a woman, and not a bit of a philosopher. She walked up and down, more and more rapidly, and said, as if she were repeating something from the Catechism, "With all the heart and mind and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

"They say, trying to do rightly helps us to believe rightly; — maybe the religious affections will grow more if I try to enlarge my social ones. I dare say I am too much of a home-body. And then there is the Sewing-Circle. I might go to it with the girls; but I do hate sewing! And besides, it seems to me so much more to the purpose to give directly to poor people, instead of this roundabout way of sewing for a box, and having a committee of investigation, and a ministry at large. Why, the salary alone of the last would relieve — how many?"

The door opened, and Biddy appeared.

"Mam!" in a most unmusical bass tone.

"What is it, Biddy?"

"A poor man to see the mistress, Mam!"

"Very well. I will come out directly."

She was relieved to be taken out of speculation into active and practical life. When she reached the kitchen, a poor-looking man sat shivering over the fire, as well he might, being clad so shabbily that the cold had nothing to do but to enter in. It was also going out in the shape of a hoarse cough. Altogether the man was a pitiable spectacle. Mrs. Leslie looked first sharply at the ragged clothes; as for the cough, she heard that for herself. But she never did things by halves. She was not the person to say, "Be ye warmed and comforted," without suiting the action to the word. So, first going to war with Biddy, she directed the remains of the dinner to be placed before the poor wretch, and some potatoes to be heated for him; all which proceedings had the natural result of disarranging Biddy's preconcerted break-

fast plan, and adding to her day's fatigue. Biddy, of course, took it out in burning the potatoes, and suspecting the rags and cold of the famished intruder.

While the man ate and drank, and rubbed his hands cheerily over the blazing coals, Mrs. Leslie went up stairs to the great chest, and selected a warm gone-by garment which she had herself wadded and lined for such an emergency. A pair of thick, warm stockings, also knitted by her own nimble fingers between daylights and darks, and a knitted woollen comforter, one of a dozen. These comforts she carried down stairs with a beating heart, — beating partly with compassion and partly with pleasure. It was a very great pleasure for Mrs. Leslie to bestow. So it is to most people. Even Becky Sharp said, "If I had ten thousand a year, would n't I give flannels to poor folks!"

Mrs. Leslie did not go without an extra head-dress, or dress of any sort, to obtain the means of relief for distressed fellow-creatures. She got all the dresses she wanted, and all the ribbons and head-gear that her fancy suggested. She made no sacrifices. Her impulses were to give, and to give pleasure to others and herself. To others, by relieving suffering; to herself by the enjoyment of feeling herself to be the source of that relief, and in reading grateful delight in the sufferer's eyes. Very much of the last. In fact, that was one reason she would not subscribe to the Provident Association. It removed from her what she considered and felt was her rightful reward. Only yesterday a cleanly, well-dressed woman had come to see her, and to thank her for the timely relief of three months back, which had been the means of giving her employment, and subsequent comfort.

"And I am to thank you for it all," she had said; and Mrs. Leslie had felt a little foolish, and as if it were like a scene in a novel; but nevertheless it had been very pleasant, and confirmed her in what she had often said and thought, that we could not and ought not to shift our duties to any association. It was our duty to examine personally into

cases of distress, and relieve them with our own hands. It brought the different classes together, and cemented the bonds of sympathy and humanity. She did not always know what she meant by all that she said, but it seemed to her wrong in the same way as to have one's praying done up by somebody else. "We might go to church," she said, "and support religious institutions; but unless we made religion a personal experience, it did us no good. And so of charity: poor people who are relieved by machinery lose a vast deal which would be felt on both sides, if there were personal applications and interest."

Long before Mrs. Leslie had reached the kitchen-door, these thoughts struck her with their usual force and clearness. She had forgotten that most of the cases which she alluded to had presented *themselves*. That she rarely, almost never, went herself to look up cases of destitution. In fact, one of the very disagreeable concomitants of poverty, namely, ill-smells, had prevented her, after one or two trials, from personally investigating cases of suffering. After she had once been nearly stifled in a cellar where the sick family could not afford to open the little casements for fresh air, because with the air came the cold, and when the cold came, they had so little wood to defend themselves against it, — after that, Mrs. Leslie shrunk from personal investigations, especially since poor people enough came to her. Of course, she meant to go, and did go occasionally, to look after results. But sometimes the people went away, and sometimes they came back, like the woman of yesterday, with thanks and blessings.

"Here are some things for you, to make you a little warmer," said she, with a cordial and smiling face, that was warmth in itself. The poor man took them with profuse thanks, and then told his little story.

His wife was feeble, and near her confinement. He could scarcely get enough for his labor to keep her and the children in the barest necessities of life. In the spring he hoped it

would be better. His wife was delicate and ailing, and though she did her best to keep up, he knew she needed a great many things which he could not procure for her. If Mrs. Leslie would give him a little camphor, that was a great relief to his wife in her faint turns.

Mrs. Leslie's woman's heart was all alive with sympathy. She liked the man's face too. It had an honest clearness in it, and he was so modest about asking when he needed so much. She told him cheerfully to come in the morning, and she would perhaps be able to find something for his wife and the new-comer. The new-comer, she determined, should not find this world full of bitterness and harshness. If Mrs. Leslie could have had her will, all should lie on rose-leaves. She forgot that the few who do, fret now that "they get doubled under them."

With the last blessings of the beggar sounding in her ears, and shutting them to Biddy's fretful and unreasonable remark, of "Arrah then! the *tonguey* villain can get more out of the misthress in two minutes than me honest wages comes to for a moonth!" Mrs. Leslie went back to her quiet parlor, her bright fire, and the shadows on the wall.

She walked up and down once more, but the old speculations had been shaken off the wonted track. In the morning she would pack a champagne-basket full of comforts for the poor woman, — clothes and changes of clothes. How much poor sick women must suffer for the want of abundant changes of garments! Yes, bed linen, and body linen, — and, above all, comfortable and numerous articles for the baby! And they should n't be old baby-clothes, such as poor people could do nothing with, — tarnished and half-worn embroidery and nonsensical old wrappers! The woman should have a good wrapper of her own, of proper cloth; and the baby, — she would herself make a dozen calico slips for it, of the right shape!

In the midst of her cogitations there came loud thumps on the piazza, kicks, and a boisterous ring at the bell. In a

minute more, Mr. Leslie and Ralph, with a great amount of snowy air and a general breeze of freshness and worldliness came into the still and dreamy parlor. The train had run off the track in the heavy snow,—they had been detained an hour,—everything had been done that could be done,—they had eaten heartily at Framingham, and were full of good humor and fatigue.

Scarcely had they got themselves settled and in readiness to hear the home experiences of the last two days, when a feminine ring, unlike as possible to the last, ushered in the two daughters, covered two inches deep with the snow. Bridget took storm-cloaks and snow-boots with an amiable readiness and hearty good-will that showed she was not all vinegar, and the two girls came in as comfortable and nice as two nuts that have had their shells removed.

"Well, Pet,—and Lily! pretty bad storm for you to be out in! Where did you meet to-night?" said Mr. Leslie.

He was one of those men who have "no nonsense about them,"—not a bit afraid of snow for himself or his daughters, as their glowing cheeks and beaming eyes testified. So when they said the meeting was at Mr. Safford's, and that one of the sons came home with them, Mr. Leslie only said 't was a long walk,—as it was, being over a mile.

"But, as you say, girls, you are neither sugar nor salt. And this air,—why, it's like champagne! How glad I was to get out of the cars into the open air, if it was full of snow!"

"Did you get on well with your work?" said Mrs. Leslie, cursorily, for she did n't care much about it, and was thinking about the baby-clothes.

"Pretty well, mother,—very well. The chest is nearly full, and the things that were lent to the sick people, you know, are returned. They have been very carefully used, too, and it gives them such an idea of what is really comfortable and necessary, that two or three have laid by, as they call it, for sickness."

"That is, you know, mother," said Lily, "they put by

their under-clothes, before they are entirely worn out, so that, if any one of the family should be sick, there would be changes for them!"

"O yes,—I see," answered Mrs. Leslie; "but poor people can't be expected to do that! its absurd to look for forethought in the lower classes."

"But," Pet said, "two or three have, and every little helps. What do you think Mrs. Safford said she did, mother, the other day?"

"O, something good; what was it?"

"Well, it was something I don't think I could do; that is, I should n't want to. And she did n't want to, I suppose," said Lily.

"But she did it," said Pet, with great animation, "for an example to them!"

"Yes,—and partly because she had no servant," said Lily, reflectively; "but I don't suppose Biddy would do it any way—"

"Why, what was it, Pet?" said Mr. Leslie.

"It was this, father. But first, you know how refined and lady-like Mrs. Safford is! and she was never brought up to coarse labor of any sort; and even now, though they are in reduced circumstances, they have the habits of gentlewomen, and are able to afford to hire all their hard work done."

"Keep a little more to the point, witness!" said Mr. Leslie, laughing; "what is it that these refined people have done? put their own hands into the dish-water, or what wonderful descent have they made into unrefined regions?"

"Let me tell, Pet," said the more comprehensive Lily. "Mrs. Safford was telling us of her visits among some poor Irishwomen in Pleasant Street, and she said, among others, she went into a room where she had been told there was great destitution. She had five dollars of 'the fund,' to expend wherever she should see fit; and at first, it did seem, she said, as if the family needed everything. However, she said, she talked on *with* the woman, not *down* upon her; and

sympathized with her, and trotted the children. Mrs. Safford was made to go about visiting the poor, — she is a real comfort and encouragement to them! Well, by and by, she saw in a crevice which shut out the wind (for the room was shabbily built and full of great cracks) some sort of garment doubled up, and found, on disinterring it, that it was a stocking. Then, with her umbrella-stick, she walked round the room and dug out the material with which the various crevices and hiding-places under the beds and in the closet-corners, were filled. They made a pile a foot and a half high! Now I come to the good of my story!”

“I hope so,” said Mrs. Leslie; “but what else could they do, to fill up the cracks? I suppose they never thought of calking them!”

“No, mother! but the good of it is, that Mrs. Safford did n't spend her breath in preaching or reproaches. She rolled the old rags all up together in a bundle, — not a very savory one, as you may think, — and said cheerfully to the poor woman, ‘I shall come again to-morrow, and bring you something!’ Then she went home, and, like two good angels, she and Lucy washed every rag nicely, ironed and darned them neatly, and returned to the house with a large basketful of good, wearable clothing! Mrs. Safford said, we should have seen the woman, as she took out one pair of children's stockings and aprons after another, and the little calico gowns she had sewed up the rips in, and the rags she had made into decent holders! No sermon, no talking, could ever be half so eloquent as the facts, — the basketful of neat, well-mended facts before her. She said, the woman was perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration. And when Mrs. Safford said to her, ‘I cannot consider you an object of charity, but, on the contrary, that you are very well off for clothes,’ the woman cried out, ‘O, if I could sew and mend so like the angels as that!’ and Mrs. Safford told her she would teach her and the children, if they would come to the sewing-school, and that she must always bring her own clothes to work on, only they must be clean!”

"Mrs. Safford is head committee-woman, is n't she?" said Mr. Leslie, when they had all admired the genuine philanthropy which had dictated Mrs. Safford's actions.

"She is general adviser, too. Yes, sir, she is one of the visiting committee. She has so much hearty sympathy with the poor, and says the best way we can help them is to teach them how to help themselves, and that cleanliness is next to godliness, and that there is more morality in fresh air and good water than we think. Sometimes it does seem to me, that everybody would be good and happy, if they were only forbidden by law to live in cellars! finally, I would have a law against cellars at all!" exclaimed the excited Lily.

"Better make a law against all evil and sin and sorrow, Lily," said her father.

"But that would be impossible. There must be sorrow, and I suppose there must be sin. But there is sorrow enough for everybody without rich people's adding to it, by letting these dreadful cellars to tenants! Everybody ought to be allowed fresh air!"

"Law follows public opinion,—it does n't make it," said Mr. Leslie. "When the public is sufficiently wakened to the close connection between purity of body and mind, and the contrary, then 'model lodging-houses' will be the rule instead of the exception, and the avaricious man who now lets wretched lodgings at extravagant rates, without any of the comforts or decencies of life, will be ashamed to face the public scorn of his actions."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Leslie, "the tenants themselves injure and ruin the houses. I knew of one house where the pig was really kept in the family room!"

"Of course," answered her husband; "but what ought we to expect from foreigners, who are in the habit of living in houses or cabins with earthen floors, like the Irish, or as the German peasants do, with the house divided in two, and the cattle in one half,—where the one door of the house lets in pig and chicken, and where the stable odors mingle with the

sour-kreut and onions! They bring their national customs with them; but our place should not be to despise, but inform them. And it is really very easy to raise their standard. At Syracuse, Mr. W. showed me a row of neat cottages, owned by himself, and built as an experiment. He let these houses, all — mark me — built with every necessary convenience and comfort, with neat door-yards to each, at a small rent; with the understanding that, at the year's end, such of the tenants as had fulfilled the conditions of care and cleanliness should be allowed to renew the lease, at, I think, double the first price, if they chose. If the conditions had not been fulfilled, of course, they were not to have another opportunity. He said that the second year, and every year, (it had been three or four,) the leases had been renewed, and the houses were as neatly kept as American or English houses were, — even more nicely than those of the Scotch or Germans of a higher grade. They were ambitious to keep everything as neat as they found it, and readily appreciated their superiority to the old fashion of dirt and confusion."

"Yes, Mr. Ware says every woman has her mission in this country now, — that she need not go to Burmah or Batavia. The work is nigh us, even to our doors." Pet was sixteen and very meditative, as girls often are at sixteen. Also very enthusiastically charitable, and enchanted with the recent organization of merciful endeavor, in the shape of the Provident Association. So was Lily, whose real name was Mary-Anne, as Pet's was Martha. So was Ralph, who rarely spoke about that or anything, and so was Mr. Leslie, who was an active mover and upholder of all healthy reforms. All but Mrs. Leslie, and she had her own views, as we have seen, very sincerely held, and with that tenacity often seen in the gentlest natures.

"Was Mr. Safford with you all the evening?"

"Yes, mother. He is the most entertaining man! Give me a minister at large, for all that is interesting as a talker! I have only to say, 'Now, Mr. Safford! what about the poor?'

and off he sets, with the greatest amount of anecdote, of real life-sketches, so much better than any made-up thing, and so well colored with real flesh-and-blood humanity! And then he is so patient withal, and so humorous, and takes such large views of things! and don't blame the poor for deception and vice, as if all the virtues could be expected to flourish in attics and cellars, and everybody was going to be a martyr to principle! When he tells some abominable story, or, I should say, some story of abominable or ridiculous ingratitude and folly, and we all make long, shocked faces, he only says, 'Let the comfortable and rich, who are without sin, cast the first stone'!"

"I heard a good story to-day," said Ralph, breaking silence for the first time.

"O, tell it!" said all.

"It was one of Mr. W.'s experiences at L. He had been led to suppose there was a case of extreme destitution in his neighborhood, and as he is, you know, the minister at large, it became his duty to investigate it, and—to relieve it. He had been told of the distressingly sickly, pale family, disabled and wretched, and without the smallest of common comforts. It seemed that they had moved into L. with the hope of getting employment; and, failing to do so, had parted with everything comfortable for food, and were now reduced to the lowest distress. He said no one could hear the particulars without compassion and hastening to relieve them, and that several persons had already sent them food. But still they needed fire, light, clothes, and materials for living decently. He saw that at a glance, as he looked about the dismantled room, and at the almost empty and cold chimney; where two or three ragged and pale children were huddled together, while two men and three women stood and lay about, and all looked sickly and wretched. The impulse to put his hand in his pocket, however strong, he undoubtedly resisted; indeed, I believe he never gives money, but sends such articles of food or clothing as are suitable. If it had

been me, visiting, I should have considered my investigations ended. The case spoke for itself of want and misery. Not so, however, with our intelligent and not-to-be-taken-in-missionary. He looked about the room; remarked that the house was small; — were there any other tenants? was there another room? how about the cellar, — was it a dry, comfortable one? Thus he pleasantly chatted, inducing one of the men to show him the cellar. Which was bare. The closets, which were ditto. The chamber overhead, very ditto. Anybody but Mr. W. would have gone away with a blush on his cheek and tears in his eyes. Not so Mr. W.

Perceiving that a ladder in the chamber was placed against a trap-door in the upper loft, he began to ascend it. The man endeavored to dissuade him. There was nothing there, he said.

"But I wish to see the size and capacity of the house," persisted Mr. W., steadily walking up the ladder, without noticing the man further. He raised the trap-door! and there, Lily! there, Pet! what saw he?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Leslie.

"A little coffin, with a dead baby in it!" said Pet, sorrowfully.

"One little, two little, three little Indians," said Mr. Leslie, who had seen the corner of Ralph's mouth.

"Don't, father! — it must have been — was it anything very dreadful, Ralph?" said Lily, with white cheeks, and eager blue eyes full of tears.

"Not very. It was wood, nicely cut and split."

"Wood, Ralph!"

"Yes, half a cord. And — and other goodies. Food and drink — and cards. They turned night into day. They were sinners all. Now you see. Was n't it a funny discovery? Mr. W. found out all about them, and had them sent off out of L."

"Why!" exclaimed all the ladies.

"Good!" said Mr. Leslie; "another proof, if we needed

any, of the propriety of intrusting relief to a man experienced both in distress and craft. Shrewd common-sense, that is constantly increased by experience in a certain way, is worth a great deal. That Mr. W. is as sharp as a detective policeman, and beneficent and patient as an apostle."

"Well, I confess," said Mrs. Leslie; "I could not have got up the face to explore the house as he did! it seems so like suspecting them. I should have been afraid of hurting their feelings."

"How came he to suspect them?" said Mr. Leslie.

"I fancy," replied Ralph, "that long habit and experience have given him a sort of second-sight in these matters. There was probably a want of harmony in the destitution. An inconsistency, which he could not define or account for, but which struck him, as it does us, where people don't really feel what they say. They overdo the matter somehow. W. has an instinct at discovering imposture, — a sixth sense."

"And a very important sense in his position," said Mr. Leslie, "since every dollar that goes into the knave's pocket is so much out of the really poor man's; these were just vicious people, were they? how did Mr. W. find out about these?"

"O, where he set out, he easily discovered. A woman near by had seen lights in the night, and told him. Then the police were put on the scent, and it was easy enough detecting them. But many persons had already sent abundant relief to their supposed destitution, and Mr. W. said their faces expressed their real health and condition, which was bad enough."

"There is no reclaiming such people," said Mr. Leslie.

"O no! The only way was to get them out of town, or into prison, and the officers gave them a chance to pack off, for the sake of getting rid of them."

(To be concluded in the next Number.)

THE QUESTION AND THE DUTIES OF THE HOUR.

WE are furnishing largely and rapidly the materials of history. Every sober Christian man will see to it that he is lifted above the passions of the crisis, and will be awake to the dimensions of the great questions on which he may be called to vote and to act.

The Union *as it was* is dissolved. Perhaps the dissolution is final,—perhaps not. It were vain to discuss the probabilities; but we know that schisms in church and state, where once actually ultimated, are seldom if ever healed. If the Gulf States come back into the Union, it will be one of the anomalies of history,—unless, indeed, their whole course has been a trick and a stratagem. We are not going to speculate about what will happen, but we look over the country which we ought to honor and love, to see what are the elements of its future, and what are its claims upon the loyalty of its children.

The London Times, the great oracle of British periodical wisdom, speculates in this way about our condition and prospects. It thinks that, if secession takes place, the Border States will inevitably follow the Gulf States, thus making the line of cleavage identical with that which separates slavery and freedom. And what would follow?

“It would, in fact, make the Southern Federation the real United States, as far as territory present and prospective is concerned, and reduce the North to what our ancestors would have called a ‘Rump.’ The people of Boston or Philadelphia might be distinguished for their ability and enterprise, but they would belong to a country with hardly a greater future than Canada. Every natural advantage would be on the side of the Slave States. Look at the map, and you will see what a narrow slip of country composes the free soil of the American federation. Only the sea-coast from the British frontier to the Delaware—a few hundred miles—belongs to it; all the rest, stretching far away down the Atlantic and along the Gulf of Mexico, is in the hands of the slave-owners. The mouth of the Mississippi is theirs; the Missouri and Arkansas, the great arteries of the extreme West, are theirs. Virginia pushes a spur of territory to within less than a hundred miles of Lake Erie, and thus divides the Atlantic Free States

from the West in a manner highly dangerous to their future union. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the connection between New York and New England on the one hand, and Illinois and the neighboring States on the other, could long survive the total separation of the South. The North would have a territory as straggling as that of Prussia, and the Western region would soon find it advantageous to dissolve its union with the Eastern. In the mean time, all the riches of the New World would be in the grasp of the Southerners. Instead of exploring the inhospitable regions in the neighborhood of the British frontier, which would be all that remained to the North, the slave-owners would carry their 'undeniable property' into lands blessed with every advantage of climate, soil, and mineral wealth. Texas has territory enough to make three or four great States. New Mexico is about to be admitted with slave institutions. Arizona will follow. Mexico must in a few years be conquered; and the Southerners, lords of the most magnificent domain in the world, would control the passage between the two oceans."

Foreigners generally exhibit an astonishing capacity for ignorance of American geography, but seldom so great as the London Times has here indicated. How is the fact, and what are the real elements of our future?

The United States, viewed according to the controlling features of physical geography and homogeneous population, fall into four grand divisions of empire.

First, we have the Southern, or Slave States. Leaving out Missouri, which has essential elements of freedom, — which is hemmed in on three sides by Free States already, and in the event of a general breaking up would find slave-property the most winged of all earthly riches, — there are fourteen Slave States lying compact, with a territory of 860,000 square miles. These form three tiers of States, whose interests are by no means identical. The lowest tier comprises "the Cotton States," all lying on the Gulf with the exception of South Carolina. They are seven in number. All the seven have seceded except Texas, and we have not a doubt she will join the others. Their interests are radically different from those of the other Slave States. Cotton is king, and controls everything. Their plan is obvious. The slave-trade to be reopened, annexation of Cuba by purchase or by piracy, more territory from Mexico, free trade, the

ambition of politicians to be gratified, — in short, a great black republic around the Gulf of Mexico, from which the advancing civilization of the century shall be barred out, — this is the programme of the Cotton States. It was concocted long ago, and only waited for occasion. They care little about Mr. Lincoln's election, about the Fugitive Slave Law, or about our Personal Liberty Bills, which affect them no more than the eclipse of Jupiter's moons.

The Gulf States have a territory of 600,000 square miles. It is a mistake to suppose that this is uniformly fertile. Florida is a poor State. South Carolina abounds in marshes and sand-barrens. But the bottom lands of the Mississippi and vast regions of Texas are of unbounded fertility, and especially adapted to cotton cultivation.

Then there is a middle tier of Slave States, in which cotton is cultivated, but where it is by no means king. Dr. Robert Breckenridge of Kentucky, in his great speech on the national Fast-Day, calls them the "Mixed States." To these belong North Carolina and Tennessee.

But more important in this great crisis are the non-cotton, or "Border States," — the northern tier that fronts the line of freedom. Their statesmen see clearly enough that it is not for their interest to be drawn into the secession vortex and be "dragged at the tail of the Cotton States." The foreign slave-trade is against their interests; they would be inferiors and dependencies upon the Cotton Republic, and their whole frontier line would lie open to all the invasions which might occur in the whirl of revolutions. If they come north, as it would seem they must, — provided reason ruled instead of passion, — the line of cleavage, if we must have one, would be that which separates us from the Cotton States, following the southern line of North Carolina and Tennessee.

The "Mixed" and Border States have a territory of over 260,000 square miles, and a population of nearly five millions.* This section includes the best portion of the "sunny

* We have not included Missouri, which would make 65,000 more.

South." It holds the honored dust of some of the greatest statesmen that have adorned the annals of the country. It has over one million slaves ; but it has vast regions which are not slave soil, and wonderful resources for commerce, for agriculture, and for manufactures, not yet developed. Moreover, it contains some of the truest friends of the Union, and men of as large, generous, and humane culture as are anywhere to be found. There is a state of society which, if it lacks some of the New England virtues, is also free from some of the New England vices. Probably nowhere in the world have the kindly and magnanimous virtues a more liberal growth than in the "Mixed" and Border States. If the Union party in this section should be successful, and the "Mixed" and Border States should still adhere, we cannot see how the loss of the Cotton tier would in any way imperil the national prosperity.

The *second* grand division of empire is the Northeast, comprising New England and the Free States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. It has a territory of 164,000 square miles. Its area is considerably larger than that of Great Britain, and nearly equal to that of France. The wealth, the science, the learning, the resources of skill, invention, art, and productive industry, lie here with immense preponderance, and must for a long time to come. Its "future," which the London Times deprecates, will not depend upon its extent of territory, but upon that industry which, under the clearer and more efficient direction of the brain-power, has produced results in commerce, in art, and in agriculture beyond those of any other section of the Union. The exports of New York and Massachusetts alone are a good deal more than half as much as those of all the other States combined ; and their imports are equal more than three times over to those of all the rest. This section has all kinds of soil, from the granite hills of New Hampshire to the splendid wheat-fields of Genesee ; and notwithstanding the comparatively dense population, not one fourth of

its agricultural resources is yet developed. The laboring classes, which South Carolina thinks are starving to death, have enough money in the savings banks of Massachusetts alone to buy off one fourth of all her slave population. If the line of cleavage should be Mason and Dixon's, — which God forbid, — thus nearly cutting the Northern States in two, still the country must turn for a long time towards the Northeast, as the region of science, industrial art, and productive skill.

The *third* grand division of empire is the great Northwest, comprising the immense region between the Lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and between the British possessions on the north, and the Ohio River and the southern line of Kansas on the south. Commencing with the table-land that separates the waters that set towards the pole from the waters that set towards the Gulf, it slopes southward, through twelve degrees of latitude, over beds of coal and along noble rivers. It has an area of more than a million square miles. It would take in England twenty times over, and have considerable margin to spare. It is five times as large as France. Leaving out Russia, it is nearly as large as the whole of Europe beside. Never shone the sun on a fairer region. It is destined to become the garden of the world. With the exception of a northern strip, and other localities of comparatively small extent, it is a vast rolling prairie or spreading forest, in which the subsiding waters left the richest deposits, and where the growing and decaying vegetation of unknown centuries has formed its accumulating mould. The traveller journeys day after day, and still the fertile plains spread round him like an ocean, with their deep, dark alluvium, which no culture can exhaust; or perhaps the forests, which have kept and enriched the virgin soil for the coming man. The northern portion has a climate cold in the winter, but equable and serene, and an air so pure that Eastern consumptives go there to breathe it and take healing into their lungs. The southern portion is mild and semi-tropical. All of it

will be a region in whose climate the human physique, instead of wilting down as in the slave countries, will develop its most manly vigor. This vast realm is as safe for freedom as human foresight and power can make it. Already eight Free States have been formed here, and their aggregate population cannot be much less than seven millions. And it is increasing with unparalleled rapidity.

This is to be the grain country both of Old England and New. Already Iowa, Illinois, and the southern half of Wisconsin, are turning their great prairies into wheat-fields. Does anybody imagine that this vast empire is to be hemmed in and cooped up from the rest of the world? Chicago, its main port, has sprung up almost in a day, and is destined to be the London of the Northwest. On the line of the Lakes, the Northwest will find its way to the ocean.* On the great trunks of railway it finds its way now to our Eastern ports; on the Mississippi it will find its way to the Gulf, spite of any batteries which Secession Governors may please to plant on the banks of the stream. Moreover, the men who are filling up this great region are equal to the destiny which they are to accomplish. No one who has ever been among them will imagine that they are to fall into such imbecile strifes as distract the Mexican and South American States. They illustrate signally the influence of climate and surroundings in developing and shaping the proportions of manhood; the plastic power, not only of man over the earth, but of the earth over man. They have the Saxon instinct, not only of conquering, but of organizing and conserving. They are loyal to the Constitution and the laws. The writer of this witnessed the trial of a man charged with the forcible rescue of a fugitive slave. It was in their chief city and during a hot political contest, and before a jury most of whom were in full sym-

* A ship-canal is already projected for the purpose of connecting the upper lakes and Lake Michigan with Lake Ontario, avoiding the great falls. Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario bend to within a hundred miles of each other, and this neck being crossed, the great object would be accomplished.

pathy with the prisoner. While the waves of excitement were surging around the court-house, the jury sat grave and impassive as so many stone coffins, and gave in their verdict "according to the law and the evidence," prompt and square against the prisoner.

Such is the great Northwest, and such the men who will occupy it.

The *fourth* division of empire is the Pacific slope. It comprises 900,000 square miles, and would be in itself an empire. The whole of this region is already consecrated to freedom, or is very likely to be. California, the southern sea-board State, is not more rich in its gold than its immense agricultural resources. Oregon has every description of soil and surface as the slope descends, terrace below terrace, to the western coast. Its natural resources are vast and indefinable. Its rough mountain spurs open down into glades of great fertility and picturesque beauty, fanned by the Pacific breezes and with a climate wonderfully healthful and serene. Not long since we heard an intelligent old gentleman describe it, who left his rich prairie farm in Iowa for the luxury of breathing in the glades of Oregon. If this Union is to be broken up, the Pacific slope will naturally form a government of its own, and slavery will not be likely to scale the Rocky Mountains to get possession of this empire of the setting sun.

And this is what we call "our country." Did any people ever have committed to them an inheritance like this? Was there ever madness and folly like that which would dismember it or cast it miserably away?

No one can fail to see that these four great sections are essential to each other, not merely for the ends of trade and commerce, but for the ends of art, culture, manners, religion, — for all that tends to humanize and to bless mankind. With the increasing means of intercommunication which have already brought the East and West close together, and presently would bring the Pacific and Atlantic slopes within a few days' distance of each other, these sections would as-

similate more and more rapidly, and act each upon the other with growing beneficence. United under one government, the inter-diffusion of the influences of art, science, industry, civilization, and religion would go on with rapid increase. But if they become foreign nations to each other, even though at peace, it is plain that these influences must suffer grievous interruption and isolation.

But they would not be at peace. If the line of cleavage should be the line between freedom and slavery, it would cut the Free States nearly in two, and break the Union into as many as four nationalities. It is not to be denied, that the slave interest would be the greatest sufferer. The line of freedom being brought close to slavery, with all obligation to "deliver up" fugitives taken away, the Border States would be subject to insurrections and loss of self-locomotive property along the whole frontier. The occasions of border strifes and feuds and a thousand vexing questions of diplomacy, and consequently for fratricidal bloodshed and hate, would be tempting enough. The Border States would gravitate inevitably towards the Cotton Republic, to consolidate the slave power and get protection in its despotism.

Not only so: the United States, instead of being a first-class power to protect commerce upon the seas, to diffuse the arts of peace, to make American citizenship a prerogative to be respected at the ends of the earth, would sink into fragments of empire, and for a time lose its prestige among the nations.

Better so, however, we say, than degrading compromise. Better four nationalities—three of them free and flanking slavery along two thousand miles of its frontier—than one great oligarchy held together to extend property in man. The free republics would have each an ample domain, and a glorious future within its grasp,—would have all the vigor of youth and the elastic strength which freedom gives; they would hold the destinies of the continent in their power. The free communities would have no cause for collision, but every reason for amicable relations, and they

would have with them the moral sentiment of the civilized world. It would be strange if they did not emerge from the revolution more successfully than the slave section, and recover again, with a purer fame, their prestige among the nations of the earth. Better cleave to Divine principles, then, and trust to God, than barter them for a hollow and ignominious peace.

There is still a question which any humane mind will ask itself: What, on the whole, would be the effect of breaking up the Union on the condition of the African race, with Mason and Dixon's line as the line of cleavage? Two results would seem to be sure. The States, no longer one nation, would have surrendered all control over the slave trade. The new Cotton confederacy could bring its proposed "three millions of cannibals" from Africa, and spread them around the Gulf. Then again, a new sense of insecurity in the Border States would beget new measures of internal police, and the slave system would there press down with greater harshness upon its victims. Or if, in the crumbling of empire, or in sectional collisions, there should also be servile war, no reasonable mind will doubt that its worst miseries would ultimately fall upon the negro, and fall with terrible severity. For these reasons, we are satisfied that the African race has nothing to gain by breaking up the Union, but worse calamities to fear.

These are the views from which we would vote and act. Come what will, we could not vote to nationalize slavery, or send it into territories now free. But unless we "filibuster" anew, the territorial question is shrinking into small dimensions, and will very soon disappear from our politics. To the Border States it must be of very inferior consequence, and it is difficult to see what they can gain by its agitation. This question disposed of, and the Fugitive Slave Act divested of its insulting and revolting features,—matters which we hope there is statesmanship enough in the country to settle wisely and well,—what is to hinder the four great sections

from helping and blessing each other, and forming an organism whose railways, electric wires, and majestic water-courses shall be the veins and arteries of one national life? Nothing but the madness of the hour. The loss of the Gulf States, whose ends were different from those of all the rest, would be of no permanent disadvantage, but would withdraw one element of corruption from our politics, and an element of distraction and weakness from our national Union. With "internal tranquillity" under the stars and stripes, we shall emerge rapidly out of our remaining barbarism.

It appears from our survey, that, while 900,000 square miles of our national area are given up to slavery, over 2,000,000 are safe for freedom. It appears, moreover, that while slavery has large spaces of immense fertility to expand in, the best and fairest and most healthful regions belong to freedom. We cannot take the impression too deeply into our minds, that the question of freedom and slavery is not an issue which a few Abolitionists have forced upon us, and which politicians can keep down. It is the question of the new age coming on by steady steps,—the emergence of the toiling masses into light and privilege. It has been coming on for more than a century, and political arrangements will not stay it, though they may turn it for a while out of its peaceful course. It reaches the serfs of Russia, the subjects of Austria, the working classes of England, the slaves of the West Indies, and it undermines the rotten throne of the Pope. Union or no Union, we shall not shut out this question, or very greatly accelerate or retard it. If the friends of freedom here are wise and faithful too, the law of population and the laws of Providence will work with them. Slavery will be modified, or retire towards the Gulf,—as it is doing now in two of the Border States,—much more surely under the peaceful banner of the Union than in the chances of strife and blood; and the day of light and privilege will come to the bondman, not in the wreck of empire, but will come like the spring-time that "melts the winter's gyves with gentle might."

RANDOM READINGS.

CANADA.

LET us not forget, in these times, our neighbor who lies up farther towards the north star, and whom we are apt to leave out of the account when we speak of the Free North as the controlling power of the American continent. The last London Quarterly has an exceedingly valuable article upon Canada, and, if all its statements are to be received, those persons must modify their views considerably who have regarded it as a poor country and without any future. The writer makes it one of the first countries in the western hemisphere, and even thinks it compares favorably with the best of the American States,—particularly Canada West. The increase of population in the United States, for the ten years previous to 1850, was thirty-five per cent. In Canada West it was one hundred and four per cent! “It is most striking to one who has never witnessed such prodigality of nature, to see whole districts of many miles square composed of alluvial deposits from thirty to eighty feet deep of soil so rich in some places as to bear good crops of wheat for several successive years without manure.” Near Toronto one hundred bushels of wheat have been raised on a single acre! Even the London Quarterly must not expect us to swallow that without considerable hesitation. We will readily believe, however, that the average produce is sixteen bushels to the acre, and in some townships, where good farming prevails, thirty and forty. Moreover, there is no malaria or fever and ague in Canada; and it has now a free government, its lower house being the chosen representatives of the people. The West province has nearly a million inhabitants, the lower province nearly as many more. They are increasing, not only in numbers, but in thrift and enterprise; they are coming into close alliance with the great Northwest, and must become one of the important powers of North America. God speed them as one of the forces of freedom and of a benign Christian civilization! What if they should drop off some day from Great Britain as ripe fruit? or what if, spite of our efforts, the earth should open some day along Mason and Dixon’s line, and there should be a Northern federation, including

Canada, with a thousand miles of Atlantic coast, and magnificent navigable lakes along its whole interior, with the noble St. Lawrence bearing their waters to the sea! Nature never laid out a more splendid plan for flourishing commercial empire, not even in the Mediterranean, and the states that clustered around its waters in the day of their palmy prosperity and glory.

8.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

THE children have just had their holiday on this, one of our most appropriate national anniversaries. Did they remember what made Washington great, and what was the organic of his wonderful character? It was not learning and scholarship, for any pupil of the schools of New England has within his reach as finished an education as his. It was not quickness of intellect, for his mind moved slowly to its conclusions, and a thousand small politicians of to-day could reason more rapidly and more subtly than he. It was not intuition, for of this he had very little. It was not eloquence, for his words were few, and when called upon unexpectedly his speech was halting and slow. But one virtue he had in ampler measure than almost any man that ever lived, and that was PERFECT FIDELITY TO TRUST AND PERFECT SINGLENES OF AIM. Men saw and felt that he could no more be moved from this than the earth could be shaken from its sphere, and therefore all hearts turned thither with perfect confidence and repose. Such was his simplicity of aim, that he saw readily the same virtue in others, and drew it into his service, and dishonesty was so rebuked in the serenity of his perfect virtue, that it grew ashamed of its arts and gave them over. He had the clear, practical judgment, and when we add to this perfect fidelity to trust, we have named the prime formative elements of a character that stands pre-eminent in the modern ages, and which has ever been one of the richest legacies to the youth of America. We have had men of larger culture, more massive intellect, and more commanding eloquence; but because their aim was double, and not single, they sank immeasurably below him. Irving's *Life of Washington* is charming, but his best eulogy in words, and the most perfect mirror of his character, will be found in the twelve volumes of his letters; and never was there a correspondence that showed an integrity so adamant, and a simplicity so majestic.

8.

VERSATILITY.

THE changeableness of things below has been strikingly manifest in two things, — stocks and the thermometer, — the latter more especially. In a place we know of, not more than thirty miles from Boston, it stood, on the 7th of February at sunrise, 34° *above* zero. The next morning at sunrise, it stood 23° *below* zero. A range through *fifty-seven degrees* in twenty-four hours is without precedent, we think, unless we look for it in the political world. Perhaps the state of our politics had got ultimated in nature some way, indicating the changes that perplex monarchs and presidents. 8.

“THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR IS THEIR POVERTY.”

ONE of the measures most needed in this city at this moment is an efficient license law for restraining the sale of spirituous liquors. And yet we need a great deal besides law. Evil can be supplanted when it cannot be directly vanquished. We must put good in the place of it. When a man has nothing but his whiskey, it will be hard to persuade him to give up his all, wretched and the source of wretchedness though it may be. We commend to the reader's attention the following extract from an admirable “Plea for Ragged Schools,” by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated Edinburgh preacher. It may be of some service to some who are almost ready to say that there is nothing any more to be done for a poor man or woman, when it is settled that poverty is likely to be aggravated by intemperance. E.

I may be permitted to express my thorough conviction, that the uncared for and desperate circumstances of the poor often prove strong temptations to the waste that leads to want. They are helpless because they are hopeless. It is after they get desperate, that they get dissipated. Man thirsts for happiness; and when everything in his neglected and unpitied and unhelped sorrows is calculated to make him miserable, he seeks visions of bliss in the day-dreams of intoxication; and from the horrors that follow on excess, he flies again to the arms of the enchanter. The intoxicating cup brings, — what he never has without it, — though a passing, still a present feeling of joy and comfort. It is easy for those who walk through the world rolled in flannels and cased in good broadcloth, who sit down every day to a sumptuous, at least a comfortable dinner, who have never had to sing a hungry child to sleep, nor to pawn their Bible to buy bread,

—it is very easy for such to wonder why the poor, who should be so careful, are often so wasteful. “What have they to do with drink?” it is said; “What temptation have they to drink?” I pray them — not that I defend the thing, but detest it — but I pray them to hear the testimony of one who knew human nature well. The laird and Maggie are haggling about a fish bargain.

“ ‘I’ll gi’e them,’ says Maggie, ‘and — and — and half a dozen o’ partans to mak’ the sauce, for three shillings and a dram.’

“ ‘Half a crown then, Maggie, and a dram,’ replies the Laird.

“ ‘Aweel, your honor maun ha’e ’t your ain gate, nae doubt; but a dram’s worth siller now, — the distilleries is no working.’

“ ‘And I hope they’ll never work again in my time,’ says Oldbuck.

“ ‘Ay, ay, it’s easy for your honor and the like o’ you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claiht, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an ye wanted fire and meat and dry claes, and were deeing o’ cauld, and had a sair heart, — whilk is warst ava’, — wi’ just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi’ ’t to be eilding and claes, and a supper and heart’s ease into the bargain, till the morn’s morning?’ ” — *The Antiquary*.

There is a world of melancholy truth in this description.

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

EDITED BY REV. DRS. RANDALL AND HUNTINGTON.

OUR predecessor in the editorship of the “Monthly Religious Magazine” has resumed his editorial labors in his new field of Christian service. We do not admire the *shape* of the periodical, — it is one of the most unmanageable collection of sheets that we ever took into our hands; nevertheless, we have read all that it contains, and have been interested in much of the contents, especially, we may add, in the articles entitled “A Living Church,” and “The Limits of Religious Thought,” and are only tempted to ask the author of the former paper what he means by distinguishing “between the mythological drapery of doctrine and the essentials of truth”? This sounds a little like the “Essays and Reviews” which, with their American reviewers, are noticed in a paper, the spirit of which, we think, leaves very much to be desired. Does the writer of that article imagine that the hypothesis by which a day is understood to mean an indefinitely long cycle of years or ages, was purposely left out of sight by the reviewer of the “Recent Inquiries”? And is it not true that the

strict Scripturalist would treat this hypothesis as at once a dangerous and a needless concession to science?

It is a good sign that the two extremes of the Episcopal sect look with suspicion upon this new journal. It is the best possible testimony for the catholic spirit of the editors. We hope that they will maintain their independent position between the two wings of their denomination. Can there be anything plainer than that all things are working in the Church of Christ towards reconstruction under the guidance of the Spirit that leads into all truth, — a Spirit promised to our age as much as to any age?

E.

“DOMINE, QUO VADIS?”

WE know of no more beautiful and striking illustration of what St. Paul, writing to the Colossians, calls “filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for his body’s sake, which is the church,” than the following poem. Our readers will be glad to have it in their own magazine. It appeared originally in *Blackwood*.

E.

“DOMINE, QUO VADIS?”

[Probably most of our readers have heard of the little church of “Domine, Quo Vadis?” near Rome, and the legend connected with the spot upon which it is built. After the burning of the Imperial City, so runs the story, Nero sought to fasten upon the Christians the accusation of having caused the conflagration. Hence arose the first of those terrible persecutions, which destroyed the lives of so many of the early confessors of our holy faith. The Christian converts at Rome besought Peter not to expose his life, which appeared to them to be necessary to the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the then infant Church. After much persuasion, the Apostle consented to flee from the scene of persecution. But while hurrying along the Appian Way, and before he had gone more than a mile or two from the city gates, he was met by a vision of our Saviour, crowned with thorns, and bearing his cross towards the place from which he himself had just fled. Filled with wonder at this unexpected sight, Peter exclaimed: “Domine, quo vadis?” “*Lord, whither goest thou?*” To which the Lord, directing towards him a look of mingled grief and pity, replied: “I go to Rome, to be crucified a second time.” The vision then vanished; but Peter returned to the city, to suffer and die in the cause of the Master whom he had almost denied a second time. — *EDS. EP. REC.*]

THERE stands in the old Appian Way,
Two miles without the Roman wall,
A little ancient church, and gray;
Long may it moulder not, nor fall!
There hangs a legend on the name,
One reverential thought may claim.

'T is written of that fiery time,
When all the angered evil powers
Leagued against Christ for wrath and crime,
How Peter left the accursed towers,
Passing from out the guilty street,
And shook the red dust from his feet.

Sole pilgrim else in that lone road,
Suddenly he was 'ware of One
Who toiled beneath a weary load,
Bare-headed in the beating sun,
Pale with long watches, and forespent
With harm and evil accident.

Under a cross his weak limbs bow ;
Scarcely his sinking strength avails ;
A crown of thorns is on his brow,
And in his hands the print of nails.
So friendless and alone in shame,
One like the Man of Sorrows came.

Read in her eyes who gave thee birth
That loving, tender, sad rebuke ;
Then learn no mother on this earth,
How dear soever shaped a look
So sweet, so sad, so pure as now
Came from beneath that holy brow.

And deeply Peter's heart it pierced :
Once had he seen that look before ;
And even now, as at the first,
It touched, it smote him to the core.
Bowing his head, no word save three
He spoke : " Quo vadis, Domine ? "

Then, as he looked up from the ground,
His Saviour made him answer due :
" My son, to Rome I go thorn-crowned,
There to be crucified anew,
Since he to whom I gave my sheep
Leaves them for other men to keep."

Then the saint's eyes grew dim with tears ;
He knelt his Master's feet to kiss :

"I vexed my heart with faithless fears;
 Pardon thy servant, Lord, for this!"
 Then rising up — but none was there —
 No voice, no sound, in earth or air —

Straightway his footsteps he retraced,
 As one who hath a work to do;
 Back through the gates he passed with haste,
 Silent, alone, and full in view,
 And lay forsaken, save of One,
 In dungeon deep, ere set of sun.

Then he, who once, apart from ill,
 Nor taught the depth of human tears,
 Guided himself and walked at will,
 As one rejoicing in his years,
 Girded of others, scorned and slain,
 Passed heavenward, through the gates of pain.

If any bear a heart within,
 Well may these walls be more than stone,
 And breathe of peace and pardoned sin
 To him who grieveth all alone.
 Return, faint heart, and strive thy strife;
 Fight, conquer, grasp the crown of life.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Human Destiny. A Critique on Universalism. By C. F. HUDSON, Author of "Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life." Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. — Mr. Hudson is well known as the strenuous defender of the doctrine of the annihilation of the radically wicked. Two things impress us on reading his book, his admirable fairness and candor as a controversialist, and his great power and skill as a logician. His argument is learned, Scriptural, and strong, and, from the stand-point of the advocates of endless torture, we do not believe it has ever been answered or ever can be. The Restorationists meet the argument more successfully, standing on the ground of human philosophy; but coming to the matter of exegesis, we think Mr. Hudson has immensely the

advantage of them. We do not think his argument exhaustive. There are other views of the destiny of bad men not embraced either in restoration or endless punishment; but the works of this writer, as a treasury of learning, argument, and interpretation, let no one neglect or pass by who has an interest in these momentous themes.

8.

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl. Written by Herself. Edited by L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: Published for the Author. — Let those persons read this who think slavery “a good thing for the colored race,” and ordained to be the normal state of society. It shows the system even more effectually than Uncle Tom’s Cabin, for it is a simple narrative of facts, told with a truthfulness and pathos that go straight to the heart. Especially as it bears upon woman, and in ways concealed from superficial “South-side views,” this story of the slave-girl exhibits the system, we have no doubt, faithfully and truly.

Mrs. Child says in her Introduction, that, with trifling exceptions, both the ideas and the language are those of the narrator. It would be incredible that an uneducated slave-woman could attain to a style of narrative that flows on so direct, and sometimes beautiful, except from the well-known fact that, when the heart burns with a sense of wrong, it will find by instinct its own words, and make them alive.

8.

What we Eat: an Account of the most common Adulterations of Food and Drink. With simple Tests by which many of them may be detected. By THOMAS H. HOSKINS, M. D. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — The public generally are not probably aware of the extent of the villany by which they are imposed upon when they purchase their bread, sugar, coffee, tea, milk, spices, wines, and confectionery, and how much of poison they take in their food and drink in the shape of salts of copper, arsenic, carbonate of lead, bi-sulphuret of mercury, gamboge, chromate of potash, Prussian blue, Brunswick green, catechu, alum, indigo, sulphuric acid, Venetian red, yellow ochre, and bronze powders, to say nothing of the less poisonous additions of plaster of Paris, chalk, starch, burnt peas, beans, rye, and chicory. Nor do they know how much dyspepsia, paralysis, and death result from this slow poisoning. We hope every family will get Doctor Hoskins’s book and apply his tests, and thus defeat the

knaves of their dishonest gains and save themselves. It is a small volume of 218 pages. s.

Correspondence of Fräulein Gündert and Bettine von Arnim. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. — This book is a translation from the German. It is the correspondence of two girls, full of dreamy inspiration and subtle genius, one of them afterwards the correspondent of Goethe. The letters abound in poetical fantasy, absurdity, dreamy aspiration, and beautiful sentiment. s.

Struggle for Life. By the Author of "Seven Stormy Sundays," "The Queen of the Red Chessmen," etc. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861. — A thoroughly natural and healthy book we have found this simple story to be. There is no attempt at a plot; the incidents are extremely few; there are no very striking contrasts of character brought out; neither passion nor sentiment plays any strong part here. Yet we have read it through with unflagging interest to the end. The only criticism we are disposed to make is that the title might disappoint some readers; for very little either of outward or inward "struggle" is here depicted. To all who are in danger of underrating the power of a pure example in every-day life; to all who are prone to forget that the poor — and especially the Irish poor — have human sympathies and aspirations; to all who need to be reminded how much they may do for those employed in domestic service; to all, moreover, who love children and their ways, — we can heartily recommend this book as one likely to instruct or to refresh them. It is neither a religious novel, nor a moral story; and yet morals and religion are both there.

The Giants, and how to fight them. By the REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D., Author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life," &c., &c. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers. 1861. — *The King's Highway; or, Illustrations of the Commandments.* By the same Author. — Dr. Newton is the pastor of a very large and very efficient Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, and surrounded by a strong company of Christian workers, male and female; he is preaching the Gospel of his Master, not only to adults, but also to the little children upon whom the Saviour pronounced his benediction as he folded them to his loving arms. We could give an account of his Sunday School,

which many of our readers would regard as a fiction, so marvellous would it be. Any one who will read these books will allow that Dr. Newton knows how to interest the young, and it is certainly as true of them as of their elders, that if we fail to interest them we fail altogether. Where the stories all came from, is to us a profound mystery. These volumes are a perfect *thesaurus*, a California mine in this way; and the writer's aim all the while is eminently and practically Christian. Those who are trying to interest the young in holy things will be very grateful to him for these little books. E.

Lyra Domestica. Translated from the "Psaltery and Harp" of C. J. P. SPELTA. By RICHARD MASSIE. With additional Selections by REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. — Dr. Huntington has rendered a good service to all who would be truly wise and loving in commending to American readers this volume of sacred poetry, and in the additions which he has made to pages which were so rich before. His own words of introduction are animated by a very earnest and tender Christian spirit. They are neither too many nor too few, and are fitly chosen. The *Lyra Domestica* will be gladly welcomed and fondly cherished in a multitude of Christian households; it will help, under the blessing of God, to sustain many a sinking heart; it will find a place by the bed of the sufferer; and it will be a fresh illustration of the truth, that when, in the hour of our departure, the two worlds meet, the voices of men and angels blend in sweet songs which seem to belong alike to heaven and earth. E.

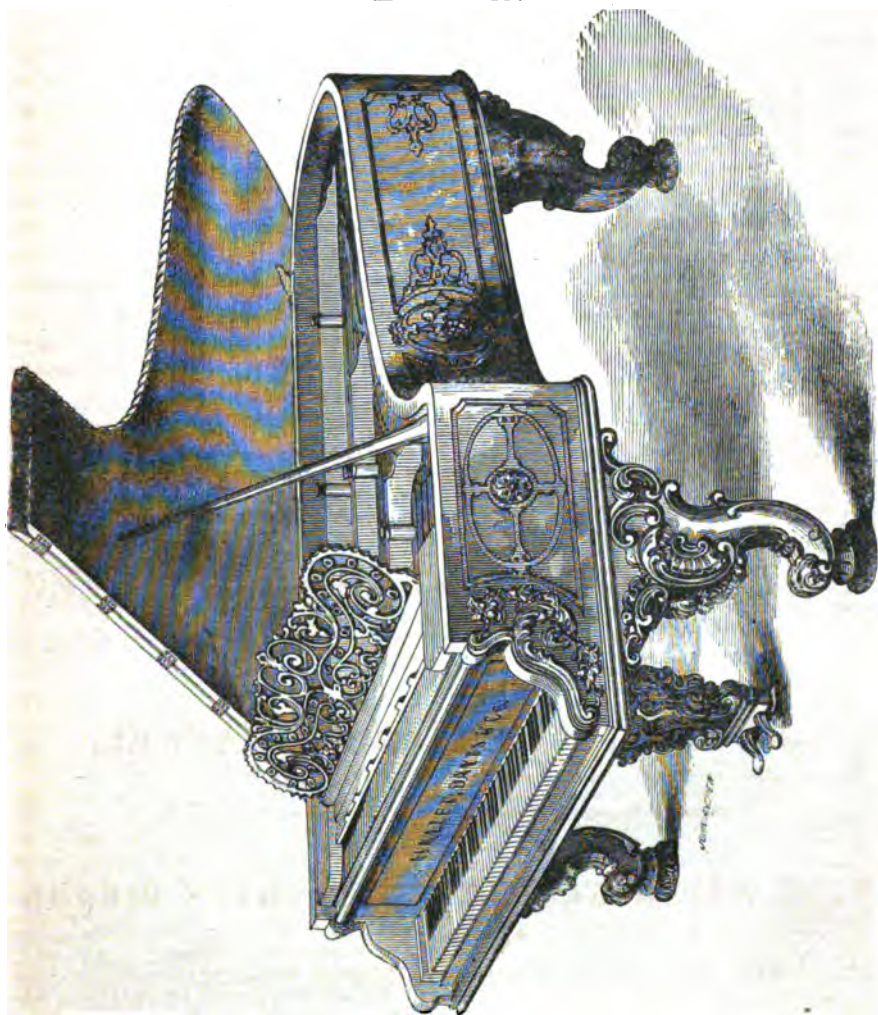
The Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1861, &c., &c. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS, A. M. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861. — If any one wishes to know what our men of science and our skilful mechanics are doing, from the exploration of the heavens and the numbering of the stars to the making of ruffles with a sewing-machine, he should read this book. It will open a new world to some of us, and, if we have learned to see God in all things, it will help us to read the thoughts of God in his universe. We are glad to see that the much ridiculed Ericsson's Caloric Engine has justified itself, and gone to work successfully along with other machines, and, as Carlyle would say, "gets itself made" in machine-shops. E.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV. — No. 4.

APRIL, 1861.

EDITED BY

Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS

AND

Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARER NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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P R O S P E C T U S

OF THE

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EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 247 Washington Street, Boston.

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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FAITH LIKE A GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED.

AMIDST the free and conflicting speculations of the hour, it is not uncommon to find men whose minds are filled with perplexity and doubt. So many apparently established theories have been questioned or set aside, so many things once held sacred have been assailed, that they feel as if the solid ground were shaken beneath their feet. Even if they have no positive scepticism, everything appears like confusion, instead of order. In their bewilderment, a secret misgiving chills their assent to the plainest truths. Sometimes, perhaps, they are left in a deeper darkness still, and thick clouds seem to veil all the sky, hiding sun, moon, and stars, every heavenly light, from view. The inquiries are often made, in all the varying tones of bewildered thought, or of actual doubt,—What doctrines can be accepted in unquestioning faith? What is to be believed? Where are the settled religious truths which are like the fixed laws of Nature? Where is the polar star by which the soul can safely guide its course over this ocean of mystery towards the eternal shore!

There are two methods of meeting such a mental condition. One is, to attempt to convince the mind by logical and careful arguments. The other is, to make a direct appeal to

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the moral nature. One marshals the external evidences in order, to show why man should accept the truths which claim sovereignty over his whole being. The other attempts to reveal their foundation within the soul itself, and thus aims directly to unseal the springs of spiritual life. The first process is not to be undervalued; but the last, whenever it can be successful, is the most effective and complete. Does the question come from bewildered or sceptical minds, "What are we to believe amidst this confusion of theological speculation?" We might answer, Affirm anything, however simple, which seems to you to be true. Begin with the most elementary convictions of the moral nature; those convictions which must remain until reason itself shall be dethroned. Even there may be discovered a foundation sufficiently deep and broad to sustain a structure of faith which may reach to the very heavens. Jesus told his disciples that, if they had faith like a grain of mustard-seed, they could cast the mountains into the sea. As a single spark of electricity sends its fire throughout the frame, as a little column of water may be made by science to balance the greatest weight, so one grain of true and living faith may *electrify* the spiritual nature, and overbalance the whole world in its power upon the soul.

This general position finds confirmation, in the first place, in the method of Jesus himself in his teaching. There is an entire absence of all systematic statements, in the ordinary sense of those words, in his instructions. Great principles are presented miscellaneously in his conversations. His instructions are as varied as the character of the men to whom he spoke. Whenever the questions of those who sought his guidance seemed to involve the inquiry, What shall we believe? instead of answering by a comprehensive statement of faith, he enforced some great moral duty which was clear as the day, or awakened some profound moral conviction which instantly flashed like the lightning through the listener's soul. Was not this the secret reason,—that it

was his first aim to awaken some positive spiritual conviction? The indispensable necessity was to establish some firm foundation for faith; and therefore he touched any chord which, by his divine insight into character, he perceived to be ready to respond to his words. If the conscience and the heart could be awakened to a true moral sensibility, — no matter by what special appeal, — if the mind could be thoroughly aroused to spiritual inquiries, — no matter by what particular truth the result might be accomplished, — the redeeming influence would go on until every element of character should feel its power. One grain of positive faith might shoot up into a tree which would cover the whole being with its protecting and refreshing shade.

If a man ask, therefore, "What shall I believe?" we may answer, first, by the question, Do you believe anything? Begin with what you do accept. Cultivate that germ of positive faith. As there can scarcely be a moral nature which is too depraved to retain some element of generous and noble feeling, some relic of moral beauty, in the ruin of its fall, so there can scarcely be a mind which is too bewildered or too sceptical to possess some element of positive faith. It is wonderful to see how all spiritual truths are indissolubly linked together. If the mind begins with one, it can only logically end with all. It was claimed for the system of faith which once controlled the mind of New England, and which still holds so wide a sway, that, if one of its fundamental doctrines should be admitted, all the rest must follow by an irresistible demonstration. That claim is certainly true in the circle of strictly spiritual, religious truths. Any fundamental moral principle may be selected as an illustration. Every man believes in a principle of justice, certainly, if he continues to be a man. His conception of its requirements may be miserably imperfect and low, but the fundamental idea still remains. Any conviction of gross injustice, unappeased or unalleviated, will burn like a smouldering and sometimes raging flame. Take that grand

and ineradicable idea, not to cramp it, not to ask what it does not require, in that spirit of negation in respect to great moral principles which characterizes many who are shocked at other men's questionings of speculative opinions; but to give it a full development in lowly, positive faith. First, let all outward deeds be tried by that glorious law. Make them absolutely just in every dealing; too just, when men buy, to depreciate another's claims; too just, when they sell, either to seek or to connive at any undue advantage. And when action can meet the keen eye of justice unabashed, let speech be purified by its strict discriminations. Let neither man nor woman be injured or depreciated any more by a reproachful, or even an ill-considered word. Let the eternal clamor or the insidious whispers of slanderous tongues be hushed. And when speech is just to the ear of man or God, make the unuttered judgments of the heart, the most secret and inward feelings towards every other living soul, also just, as they lie open to the All-seeing Eye. Is it not said, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged"? And the principle transcends even this vast sweep of application. It extends into domains of action which we generally designate by other names. What is all untruth, either in action or in speech, from the first shade of insincerity down to the blackness of open falsehood, but a violation of justice also? What is all truth in deed or word, but one manifestation of an omnipresent justice? The almost boundless domain of charity may be regarded as a province of the same vast empire. The law to "do unto others as we would that they should do to us," is equally an expression of justice and of love. It is the dictate of simple justice when it looks at another's claims as well as our own. There justice and love meet, and embrace each other. Justice is sometimes pictured as an inexorable and almost inhuman quality. The man whose gripping hand grasps every particle of its legal dues from burdened poverty, or whose stern spirit demands an "eye for an eye," will speak of justice. Such applications of the

word are false. They slander one of the fundamental laws of the moral universe. Justice is not an iron hardness, which sternly crushes the gentler sympathies, and which might be an element in the character of a fiend rather than an attribute of God. It is unjust, as well as unmerciful, to deny any valid claim to sympathy. Precisely in accordance with man's appreciation of that claim, will the dread decisions of the tribunal of Infinite Justice finally be made. It is justice, looking from the position of suffering men, which sends abroad every angel of mercy on its errands of love. We cannot separate the two principles without impairing, if not destroying, both. We cannot truly begin with one without comprehending the other. What an unmeasured and immeasurable realm one great thought opens to the view ! It was once the remark of a child, "that the law 'to do unto another as we would that he should do to us,' comprises every duty to God as well as to man." For it demands that we should yield every service to him which we might deem it right to require if we were seated on the eternal throne. It was an inspired thought to show how all great spiritual truths are linked together. The second grand commandment is like the first, and the first is like the second ; for each really demands and comprehends the other. Does any man ask, What must I believe ? Does he believe in Justice ? Let him explore the realm of thought which it opens ; extending into the most secret places of the heart, and reaching to the skies. We sometimes hear the expression, "The circle of spiritual truths." They are indeed bound together in a glorious circle. When we touch it at any point, we are led around its entire circumference. When we begin with one deep spiritual conviction, it is like beginning at the fountain-head of a stream which rolls on through unknown and yet unimagined regions, and pours at last into the boundless sea. One grain of living faith will produce infinitely precious fruits of glory and of heaven.

The same truth might be illustrated by other principles.

It is surely illustrated by the idea of love which is the "fulfilling of the law." It may be verified in religious doctrines in the stricter sense of that word. Amidst so many negations, does any man ask, "What shall I believe?" Notwithstanding doubts respecting other truths, he seldom fails to admit the idea of God. It may be a sadly poor conception in comparison with man's highest thought. Even that is but the faintest ray of that perfect light. Still, let man cling to that one bright point of faith, not to limit its application, but to unfold it, and grasp what it involves. When we study it in order to learn what it comprehends, we find at last, that, as there can be no point of space which is unvisited by the Divine presence, so there is no truth which this grand idea does not embrace. A distinguished English preacher once attempted to show that one attribute of God involved every other which is demanded to make up the perfect majesty of the Divine nature. The moral demonstration may be complete. Let man begin with his poor conception, and steadfastly gaze upon that excellent glory. Let him unfold that one all-commanding idea, and every thought which has cheered the heart of saints, or which shines upon the page of truth, would naturally follow in logical order. All thoughts of human duty are equally involved of course. When we simply admit the idea of God, the highest obedience and reverence are enjoined by an inevitable inference. Indeed, a man might as well hope to measure the ocean by his hands, as to exhaust the truths which will then gleam in radiant succession upon his mind. In all his doubts, he still believes in God. In what grander or more vital truth can he believe? It is as a golden and indissoluble chain to bind the soul to the heavens. The greatest triumph of the highest angel is, with his spiritual conceptions, to believe in God. Positively to believe in him, to commune with that thought until its glory overshadows us, is at once the eternal rest, and the inexhaustible inspiration of the soul. There are moments in the course of every deep experience, in which

that simple faith is felt to be infinitely more than if the soul could say, "All the glory of the earth and all the splendors of the sky are mine." Here, too, is the inspiration to moral heroism. The soul of the Puritan was made invincible by his faith in God. This faith has been as a coat of mail to the martyr in his hour of sacrifice; and when the flames kindled upon his flesh, it banished every fear from his heart. It has touched the failing sight, and, as the world receded and disappeared, opened heaven to the soul, and to the eye. It stayed the heart of Christ in his hour of agony, and called forth that triumphant cry of adoring trust,—"Thy will be done." When man develops that single grain of faith in God, it will give him a power to cast the mountain load of doubt into the sea. As the power of God moved over the world at first to create order and beauty everywhere, so this living idea of him will move over the soul, to fill the moral universe with the tokens of his presence.

Perhaps, if a man should descend into a more unsettled condition of thought, into a gloomier realm of positive scepticism than has thus far been described, we might find even there a grain of positive faith, which could be nurtured into a tree of life. If a bewildered soul should say, "Amidst such conflicting theories of the Divine nature, I do not feel that I really believe in God," it might be answered, "You still believe in the idea of truth, of justice, and of love. Develop these." Far more may be said. We not merely believe, but we know, that conscience exists within us. A solemn accuser, an undying judge, lives in every human breast. What does that fact imply, when we study it with philosophic thought? The idea of accountability is inseparably connected with the existence and the action of the conscience. Accountability to what? To nothing? Or to some unseen, yet sovereign and celestial power? When the conscience awakens from its frequent sleep, and arraigns the spirit's life, or when, in fearful peril, man instinctively cries out for help and pardon, to what does he cry? To an imper-

sonal abstraction?—an abstraction that has created the mother's heart to hear every wail of her child, but has left the cry of the anguished soul to echo on, unheeded and unheard, through the emptiness of space? Or does he cry to a prayer-hearing and a Father-God? The simple existence of conscience, and its natural action, involve the idea of a supreme, though unseen Judge, as surely as the existence of organs for the reception of food, and the sense of hunger, imply that Providence will open its hands to supply the wants of every living thing. If we start from that low point of faith, no man can properly venture to deny that this voice of conscience is not the present voice of the invisible God, speaking now in whispers when we pause to listen, but by and by to be heard in tones of infinite and awful majesty. When we begin with the lowest point of faith, the least of all seeds, we may still gather a glorious harvest of truth and light.

The great difficulty often is, that men fail to develop the moral convictions which already exist in the soul in positive faith. When men begin to apply the principles of science to their labors, new processes of work, improved inventions to shape the smallest thing, or to bridge the seas, will appear with bewildering rapidity. When they begin to unfold one great truth in its applications to society, projects of reform as numerous and as vast as this world's iniquities will be suggested in glorious succession. It is not strange that many are confused amidst these clashing religious theories. But one remedy is plain. Some one grain of truth, at least, will remain, which may be cherished. Perhaps that will finally remove the mountains. Does it seem as a night of bewildered thought, or of almost rayless scepticism? Some one conviction, some one star, still remains. Let the eye be fixed upon that to receive all its light. Let these elementary convictions be developed until the soul realizes the truths which they involve. That single unextinguished light, that one remaining star, may be the star to lead to the Redeemer.

For what is Christianity except the revelation of those truths which precisely meet the spiritual needs of man? And when those needs are really learned by attempting to fathom any grand spiritual principle in its full application to himself, he will accept those truths themselves, the living bread of the soul, as readily as he accepts the food to sustain his frame. If man begins anywhere in earnest search, the wide realm of truth may gradually open its gates of glory.

It is not strange that such value is attributed to this principle of faith. When we see a great cause really in action, we almost feel as if its inevitable results were already gained. The victory is won when the invincible power comes upon the field. It has been sometimes deemed mystical to say, that "Faith is imputed to man for righteousness." The expression involves no mysticism. Were we perfectly sure that a formerly sinning man would never falter in his resolution, should we not instantly receive him again into unquestioning favor? Should we not then welcome back all the prodigals in the fulness of love? And thus, in the possession of a living faith, man is received by the infinite mercy as if he had already attained the higher knowledge of truth, and the triumphs of an established holiness. Time is needful to work out that perfect victory, but the victory shall surely come. The single grain of positive faith may cast both the mountains of doubt and of iniquity into the sea.

G. W. B.

GIVE not only unto seven, but also unto eight; that is, unto more than many. Though to give unto every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies.

THE HOFRATH OF GRAEFRATH.

Books of travel in my youth began on this wise. First, solemn reflections on leaving the traveller's native land, and particulars of the exact method of departure, which altogether occupy a page or two. Next, sea-sickness is described more or less in detail, according to the good taste of the writer; then fellow-passengers are commented upon. Anon, "half-way-over" is reached; reflections thereupon. Now we approach land, and "hapless Erin and her woes," or "England, our noble mother-country," according to the proclivities of the writer, provoke pages of reflections. All this answers two good ends; the size of the book is greatly augmented thereby, and after the dreariness of the sea-chapter the reader finds any incident highly entertaining. But as I am not writing a book, I shall not tread in the footsteps of my predecessors, but begin at once with —

One evening early in December, 1860, we entered the hotel of the "Prinz von Preusse," at Dusseldorf, and ordered supper. "We" consisted of mother, sister, a friend, whom I shall designate, after the German fashion, Freundinn, and myself; four "unprotected females" who had it in their minds to winter in Germany. The next day we sallied forth to view the town. There are some fine modern paintings there, as everybody knows, and large public gardens, which must be beautiful in summer. Moreover, there are immense barracks, and fronting them a large parade-ground, where raw recruits are being drilled in all manner of preposterous gymnastic exercises the livelong day. In front of the "Prinz von Preusse" paraded a sentinel with a brass pot upon his head; whether there is a sacredness in the very name of royalty which requires a guard, or that there is such a superabundance of soldiers in the place that they are fain to devise all manner of useless occupations for them, I know not. In the afternoon we left Dusseldorf and travelled eastward on the railway to a station

named Vohwinkel. Here we alighted and groped our way, in rain and darkness, to a waiting-room, the fate of our baggage being unknown. Here we sat down and asked each other what was to be done next. I announced myself as trusting in Mr. Micawber's dictum, "something will turn up;" and, sure enough, soon a young gentleman of very pleasing address entered the room and mother immediately accosted him in English. He did not understand a word. I stammered out, as best I could, in poor German, that we were bound for Graefrath, and knew not how to get there. He immediately took the fate of the four "unprotected" into his kindly hands, spoke French to my great relief, and escorted me through the rain to an office to buy tickets in the Poste Wagen. Here the official refused French gold; I remonstrated that I had no other money; he only closed the window, and regarded me serenely through the glass. Another walk through the rain to a restaurant, where my gold was changed into Prussian thalers, and then the tickets were bought and the baggage brought up, and a ticket bought for it also, all of which was done with true German deliberation. We waited now a weary while till other trains came in, and the little room was crowded. Our kind German now reappeared, and whispered, "You must secure your places in the Poste, I fear there are more passengers than can be accommodated." I gave the alarm privately, we quickly collected our various shawls, hand-bags, &c., and under his guidance ensconced ourselves in the big, lumbering, omnibus-like affair which was to take us to our destination. Our friend bade us good-night, but soon came running back to tell me what the driver would say, and how I must reply.

Now this is a fair sample of what a traveller may expect in Germany. Without being so vivaciously polite as the French, the people are thoroughly friendly and obliging. They seem always ready to do a kindness to a stranger, and that in a simple, hearty way that is exceedingly agreeable. At last our Poste was filled to its utmost capacity, and the

horses set off at a snail's pace. After a while we judged from the slightly accelerated speed that we were descending a hill. The Wagen stopped; we alighted and entered a stone-paved hall, where there was a bar, which our driver patronized; our luggage was deposited there also, and we were in Graefrath. No one took the slightest notice of us; they seemed to regard it as the most natural thing in the world that four ladies and three trunks should land there at eight o'clock at night. However, at last a servant was found to conduct us to our hotel, and we soon established ourselves comfortably at the "Court of Holland."

If any one has followed my narrative thus far, I am sure he is ready to ask, "And what in the world brought you to Graefrath?" The answer to the question must begin some forty odd years ago. For then a regiment of soldiers were quartered at Graefrath, and with them a surgeon, who was known in all the country around as "the clever young doctor." He was a native of Wesel on the Rhine, and from boyhood had shown the most ardent desire to study anatomy. Especially he delighted in dissecting all the eyes of animals he could procure, and while yet young had acquired a remarkable knowledge of the structure of that organ. While a medical student at Dusseldorf, he was compelled by Napoleon's conscription to enter the army; was subsequently a surgeon in the Prussian service, and so came to Graefrath. As there was no physician in the place, he entered into practice there, and soon became noted for his kindness to the poor, and his especial skill in curing diseases of the eye. A disease having broken out extensively among the Prussian troops, similar to the Egyptian ophthalmia, Dr. De Leuw published, in 1823, a treatise upon the subject, which attracted general attention. The king of Prussia conferred upon him the title of Hofrath, i. e. Court Councillor, by which he was ever afterwards known. His fame now increased every year. Numbers came from foreign lands to consult him, and carried back to their homes reports of his

marvellous skill as a surgeon, his patience and faithfulness as a physician, his nobleness and kindness as a man. He was repeatedly urged to make some larger city his home, but preferred the quiet of Graefrath to the glitter of court favor. But though he would not seek wealth and fame, they sought him out in his retirement. The report of his wonderful cures, which sometimes seemed like giving sight to the blind, spread throughout Europe. The king of Hanover made him an "Ober Medicinal Rath," which is the highest title conferred upon a physician. Other European courts sent him various orders of knighthood. The wealthy and the titled from every country were glad to be admitted to his humble consulting-room, which he never left except to attend the king of Hanover. Often three hundred were in the village at one time. Although the Hofrath always gave his services to the poor, and his fees in all cases were exceedingly moderate, he could not fail to become wealthy. He bought real estate, and, after the professional toils of the day were over, refreshed himself with simple country pleasures, planting trees with his own hands, and superintending his large farms. His fame reached even across the Atlantic, and many Americans had come to be benefited by him.

Now, my mother had been suffering for several years from a nervous affection of the eyes, and had consulted many oculists in America without receiving much benefit. And as a sea-voyage was recommended, and we had heard much of this great oculist in Prussia, we resolved to seek the aid of his skill. And so we came to Graefrath. The next morning we looked out to see what manner of place it might be, and beheld a confused assemblage of houses, quaint in form and color, crowded up together in a little hollow, with about as much regularity as Georgia militia on training-day. We were on a hill on the edge of the village. Perched on another was a big church, of no particular order of architecture; the clumsy steeple of another rose from the centre of the village. Of course we soon set out to visit the Hof-

rath; being directed to go straight down through the village. If you will take a boxfull of children's toy-houses, and tumble them down on the floor, and then attempt to go "straight" through them, you will see what task was assigned us. We wound in and-out among the queer houses, selecting the widest path, and at last emerged into an open space, with a fountain of running water in the centre, and a group of women there engaged in doing their private washing. Keeping straight on, by turning two or three corners, we reached the house of the Hofrath, at the very extremity of the village. We found the waiting-room filled with peasants, for this was one of the three days in the week he devoted to the poor. We had not been long seated, when a queer, jolly-looking, one-eyed man came up to us, whom we recognized at once as Schneider, the Hofrath's man Friday. Twenty years ago, he came, almost blind, to Graefrath. The Hofrath saved one eye, and took him into his service. Schneider, however, is far from being his servant in the English sense of the term; the New England word "help" gives a juster idea of the relationship. Schneider sits at his ease in his master's presence, plays with the dogs or parrots in the room, speaks to him familiarly, and sometimes contradicts him roundly. Indeed, I think the lower classes here are much like Yankees in their independent bearing and good-natured familiarity. That very morning I tried to talk a little with a peasant who had brought his daughter to the Hofrath. In a few moments he said, "How old are you?" I stared at him, thinking my ears must have deceived me. He repeated the question, adding, "I am forty, and my daughter is twenty." I gave the desired information, and he seemed to feel that all proper forms of civility had now been complied with, and we had a pleasant chat. Herr Schneider took our card to the Hofrath, and we waited in great anxiety, feeling that the Hofrath's skill was almost our last hope. At last, Schneider told us to wait no longer, but return the next day. At the *table d'hôte* we met some ladies,

who told us that the Hofrath very rarely saw patients the first day they apply. This seems somewhat arbitrary, but is founded on a knowledge of human nature. Patients are often at first nervous, agitated, excited, and quite unfit to give a rational account of themselves. After waiting some hours, conversing with other patients, hearing of the mildness of the Hofrath's remedies, of his wonderful cures, &c., their minds are calmed.

We heard much that day of the Hofrath's skill, of his kindness of heart, and especially of his humility and holy reliance on God's blessing. We learned more of his personal history too; how that his life, peaceful and happy as it seemed, had not been without its bitter trials. A fair young daughter had grown up by his side, his constant companion and darling, intelligent beyond her years, and loving him with an affection passing the ordinary love of woman. She was taken from him in the sweet dawn of womanhood. Of his four sons, only one chose his father's profession, and he seemed to inherit much of his genius. After a careful medical education abroad, he returned to practise as his father's assistant, and bade fair to shed fresh lustre on the name of De Leuw. But a few years since he too was taken away; and the old man was left alone. We heard too how the Hofrath was beloved by the people, how his birthday, August 1, was the great fête-day of the village, when the streets were decorated with garlands and flags, and the maidens of the vicinity waited on him, and sang a poem in his honor. His sixtieth birthday was the last in which he took any public part in the festival. Since then he has generally left the village to spend the day in quiet. We were told that his eyesight was still as keen as in youth, his hand as skilful. So the next day we waited upon him with increased confidence and esteem.

We found a higher class of patients in waiting, and made some pleasant acquaintances. We were much amused at Schneider's manners. He called the patients one by one

without any regularity; so, when the door opened, every one looked up eagerly. He would single out the lucky one, shout, "You!" and usher him into the consulting-room, in an irresistibly grotesque manner. Grumblers were answered with, "Ich verstehe nicht." The fact is, he understands just as much or as little English as suits him. And now we were ushered into the Hofrath's presence, and beheld a noble-looking old man, his lofty forehead crowned by silver curls, his eye wonderfully keen, yet the expression of his countenance gentle and winning. He received us with grave courtesy, and entered into a careful and thorough examination of mother's eyes and general state of health, often pausing and saying a few words to his assistant. In our first interview I saw nothing but the Hofrath. Afterwards I saw that his room was large and pleasant, carpetless, and plainly furnished. Engravings on the walls, two little dogs by the stove, parrots in cages, and finches who sometimes discoursed most melodious music. Here the good man passed the greater part of every day, using his best skill to alleviate suffering in all who came to him, rich and poor alike. Indeed, in regard to the latter, often supplying them with remedies and supporting them in the village. We knew him only a short time, yet learned to regard him with sincere affection. Alas! in a few weeks we mourned over his grave, for he was suddenly taken from the world in which he had been so useful. He had seemed in delicate health for some time; no one knew to what extent his strength was undermined by an insidious disease. One Friday, he saw patients as usual, although some remarked that he appeared languid. That afternoon he laid himself on the bed from which he never rose again. The next day, it was touching to see the poor weeping around his door, when told of his dangerous illness. There were a few days of sad anxiety, and then the mournful news, "The Hofrath is dead,"—just a week from the day he had received patients. All his life he had been an early riser, and accustomed to spend the first hours of the

day in religious reading and meditation. With characteristic humility, he bade his sons bury him in the early morning, and as quietly as possible. However, a large crowd followed his honored remains to the grave. According to the custom of the country, Schneider carried before the coffin a black velvet cushion, on which were arranged his master's orders of knighthood, nine in number. But the tears which bedewed many a manly cheek, were a far higher tribute to his worth. So this good old man went to his rest, in his sixty-eighth year; having spent most of this long life in the service of his fellow-creatures.

[From the German of Benjamin Schmolke.]

"HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!"

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Hold *on*, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient sees God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'T is they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out*! There comes an end to sorrow:
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

HEBRON.

THE mention of Hebron, in our last article, the place where David established himself during the years that he was king of Judah, suggests an inquiry into the facts of its history.

It was the earliest seat of civilized life in all Palestine, and long continued the abode of men prominent in the early history of the country. It was probably founded by Arva, the king of the giants, as its earliest name, Kirjeth Arva, signifies Arva's city, and is known to be a place of very remote antiquity. Lying in the valley of Mamre, 2,800 feet above the sea, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, with numberless wells, and groves of the terebinth and oak, the place had peculiar charms for tribes wont to wander wherever water and fodder were to be found. The mountains rising about and casting their shadows down upon it, give it an air of quiet repose, grateful to the traveller now, and in those old days offered refreshment and rest to families who must many times have been well weary of wandering, while the defiles among its mountains, the secret ways and caves along their sides, made it desirable as a stronghold, — safe as a retreat, and difficult of access to a foe.

After the separation of Lot and Abraham, which the quarrels of their husbandmen had rendered necessary, we find that Abraham came and dwelt at Hebron, and erected an altar there to the Lord, — thus taking possession of it in the name and consecrating it to the service of Him whom he now first began to know. Here his home continued to be, and here news was brought him of Lot's captivity, and hither again he returned after his rescue; here, under the oak-tree, he entertained the angels of God; and here, after some years of wandering, he returned again, a man tried and approved of God, with Sarah, and Isaac, his son.

All this time Abraham, though a man of wealth and high

in repute with his neighbors, the Hittites, the owners of the soil, does not seem to have become legally possessed of any part of the land. Nor was it necessary, since there was room and to spare, and vast fields in common where any might pasture and plant. But an occasion arises which makes him desire to have some place specially, sacredly his own. Sarah, so many years his wife and companion, the sharer of his adversities and successes, dies. It has long been a custom among the Bedouin tribes not to bury their dead where they die, but to have a burial-place to which they bring all their dead. Abraham now felt the want of a suitable burial-ground, to which should be brought the bodies of such of his family as should die within the limits of Canaan. Drawn together by the knowledge of his misfortune, the sons of Heth join in those noisy demonstrations of grief, — public demonstrations not at all consonant with our notions, — then and still customary, essential with the tribes of the East, without which the dead could not be justly honored. Abraham, as a man of substance and character, — a man superior to those dwelling about him, a prince even among strangers, — held a high place in their confidence, and so probably they had gathered in numbers to express their sorrow and sympathy. Then Abraham lifted himself up from his dead, standing before them in the attitude of respect etiquette still demands, and with touching, plaintive language enlists their attention: "I am a stranger, and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, and said, Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead." Again the venerable patriarch stands and bows to them. That was not a thing to be thought of. He could not accept a gift. It was contrary to custom, and should he accept it, he would be expected to make some magnificent return. His whole

proceeding in this case is exactly what is necessary at the present day. He had set his eye on the cave of Machpelah. He knew the owner, and the owner was then with him. But instead of proposing the bargain immediately to him, he turns to the company and begs them to intercede with the owner for him, saying: "If it be in your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying-place among you." Then Ephron, with great apparent friendliness and liberality answers, "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field *give* I thee, and the cave that is therein I *give* it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people *give* I it thee; bury thy dead." Now, to one ignorant of the customs of the people it seems strange and unreasonable that Abraham should reply to this in cold and stately courtesy, "But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me. I will give thee money for thy field: take it of me, and I will bury my dead there." Apparently yielding to Abraham's importunacy, Ephron now names four hundred shekels of silver as its price, — probably an enormously extortionate price, — adding, "What is that 'twixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead." But Abraham knew very well that it would prove something between them; and being in no humor for bargaining, he closed at once with the proposal, weighing out the four hundred pieces in the presence of the sons of Heth. They were the witnesses, and the thing was made sure. And the record goes on to say, that "the field of Ephron which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city;" — all this particularity of enumeration being necessary to secure to him his possession. Just

such specifications are found in modern deeds. If you are to buy a lot, the contract must mention all the fountains, wells, trees, &c. within it; not merely the house, but every room, closet, stable, hencoop; and all this must be in the audience of the people at the gate;—and then no parchment or recorded deed can be more secure. So was acquired the first possession of the Hebrew race in Canaan, and that possession a sepulchre; so was arranged the first bargain of which we have record in Scripture, the different steps of which are exactly those necessary at this day in Hebron.

Having purchased his cave, Abraham laid away the body of his wife, and in due time was himself gathered there. And there Isaac, who had remained at Hebron, was buried, and thither came up the long procession from Egypt, bearing the bones of Jacob, the last of the patriarchs. There is something very touching in the charge which the old man, dying there in Egypt, gave to his sons as they stood about his bed. It seems like the homesick yearning for the place of his boyhood, where he and Esau had played before ill grew between them,—where Rebecca, his mother, had loved him, and his peace-loving old father had blessed him. “I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.”

With filial solicitude, and much mourning, the bones of his father were laid as he had desired, and Joseph returned to his honors and duties and emoluments under Pharaoh, and in due time himself passed away. Then, under a king who knew not Joseph, began those bitter persecutions which ended in the departure from Egypt and the wanderings in the desert for forty years of the children of Israel. Just as those forty years are closing, and that weary host stand on

the borders of the promised land, Moses selects a leading man of each tribe, and bids them go into the land before them, and "see what it is, and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, many or few, and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad, and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds, and bring of the fruit of the land." For forty days these searched the land throughout, and returned, bringing as trophy a bunch of grapes so large that two men must carry it. But the fertility of the land and the wonderful trophy of it they had with them produced no effect. They had seen that which made the fertility and beauty of the country as naught. As they journeyed among the mountains they had come upon a city intrenched, in which was Anak, the king, and his three sons. This city was Hebron, and the king and his sons were giants, such as the Book tells us there were in those days. Affrighted they entered the camp, pouring their fears into the greedy ears of the people clustered to hear of the land toward which they had so long journeyed. Their words are piteous, craven words, — not words worthy the men whom Moses had sent on their embassy with the command, "Be ye of good courage." "We be," they say, "not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. The land through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people we saw in it were of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." At once that wild rabble caught the contagion of their fear, and murmured and rebelled. Cowards they had been all the way, as a people so long held in bondage must be. No slight task for Moses to lead such a rabble: and now, when so much is surmounted, and the end so near, piteously they cry, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt; would God we had died in the wilderness," — and they propose to choose them a captain who shall lead

them back. Moses and Aaron seem to have been for the moment, without resource, powerless before them, while Joshua son of Nun, and Caleb son of Jephunneh,—men of lion hearts,—who alone had no fears, declare to them that the land is “a good land, flowing with milk and honey, and the people were as naught, for the Lord was with *them*,” proposing an immediate march. But the thought added fuel to their fear, and in mad wrath they took up stones to stone them. Then Jehovah interfered. A plague swept away those false spies. Joshua and Caleb alone were permitted to enter the land of promise, and to the latter was apportioned the very city of the giants, against whom he went, driving them from their stronghold, while he himself settled down and grew strong in the fields and the suburbs of the city, giving to the whole region about his own name.

We have seen already, that after his marriage with Abigail David reigned in Hebron seven years. During this period, while his children are growing around him and the children of Saul are waging a lingering war with him, when Abner, the great general of his opponents, had signified his purpose of deserting to David, and Joab had killed him for envy, and there stood but one thing between him and peace, and the throne, Ishbosheth, Saul’s last living son,—during this period it was that two sons of Rimmon entered the house of Ishbosheth at noon, while he lay sleeping, and smote him, and cut off his head. Then, hastening to Hebron by night, they came to David, expecting thanks and great reward for their service, and saying to him, “Behold the head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, thine enemy, which sought thy life; and the Lord hath avenged my lord the king this day of Saul and of his seed.”

But they had mistaken the temper of David. Capable of some crimes he was at some times, but too brave a man to take so mean advantage of one who was his foe, though his death removed the last obstacle to his desire; and he answered, “When one told me saying, Behold, Saul is dead,

thinking to have brought me good tidings, I took hold of him and slew him in Ziklag, who thought I would have given him a reward for his tidings ; how much more, when wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed." And David commanded them to be slain, and hung their bodies over the pool in Hebron ; and the head of Ishbosheth he buried in the tomb of Abner, in Hebron.

It was many years after this, when he was now an old man, that the city which had in early life befriended him became the centre of a most unnatural revolt. For a long time Absalom had shown signs of alienation from his father. He had slain his brother Amnon, the favorite and the heir of David, in cold blood, two years after the crime which he pretended to avenge. He had been banished by his father, but restored at the end of three years by the intercession of Joab, and remained in Jerusalem, though not permitted to see his father. Crafty and vain,—for he was the handsomest man in all Israel,—for two years he employed his great powers of pleasing in seducing the allegiance of his father's subjects, standing in the gate and complaining of the lax administration of justice to those who came for redress, saying, "O that I were made judge in the land, that every man who hath any suit or cause might come to me and I would do him justice." And when any man came to pay him respect, Absalom would embrace him and kiss him. "And on this manner," says the narrative, "did Absalom to all Israel, who came to the king for judgment. So Absalom stole the hearts of the people of Israel."

When he judged that he had made a sufficient impression to warrant the execution of his plan,—four years after his return,—he begged of his father permission to go to Hebron to pay a vow he had vowed during his exile. Unsuspecting, the king bade him depart, with his blessing. He had already appointed the chiefs of his party to meet him there, while others at the sound of the trumpet were to proclaim him king. Hebron was soon filled with numbers of

the most influential men of the land, and immediate measures were taken for seizing the crown.

The news struck terror into the heart of David. It was not that he feared man, but his enemy was his own son, and in his new distress he saw the hand of God laid heavily upon him because of his sin toward Uriah and Bathsheba. From his long residence in Hebron, and his intimacy with all the country about, he knew that it was almost impregnable, and that there could be little hope of standing out against one who had a fortified city but twenty-five miles from him. Beside, most of the councillors, and his own chief adviser, and most of the warriors, had left him. He fled hastily out of the city, refusing to have the ark and its priest follow his fortunes. There is scarcely a sadder picture than this of the royal old man fleeing with a few friends, barefoot, with his head covered and weeping, up the Mount of Olives, over the same ground which his greater descendant passed many years after.

The after atrocities of Absalom's brief rule, which ended in his defeat and death, do not belong to Hebron. It was afterward fortified by Rehoboam, and some of the Jews returning from the captivity settled there. It is spoken of in Maccabees and in Josephus as a place still important. It was by the Jews considered as the birthplace of the vine,—and Eschol, the torrent of the cluster, flowed by it. From it there is toward the northwest a view of Jerusalem between the hills. Before the morning sacrifice could be offered, a priest was daily to ascend the Temple, and with his eyes toward Hebron await the break of day. As soon as the dawn appeared, he cried, "Light, light." "Can you see Hebron?" was the reply of those waiting at the altar. If so, the sacrifice began. Though always a place of special interest to the Jew, we have no knowledge that Jesus ever visited it. To-day it is a fair town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, keeping still within its borders the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the most surely preserved of all places

of note. Traditions of other spots are unsatisfactory. Calvary cannot be recognized, the sacred places at Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nazareth are not known ; but here, without doubt, the very cave is still shown which Abraham bought of the children of Heth for the burial of Sarah, his wife.

J. F. W. W.

It is good to be brought into close contact with those who differ somewhat from us in religious faith, that we may learn how hearts may entwine around each other, though heads differ ; and learn also how often those differences lie in phrases and forms of speech, rather than in ideas. It is good for the Unitarian to kneel with the Episcopalian in prayer, to join in the words of that grand old liturgy which for centuries has borne so many souls to heaven, and by its quaint phraseology speaks of ages past. It is well to see the Gothic grandeur of its forms in contrast with the severe simplicity of his own. He can well conceive how dear is the thought that countless worshippers are at that very hour uniting in the same words of devotion, and that among them, peculiarly, friends,

“ Though sundered far, by faith may meet
Around one common mercy-seat.”

One may read, to the quickening of the holiest aspirations, the forms of entire self-consecration to be found in books of the Romish Church, so much abhorred by many ; and may behold in the biographies of some of its votaries the very “ beauty of holiness.” There is something touching also even in the blind devotion of many of its most ignorant disciples. Would that the more enlightened were always as devout !

Is it well to mingle lovingly from day to day with those who are called Orthodox ; to see how what is apparently stern in their faith is softened by the kind and genial heart that holds it ; to have one's warm respect and love called forth by witnessing the holiness of a Christian life in one who professes to hold the faith of Christ under a form differing from our own. It seems a foretaste of that glorious time, when there shall no longer be sect nor party, but when all the sanctified shall be as the angels in heaven, one in Christ and in God.

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A VERY COMMON STORY.

(Concluded from last Number.)

THE next morning, Mrs. Leslie's basket was ready, with clothing and provisions for the suffering family. She was pleased to see that the poor man looked clean, and well patched; and as if the wife had a notion of making the best of what she had. To the articles immediately necessary for comfort, Mrs. Leslie added some simple medicines, and a few, very few luxuries, — such as an orange, and two or three lemons, with some loaf-sugar. These last articles she had laid in rather shyly, without letting Pet see what her right hand was doing; for she was conscious that sentiment was running away with her, quite beyond the sympathy of any one who did not judge by expression. As to expression, she was more charmed than ever with the patient look in the man's eyes, and his determination now to try harder than ever to procure some steady employment. She would have hired him on the spot, only all the wood-sawing was done, and it was not quite the time to trim the grape-vines, or work in the garden of twelve feet square. Poor fellow! how was he to get through the long cold winter? All the better, surely for her kind and sympathetic voice and encouraging smile, and the direction to come every Monday for what should be ready for him. And it was ready for him. Broken food, baby-clothes, and, after a while, many little comforts that mothers want. It was a cold winter. And Mrs. Leslie took cold, and stayed in her own house a large part of the time. But besides her many calls for charity in other directions, she did not forget poor David, in word or deed. At last he came looking very sorrowful, and said his wife was sick. Then, there was an interval of a week, and his wife was dead. And they had had Dr. Smith, and he had been most kind, charging nothing for all he did. Then he did n't want "a wake," — but the neighbors had been very kind, &c., &c.

The end of it was, that Mrs. Leslie felt it was a case of ready money; — and this she supplied, together with what was immediately necessary in the way of grave-clothes.

She was busily stitching at a plain muslin cap to go with the shroud of white cambric, when her daughters came in from a morning walk, talking earnestly, but half laughing withal.

“I suppose I ought n’t to be provoked,” said Lily, “but when I saw the floor covered with new year’s toys, and recollected that I had deprived myself of the luxury of making Christmas presents to the country cousins, only that I might give the money to this family, and then to find that they just spent it on dogs and horses for the children, — t’ was too bad!”

“Was n’t it!” said Pet, sympathizingly. “And did you hear that little Mary asking to have her ‘dress,’ as she called it, that the ‘Society’ is making, cut with a long point, and particularly anxious that it should trail behind!”

“Yes — I wanted to — well! it’s no matter. Mrs. Safford would say that it is the very thing we should pity them for, that they are so silly. As to the toys, they were only four-penny ones. Both of them only cost ten cents, — Sally told me so; and she said it made the children so happy!”

“Well, I suppose it did, — and we are foolish to have it offend us. Do you remember Hood’s story of the Christmas pudding? and how disgusted the mother was with the missionary who came with tracts and flannel? I am some like him, I think, — forgetting that everybody wants their Christmas pudding!”

“O what a good story that is, mother! do you remember it? and dirty Polly, and the soap? I have laughed till I cried over it!”

Mrs. Leslie laughed, too, at the recollection, and said they must all remember to scatter flowers. And that the thoughtful gift of something not immediately and instantly connected with the necessities of life helped to raise the taste

of the uncultivated, and to make them feel that they were sympathized with. Pet remembered that her mother had carried a monthly rose to an old woman whom the "Society" were helping, though she would n't go and sew for her, nor give her any money.

David came and went, returning laden with comforts for the motherless baby, and with pretty pink prints which Mrs. Leslie loved to run together in a simple shape. He said he had procured a cousin of his to come and see to the child, and that he had got some employment. Altogether, it was encouraging. The cousin kept him neatly mended, and he looked ruddy and well, and not as if he very often got drunk. Biddy said he looked as if he did, but then Biddy was set against him from the first.

"It takes up most of your cousin's time, I suppose, to take care of the children, especially the baby; does it not, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, one day, while she held a bundle in her hand.

"Faith, and it does, mam! the baby do be crying all day and night with the belly-ache, saving yer presence," said David.

"She must feed him with sweetened warm water, David."

"Sure, and we've no swatening at all, barring the sugar the misthress gev us for the tay, and we'd not be throwing that away sure!"

"Yes, you must have some West India molasses. Give him some, Bridget, — a quart. And, David, here are two warm stuff gowns for your cousin, — Ellen Foley, is it?"

"It's that same, mam; and the saints keep you warm for it!" said the grateful David, receiving the suitable and comfortable gift.

Again, as she had done twenty times before, in the course of the long hard winter, Mrs. Leslie drank the nectar of gratitude from tearful eye and quivering lip. She had deserved it for her thoughtful care and her generous labors. If, at the bottom of the cup, there was a distasteful draught,

(for conscience is always following us up,) she turned from it, or left it to be swallowed, like other inevitables, at some future time, by itself.

Other petitioners came and went, other chance beggars were supplied. A comfortable sense of "giving to these little ones a cup of cold water, and so giving it to Christ," soothed Mrs. Leslie when she walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight, by the ruddy sparkle of the fire, before the evening gas was lighted. Was there something in the uncertain flickering of the flames on the furniture, giving the chairs and tables a wavy outline, and anon passing from gloom to brightness, — was there something analogous to Mrs. Leslie's own mental condition, — with a duty kept studiously in shadow, while a sentiment flickered and flamed before it continually?

Perhaps so. And then all wrong thoughts come by and by to be adopted by good women, partly because they cannot bear to be at variance with their consciences. It is easier to change the rule of right. "And, after all, people differed so much about what was right."

In the course of the winter, Mrs. Leslie learned to dislike hearing about the Provident Association, and its excellent arrangements to prevent imposture, and to secure the expenditure of the charitable fund where it would do the utmost possible good. The method might be very well, perhaps, but where was the growth of love and charity, and the flow of gratitude in the heart of the individual? Pet and Lily seemed to enjoy their sewing and making, but by their own account they knew very little of the poor families to whom the clothing was lent, or among whom it was distributed. They chatted of other things at the meeting, and had a good time generally, they said; and Mrs. Leslie told them they must be careful not to "get into the tattling ways of sewing-circles."

"Is there any increased inducement for tattling in cutting and making clothes, do you think, mother?" said Pet.

"I don't see why there should be, to be candid," replied Mrs. Leslie, "but you know what is said."

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When the early spring days wooed everybody out into the soft air, Mrs. Leslie walked farther than her usual wont one day, and found herself unexpectedly in the vicinity of the street in which David lived. It occurred to her, that it would be well for her to look after her *protégées* a little, especially as she could flatter herself in finding them, even in that locality, in a comfortable condition. She quite longed to see the baby, who must now be able to be "pullin' hisself about, the cratur," as David had said; and, besides, she wanted to see the good Ellen Foley, whose faithful attention to the kindred was so characteristic of the warm-hearted Irish!

She knocked at the door, which was opened by a stout, honest-faced woman, with a baby in her arms. In the doorway behind her was David himself, who, on seeing Mrs. Leslie, blushed and stammered, and handed a chair. Mrs. Leslie could not help noticing that the room was redolent of rum, and David said he had been bathing his head for a bad blow he had received the night before, hitting his head against a post in the dark.

Ellen Foley looked at him contemptuously, but did not speak. Something about Ellen puzzled Mrs. Leslie. Had she seen her before anywhere? No. She had a very honest, good-humored expression. Everything looked so nice and tidy about the room, it was a pleasure to see it. All the doorless cupboards and crannies were covered by clean white towels pinned against the wall, the floor was white, and evidently the best was made of everything. What was it that continually puzzled Mrs. Leslie when she looked at the woman?

"You find these children quite a charge, don't you?" said she.

"A charge, mam!" said the woman, shrilly, and with a bewildered look.

"Yes, I mean it is a good deal of trouble to you, — there are five in all, are there not?"

"Five! mam?" was the stupid inquiry.

"Did you not say five, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, looking at the man, who sat holding his head in his hands, but without replying.

"Spake up! ye spalpeen! Spake to the lady, will ye?" said the woman, roughly. She shook David by the shoulder.

"O, — no matter!" said Mrs. Leslie, hurriedly, for she felt something was wrong. It looked, really, as if David had been drinking.

She looked again at the woman. What was it?

"Are the children all at school?" said she.

"Childers, mam? Saints knows I've no childers but this blessed babby, sure!"

She pressed the infant to her breast as she spoke, and gave him abundant food from the fountain, staring, meanwhile, steadily at Mrs. Leslie.

"O, I beg pardon! I did n't know you were a married woman! I thought — oh! — where is the baby, then, — David's baby?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"This is David's babby, mam! and my babby, mam!" answered the woman.

"David's!" stammered Mrs. Leslie; "why, where is your husband? — are you married to David?"

"I am, mam!" replied the unabashed Ellen.

This was hurrying matters, to be sure. Humph! And "the babby!" Mrs. Leslie colored, and looked down. When she raised her eyes, the woman regarded her with a clear, honest, but unspeakably surprised expression of her gray eyes.

"How long have you been married?" pursued Mrs. Leslie, in her embarrassment; saying what she thought, instead of what she meant to say.

"Four years, mam, coom a moonth!" answered Ellen, looking uneasily at David, "an this is the foorst babby, bless his heart!"

Mrs. Leslie's head swam.

David's head remained down. A mist settled over everything. Then Mrs. Leslie's eyes cleared. She glanced at the woman, — at the cap.

It was all clear then, — clear and cold as frost. The cap was the cap of her own handiwork, made for the dead face. For a moment she almost expected to see the shroud too.

"It's none of *her* doing!" said he, gloomily, "she knows no more uv it than the babby there, — it was all me! But I thought, faith, ye 'd niver be the wiser, or I 'd niver done it sure! An I niver thought ye 'd be comin' to look me oop, sure. An' mam! plase — O Ellen, woman!" — he stopped in an agony of self-reproach, as he met the stare of grief and surprise in the honest face of his wife.

"I wanted to stop meself after I began, — but 't was too asy! Ye should n't tempt a poor fellow so. The Lord knows I niver lied so before, and I 've tuk to the drink an' all to drown thoughts uv it!" David had no heart to go on in his reproachful self-vindication, for he met Mrs. Leslie's eyes, as grieved as his own.

She did not speak at all. She had too much sense not to see that the sin of the man lay at her own door. Nay, that but for indolence, and the self-indulgence that had insidiously mixed and hid itself in benevolence, she might long ago have stopped the wrong-doing, and saved a soul from death. How could she blame the poor wretch? No; it was not for her to blame him. She went thoughtfully home.

That evening, Mrs. Leslie walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight. When the gas was lighted and the family gathered together, she mingled silently with them, a sadder and a wiser woman.

C. A. H.

Rest not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled, and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee.

CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

THE meaning of the appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, is to be learned from its use in the Holy Scriptures.

1. Our first point is, It denotes some manner of derivation from God. This appears both from the expression itself, and from the testimony which our Lord himself gives of his relation to the Father. A son is begotten of his father. Christ is the *only begotten* of the Father. Christ is *born*, not created, the first-born before every creature.

There are a few theologians who suppose the appellation Son of God, to be given to Christ because his human nature was begotten of the Holy Ghost, and miraculously conceived in the womb of the Virgin Mary, according to the word of the angel: "*Therefore*, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This, indeed, is a part of the truth, but not the whole truth. It is Scriptural so far as it goes, but does not take in the whole of Scripture teaching on the subject, does not exhaust the reason why this name is given to our Lord and Saviour. The Church generally have believed the name to refer to the Divine nature of Christ, have believed in the eternal generation of the Son, the eternal Sonship of Christ. Thus, in the Nicene Creed, Christ is declared to be God of God, light of light, very God of very God. The word *of* here denotes *derivation from*.

This, too, accords with the testimony which Christ himself gives us respecting his relation to the Father. He everywhere speaks of the Divine life, wisdom, love, and power, which were in himself, as the gift of the Father. "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he *given* to the Son to have life in himself." The glory of his pre-existent state he declares to be the gift of God. "The glory which I had with thee before the world was"; "for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." His present and future glory as

Judge or Lord of all, is the gift of the Father. "The Father hath *committed* all judgment unto the Son."

It is this truth of the eternal generation of the Son from the Father that is able to save the Church from the sense of any conflict between the full and proper divinity of Christ and the strictest monotheism, between the fullest and heartiest worship of Christ and the worship of the one only living and true God. In pouring out our hearts to Christ as our Lord and our God, we feel that we are worshipping the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person, that we worship the Father in the Son. If we compare the nature of God to light or to fire, the Son of God is light of this light, fire of this fire. Not only the expression *Son of God*, but also other appellations given to Christ in the Scriptures, imply some manner of derivation from the Father, such as the *Word*, the *Image of the Invisible God*, the *Brightness of the Father's glory*. How the Son is derived from the Father, we cannot tell,—we cannot, in this world at least, conceive. The Sonship of Christ is his relation to the Father, the nature of which is in a measure revealed, but the genesis of which is not for us to know. Let us imitate the moderation of Cyril of Jerusalem, who said: "It is enough for us that God has begotten a Son; let us check ourselves from wishing to know the inconceivable. Christ himself said, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' not, He that knoweth how the Son is begotten of the Father."*

In calling the Sonship of Christ *eternal*, we simply mean that, it is a relation with which time, considered as limited duration, has nothing to do. We may, perhaps, illustrate the timeless relation of the Son to the Father by the relation of moral law to the Author of law. God did not create moral law any more than he created his own being, yet moral law is derived from God and resides in God. Moral

* Neander, *Christian Dogmas*, p. 299.

law is eternal as God himself, yet it does not and cannot exist separate from, or independent of, God. It has its source and seat in the bosom of God forever, from eternity to eternity. So God did not create the Son, but the Son is derived from the Father and is in the bosom of the Father. The Son is eternal as the Father, but he can do nothing of himself; his whole being and working is in and of the Father, and whatsoever things the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.

2. Our second point is, The appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes equality with God. "We must abstract," says Neander, speaking for Athanasius, "from the expressions *Son of God* and *begotten of God*, whatever belongs to sensuous relations, and then there remains to us the idea of Unity of Essence, and derivation of Nature."* There seems at first view an inconsistency between the derivation of the Son from God and his equality or consubstantiality with God; but the Nicene Council asserted both, and must therefore have understood one expression in a sense accordant with the other. And we would prove one as we do the other. As we have endeavored to show that the idea of derivation is found in the appellation itself, *Son of God*, and in the testimonies which Christ gave of himself, so in like manner do we find the idea of his equality with God.

Our Saviour defended his miracle of healing on the Sabbath day by saying: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Then the Jews sought to kill him, because he said "that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." (John v. 17, 18.) Again and again did they so understand his words. Our Saviour knew that they so understood them. He in whose mouth was no guile let them so understand them. Instead of saying one word to refute or correct their interpretation, he went on to repeat and develop it. He

* Christian Dogmas, p. 296.

declared such a union of the Father and the Son, such a dwelling of the Father in the Son and of the Son in the Father, such a doing by the Son of the works of the Father, as implies not only a oneness of will, but a oneness of essence with God. (John x. 28-39.)

The equality of the Son with the Father appears in the formula of baptism given by Christ to his disciples. "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) In these words Christ puts himself in a line with the Father and the Holy Spirit, and thus declares himself to be of one nature with them. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are the one God to whose service his disciples are to be dedicated. His language implies a union with God such as can belong to no created being.

There are many other passages which, perhaps, at first view, less clearly teach the Divinity of the Son, but on a little examination prove it none the less surely. Take but one. In Matt. xi. 27, 28, Jesus announces himself as the only medium or channel of grace and truth, life and peace to the soul of man. "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Only he who is of one nature with the Father could thus reveal the Father to us, or give abiding rest and peace to the soul.

The text, John xiv. 28, "My Father is greater than I," is often quoted to show the inferiority of the Son. Doubtless there is a sense in which the Father is greater than the Son, but not such as in the least to diminish aught of the reverence, honor, love, and trust which are due to the Son as to the Father. Besides, in the passage referred to, Jesus is not speaking of his intrinsic nature as compared with that of the Father, but of the humiliation in which he then was, and of

the glory into which he was about to enter. He gives the reason why his return to the Father would be for his own exaltation and the joy of his disciples.

3. A third point is, The name *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes that he is God's vicegerent in the government of the universe. It was as the vicegerents of God that in the Old Testament rulers and kings are called sons of God, or even gods. (Exodus xxii. 28; Psalms lxxxii. 6.) Magistrates bear this title, because in the authority of God they administer their office. Now if earthly kings are called *gods* in the Scriptures, and the Scripture expression has a meaning which cannot be explained away, much more is this title due to him to whom is committed all rule, authority, and power, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. This idea of sovereignty was in the mind of Nathanael when he confessed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the *King of Israel*."

The doctrine, then, of Christ as the Son of God, teaches us to acknowledge him as Lord of all, — to bow the knee to him in devoted love, obedience, prayer, and praise. The Father is the original fountain, source of all. The Son is the only Mediator between the Father and all created existence. No man cometh unto the Father but by him. He it is with whom we have to do. He is upon the throne. Earthly empires pass away, but his throne remains for ever and ever. The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father.

E. R.

BE charitable before wealth make thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed.

OUR GROSS INJUSTICE TO THE GREAT BODY OF UNITARIAN BELIEVERS.

THE "Christian Register" remembers no instance of "gross injustice to the great body of Unitarian believers so striking as the one recently given in the article 'Emerson' in the January number of this Magazine," and calls attention "to a just and merited criticism" of the article in an "Instruction" delivered to his congregation by one of our most gifted preachers. In the course of this "Instruction," we are virtually charged with discrediting the claims of Unitarianism to be "any progress or improvement at all," and with a sad attempt to depreciate "the religion and the churches of Buckminster, and Channing, and Thacher, and Henry Ware, and Greenwood." The offensive passage in our little book notice was as follows: "The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide to men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost." We recur to the criticism of the newspaper and of the discourse, partly because we do not wish to stand charged with a conceited and flippant judgment of elders for whom we entertain the sincerest respect, and partly because the obnoxious paragraph hints at a view of Christian evidence which, as it seems to us, deserves to be pondered by every one who loves the Gospel more than any interpretation of it, by Unitarians or others, which may be uppermost for the time.

We shall yield to none in reverence for the younger Ware, and hearty appreciation of his eminently Christian preaching. His sermons in the Chapel of Harvard College are still sounding in our ears, and we regard his early infirmity and prema-

ture death as amongst the greatest misfortunes that have befallen the cause of Liberal Christianity. Dr. Ware was an eminently serious preacher, and believed in the Gospel as a word of salvation for sinners. God forbid that we should ever seem to speak lightly of our master in Israel! The name of Channing needs no adjective. Personally we knew nothing of him; but we had no thought of underrating or understating his success in the ministry of the Gospel. It is, we hope, needless to add, that we hold in honor the other eminent ministers of the Word whose names are cited. And yet it is true that these wise and good and devoted Christian teachers lived in a transition age, when thoughtful minds in the New England Church were reviewing the accepted creed-statements, and trying to bring them more into harmony with the consciousness of the Church Universal, and with their own larger, and, as they believed, truer interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such a review is always attended with serious difficulties, and it would be unreasonable to look for anything like immediate and great success. The danger would be that criticism would be exaggerated, that tares and wheat would be plucked up together, and that an intellectual curiosity would be mistaken for a genuine spiritual desire. In such circumstances, the gain which is realized by the first generation of inquirers will be counterbalanced by a corresponding loss in the second generation, and we must wait for the third, with its seeming reactions and reproductions of old formulas, before we can fairly make up the account, and ascertain just how much or how little progress has been made. In the first generation the old experiences and feelings will often be found in connection with the new thoughts, whilst denial has only gone far enough to give a certain freshness and vigor to the positive statements that make up the larger part of the preacher's utterance. In the second generation we must look for some wastes and sadness.

Now our critic seems to have forgotten that Mr. Emerson belonged to a later generation than Channing, Thacher,

Buckminster, and Ware, and that the extreme left of Unitarianism dates its life historically from his relinquishment of the pastoral charge of the Second Church in Boston. When we were leaving college and about to enter the Divinity School, the graduating divinity students of that year invited Mr. Emerson to deliver the Farewell Sermon,—an Address, as it proved, without text. Since that time a portion, larger or smaller, of most of the graduating classes, has been found to be more or less in sympathy with his views. Dr. Ware, we remember, took occasion, in the course of his Chapel preaching, to protest against the Address, and his discourse was printed; but the tendency which he deplored was not sensibly checked. Many of our readers are familiar with the Sermon by Professor Norton on the New Infidelity, and with the controversy which grew out of it, and all who have watched the development of religious opinion in New England are well aware that the more conservative portion of the Unitarian clergy rested their defence of the Gospel as a Divine Revelation, properly and peculiarly so called, upon the historical argument. The questions moved and handled were chiefly these and the like: Is the evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the Four Gospels satisfactory? Are the miracles of the New Testament to be regarded as sufficiently attested? And we believe that we do not go too far when we affirm that the value of the internal evidence was sadly underrated in many quarters by those who seemed to make little or nothing of the capacity of the human soul, we do not say to find out God, but to recognize him when revealed, saving by outward signs. Moreover, the reaction against the extremes of Calvinism had by this time seriously diminished the contents of the Gospel, and obscured the facts and doctrines which distinguish it from all other religions, whilst amongst orthodox and heterodox there had long been a prevailing tendency, aggravated by the extravagances of “revivalists,” to overlook the agency of the Divine Spirit by which the miracles of conversion are continually re-

peated in Christendom, and the conclusive evidence of the truth of the Gospel afforded to the individual soul. Of Buckminster and Channing we have no experience,—they were before our day; but of what was known somewhat vaguely and often incorrectly as “Transcendentalism,” we have experience. Our lines were appointed in the very midst of it. Eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, at Cambridge and in Boston, and all the way from the one to the other, we had our conversation with it. Our first parish had had it very badly. The Divinity School in our time was characterized by the somewhat famous distribution into “Sceptics, Mystics, and Dyspeptics.” They were sad days,—instructive, doubtless, but fearfully sad,—and the fact that any who passed through them still remained in the ministry may be taken for pretty good evidence that it was meant they should, and that they did not act “out of their own minds.”

Now it is not easy for one who has had no experience of this sort to understand either Mr. Emerson, or those who are charged with reactionary tendencies and “outrageously” severe criticism of the Liberal Church. They who have outlived the negations of the last score of years, and still keep their places amongst the preachers of the Gospel, will testify not merely that they have found the outward evidence for Christianity abundant far beyond the assertions of the “Sceptics,” but, what is far more to the purpose, that the contents of the Gospel are rich to a degree of which at first they had not dreamed, that it is a light which is recognized by its own brightness and beauty, and that to one who has realized his spiritual and moral necessities, and humbled himself as a little child, it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance. We have long been satisfied that the restoration of belief is possible only upon two conditions;—the *one* that we shall have something offered to us to believe,—a religion which contains, not contradictions, indeed, but mysteries; the *other*, that we will bear in mind that truth is to be

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learned through inward experience, and in the way of the commandments. Christ offers us the light of *life*. Men will believe in the Christ who wrought wonders eighteen hundred years ago in Palestine only so far as they believe in the Christ within them, yesterday, to-day, forever, in their cities, villages, and homes. The Wares and Channings received their faith before the word Transcendentalism was whispered on this side of the water. How were their successors to gain and keep a like persuasion? Not, we answer, by the method indicated by Mr. Andrews Norton, scholar and Christian though he was. He did not reach his faith in the way which he indicates. He had it, and then cast about for reasons to be urged in support of it. The evidences which he presents are abundant, and not to be spoken against; but they do not fasten upon the mind an unalterable and working conviction, and there is a scepticism which they will not reach. There is another way. Our Divinity School will be a glad and holy place when it is distinctly recognized. Our churches will live and grow as never before when it is clearly perceived. Those who are found in it will be neither Tritheists nor Calvinists, and yet will have an answer for all who would confound them with sceptics and naturalists, and all who preach self-development in opposition to Divine influx, and present Christianity as if it were an ascending of man to God, instead of a coming of God to man by his only-begotten Son. We can indicate this way in no words so good as these by Jonathan Edwards, who knew what he affirmed: "The Gospel was not given only for learned men. There are at least nineteen in twenty, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, of those for whom the Scriptures were written, that are not capable of any certain or effectual conviction of their Divine authority by such arguments as learned men make use of." "We cannot rationally doubt but that things that are divine have a godlike, high, and glorious excellency in them, that does so distinguish them from the things that are of men, that the difference is ineffable, and therefore such

as, if seen, will have a most convincing, satisfying influence upon one, that they are what they are, namely, divine." And we must add this from the Larger Catechism of the Westminster Assembly: "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the Word of God by their majesty and purity; by the consent of all the parts, and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God; by their light and power to convince and convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation. *But the Spirit of God, bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man, is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God.*" When these sentences have been faithfully pondered, we shall be in a condition to get the *truth* out of Parkerism and Emersonianism, and cast the rest away.

E.

"Fear not; for they that are with us are more than they that are with them." — 2 Kings vi. 16.

THE wicked and the base do compass round
 The pure and humble in their righteous way,
 And with fierce onset, and the trumpet's sound,
 They seek the servants of the Lord to slay;
 They trust in wealth, or in the cruel sword, —
 Vain idols, that cannot defend or save!
 They fear no threatenings of God's holy Word,
 But, trusting in themselves alone, are brave.
 But though no human help the righteous know,
 They fear not in the last, the trying hour:
 God through his gracious love to them doth show
 The unseen hosts and ensigns of his power,
 Which compass them about on every side,
 In whose protection they may safe confide.

J. V.

THE GOOD GROUND.

A SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM SJSBEE.

MARK iv. 8 :— "And other fall on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred."

THE Parable of the Sower, in this, its fourth and last division, happily leads us to an encouraging view of the reception of truth among men. There is somewhere a "good ground," where the seed not only takes root, but continues to grow, and at last becomes, to a greater or less extent, productive. There are human souls who delight in the truth, who welcome every divine influence, and profit by it; whose lives are made rich and fruitful by faithful study of God's Word. The Gospel is not a failure, however often men may fail to appreciate it. Here and there, in every age, there have been the "few noble," on whom the labors of prophets, apostles, and martyrs have not been lost. And just as the proportion of cultivated land is continually becoming greater in comparison with the whole extent of the earth's surface, so we may believe that more and more of the soil of *human hearts* is reclaimed from the wilderness and the waste, and brought under the genial and renewing power of religion. In the very fact, then, that our Lord speaks of the good ground, as well as the rocky and the thorny, I find a warrant for believing that every man is by nature accessible to the power of truth and goodness. We are to treat no man, however desperate seems his condition, as beyond all reach of better influences. "The harvest is plenteous." It is possible we may reap an hundred-fold. It is certain that no faithful labor is wholly lost.

We are at once the sowers and the soil. We are to scatter the Divine Truth, and we are to receive it in our own hearts. Let us consider the meaning and application of these two things in reference to the fruitfulness of the Word.

I. We are the soil on which the Divine Sower sows his

seed, either directly or through the agency of human means. Now, just as soils, in the material sense, may be made indefinitely fruitful by cultivation, yet not all to the same extent nor in the same kind, so is it in the spiritual sense. The variety surely is as much a part of God's purpose in the one case as in the other. "If God so clothe the grass of the field," if he gives to every flower its own form and fragrance, its own color and use, "shall he not much more clothe you?" Shall he not give every one of us the opportunity to produce some good fruit, each after our kind? Shall not *we* be clothed with the living verdure of the garden of God? We cannot for a moment doubt that such is his will, who has created all material things with a spiritual meaning and purpose. The illustrations of our subject from this source are peculiarly rich and various, and authorized by the fullest instances from Scripture language. And there are two prominent, but very different, feelings suggested by this correspondence between man's mind and the soil. I mean the feeling of shame and the feeling of hope. What is a neglected field or garden to a neglected soul? If the sight of this outward waste and sterility makes us sad, how should we feel in thinking of the wasted or unused powers of our spiritual being? How much lies dormant which ought to have been awakened into life long ago! How many pernicious and useless growths have been encouraged, which ought to have given place to the pure seed of the Word! For we have no right to say, either that the soul could not be made good, or that there was no good seed sown there. There is no original incapacity in any man to prevent his becoming one of the highest angels.

This must be clear, I think, to any one who does not believe in a predestination to evil, and who does believe that God is Love. Whatever may be the sense in which it can be affirmed that human nature is "depraved," it cannot be in a sense which would exclude the possibility of regeneration and improvement, — yea, an improvement which shall know no

limits in time or in eternity. Forever and forever without end, it must be possible for man to grow in wisdom and goodness, — and I mean by possible, that there is no hinderance but what arises from his own perverse will. If a man will be an angel, he can; — and this, though he has no power whatever in himself, no independent virtue or strength, but only such as he receives from above. For He from whom we receive never withholds a single gift or advantage from any who are in a state to profit by it. All the riches of Infinite Wisdom and Love — think of the amazing bounty! — are open to those who are filled with this divine hunger and thirst. Wonderful is the wealth of life in this outward Nature! — how it streams in at every pore! — with what various beauty it “renews the face of the earth”! — how it fills the remotest corner of space with some kind of animated being, so that even among Arctic snows there is found, actually thriving in the very midst of an icy temperature, a minute specimen of animal life, with its attendant vegetable food. And as we study these annual miracles of the creation, if we do it with any kind of religious interest or faith, we receive the impression of one ever-living Spirit, the life of all things, whose very nature it is to diffuse, and as it were to multiply himself. But had we eyes to see with our spiritual senses as clearly as with our natural, how vastly more full would be the displays of life in the realm of souls! Created as we are in the likeness of Him who is spirit, how much nearer must we be to Him in respect to our spiritual substance than any of the forms of material life! How much more may we be filled with God, how much more may we be “partakers of the Divine nature,” than those beings which are formed from the substance of the earth, and “return to the earth” as they were!

Now think what we were *made for*, and then consider what *we are*; and is not the contrast such as to inspire the most painful sense of shame and sorrow? I know that most men have very little faith in the greatness of their destiny. They

do not believe that they are sons of God, and called to share with him the glorious work of building up a heavenly kingdom in the world; and hence, on the one hand, they are insensible to the compunction which they ought to feel for having failed of their destiny, and on the other hand they are unvisited by those animating hopes which should possess the soul of one who is worthy the name of man. They believe that they were born to be drudges or idlers, masters or slaves, victims of want or favorites of fortune, rulers in the world of intellect or feeble dependants on the light which others may impart to them. In short, they seem to think that they are the creatures of circumstances, and not responsible for being governed by them alone. O sad mistake and blindness! not to know that, through all this diversity of gifts and outward condition, every man that treads the earth is designed to fulfil one and the same end, namely, that he may become an inhabitant of heaven, — a heaven which he shall help to create around him even here. And this very blindness, — this want of faith, — does it not come mainly as the result of a long course of worldly and hopeless *living*?

It cannot, my friends, be too much insisted upon, that faith and life have a reflex action upon each other. What we believe, certainly has some influence upon our actions; but then, also, quite as much our actions affect our belief. Try to believe what you never attempt to live up to, and you will find that you cannot do it. It is nothing more than half-belief, or a "make believe." Try to believe in God as the One Infinite Intelligence, — the one loving Father, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground; yet if you live as though we were all creatures of chance or fate, the sport of malice as much as of love, then that abstract faith, that pretended acknowledgment of a Providence, will amount to nothing. But on the other hand, if we admit the simplest truth of religion into good ground, — "an honest and good heart," — if we say, Here is something which *concerns me*, something which can make my daily life better, something which I must apply to myself rather than to my neighbor, —

then we shall find a practical and operative faith growing up in us, which will be manifested in works of charity and usefulness; and these, again, will confirm and develop the faith; and so on without end. Now observe that I said, we cannot at heart believe what we do not *attempt* to live up to. An honest and good heart will attempt again and again, in spite of renewed failures, — will never be weary of preparing the ground and enriching it, that it may become continually more productive. It is no such deep disgrace to have failed, provided we do not let our failures prevent us from trying again. No man is to be ashamed that he is not already an angel, but every man ought to be ashamed if he is not in the way of becoming one. Begin aright here; let the germs of the Divine life be started and fairly rooted in the mind, and we shall have all eternity to grow up to the measure of the angelic standard. I believe it to be a sound and necessary deduction from the doctrine of providence, that the term of every human life has strict reference to the improvement which will be made of it; the more or less faithful use of its opportunities. He “who seeth the end from the beginning” has doubtless provided that every man shall live in this world just as long as his life can be either of some use to others, or else can serve the purpose of developing his own spiritual growth. When neither of these ends can any more be answered, or when they can be better promoted in another state of existence, then the life here is closed.

II. But we are not only the soil, we are the *sowers* too. There is not a day of our lives, perhaps, that we are not sowing something, for good or for evil. There cannot be a greater mistake, than to suppose that they only are sowers who devote themselves to the direct work of spiritual instruction. We are all of us called to scatter the words of truth and love, to dispense to others of that Divine bounty which we have so freely received. Let us do it, then, with faith, with hope, with gratitude, — without envy, without murmuring at our limited or unpromising field. With faith, — i. e.

especially, faith in human nature. Far from us be any thought of disparaging that which our Lord has taught us contains good ground. We must be willing to believe that every man has some approachable entrance, that there is a way of treating him and presenting the truth to him, so that it shall make some impression ; and we should never give up till we find that way. Moreover, we must believe that, even if the soil is not now good, it may be made so by diligent cultivation. The most barren portions of the earth are those most remote from the great centres of population ; and as human society throngs there, they will become more and more fertile. Is it not the same with human hearts ? If one grows hard and cold in isolation, if no friendly face meets him, if no warmth of human love shines upon him, how can there be any genial preparation for the blessed truths which strengthen and renew the soul ? Kindly intercourse between man and man is one of the providential means for promoting intercourse between man and God.

O my friends, we little guess how much we are doing to hasten the triumph of the Gospel, whenever our lives give proof to another of the power of that Gospel over ourselves. Especially when it can be seen to have given us a true fellow-feeling for him, and we have been able to reach some deeper emotion in his heart, where all before had been dry, barren, and closed up. As in the sandy deserts of Africa they have been boring for Artesian wells, and the water has gushed up from vast depths where it had been waiting thousands of years for an outlet, to the unbounded joy of the natives of those barren wastes, — (and soon we may hope that threads of living green, following the track of these waters, will lead men to habitable spots amid the desert,) — so it is with many a heart which none has ever understood or touched, because none has ever *gone deep enough* to bring up the tides of feeling. I must confess to have been shocked more than once for having hastily misjudged another in this very way, — for having made up my mind that he was unfeeling, or proud, or indifferent to all spiritual impressions, — when the simple

fact was, that I had not understood at first how to reach him. The more I see of men, the more I am ready to believe that all are capable of being moved and touched by some message of Divine truth, — provided it be in all cases adapted to the individual peculiarities, and we do not insist upon one narrow standard to judge all alike. And I hold, that where there is one human being, in our daily walks, with whom we have not yet succeeded in establishing friendly relations, he ought to be to us for that very reason an object of peculiar interest; and we should feel that something yet remains to be done, until through our exertions he has been brought nearer to us, and been made to understand and appreciate our kindly feelings towards him. So may we be doing something to win souls to the Lord. With such a faith, growing by experience, shall we not also sow in *hope*? — a hope that shall make the countenance beam with joy, — a hope not passive and sluggish, like too many a feeling which assumes this name, but inspiring to continued and unwearied effort in behalf of those whom we dare hope for. The simple expression of hope, in hopeful language, is a wonder-worker. “I hope you will get well,” is sometimes the best medicine the physician can give. “I hope you will do better in future,” may arouse some dull pupil, when all direct teaching seems to have accomplished little. If God has given us the privilege of doing one single act of mercy or kindness, — of speaking one seasonable and effectual word, — how shall we not hope on through all the future, come what may of discouragement? For it is a mingled work, — partly ours and partly God’s. He “giveth the increase.” We may enrich the soil, we may plant and water, but we cannot make a single seed grow. He does that. And if every summer the farmer shows, consciously or unconsciously, his faith that God will do his part towards making the earth bring forth and bud, can we, in planting for eternity, do less than believe in the Divine promise of our Lord, that his word shall not return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto he hath sent it?”

DIALOGUE ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE,

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND A YOUNG CANDIDATE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.)

Candidate.— Will you be so good as to answer me four important questions, as briefly and thoroughly as possible ?

Pastor.— Briefly and thoroughly four important questions ? Most willingly, if I can. What do they relate to ?

Candidate.— You certainly can, for they relate to the eloquence of the pulpit. I have them here, upon a card. They are as follows : Must I preach to the understanding or to the heart ; in an elevated or simple strain ? Must I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality ? Must I speak extempore, or must I write everything out and commit it to memory ?

Pastor.— The proverb is indeed right, when it says that a young man can ask more questions in a moment, than an older one can answer in several hours.

Candidate.— *A young man ?* I thought the proverb said, *a fool*.

Pastor.— Yes, I believe it is so ; excuse me. Your first question ?

Candidate.— Must I preach to the understanding, or to the heart ?

Pastor.— That you can do just as you wish.

Candidate.— As I wish ?

Pastor.— Yes, for the understanding, you know, has its rights, and the heart has its rights also. I like a-sermon that convinces me ; I like one too which touches me. Both kinds of preaching are good, or may at least be so. Now for your next question.

Candidate.— Well, I call this despatch. The answers are short, but — The second question is, Shall I preach in an elevated or simple strain ?

Pastor. — To answer this, we must first know what we mean by simple, and what by elevated or sublime.

Candidate. — Do you know ?

Pastor. — On a little reflection, it seems to me that the sublime always lies in some idea which transcends the boundaries of the understanding ; which therefore cannot be comprehended, but only partially perceived, by the highest faculties of the soul.

Candidate. — Not bad, forsooth, not bad ! Only not expressed quite pithily enough. I should say, for example, — for I have occupied myself a good deal with æsthetics, — the sublime is that which borders upon nonsense without being nonsense.

Pastor. — This definition you have taken —

Candidate. — From the sublimest passages of the poets and orators of all nations, even of the Germans.

Pastor. — It is itself sublime.

Candidate. — You mean to say that it borders on nonsense.

Pastor. — In fact —

Candidate. — But without being nonsense. It is therefore perfectly justified.

Pastor. — And what is it, then, to be simple ?

Candidate. — It is to be as far as possible removed from nonsense, and therefore often utterly insipid. How, then, am I to preach, I ask, simply or sublimely ?

Pastor. — As to that, you may follow your own inclination entirely ; only being careful to avoid both nonsense and insipidity. Your next question !

Candidate. — So soon again ! The third question is, Shall I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality ?

Pastor. — What made you think of this question ?

Candidate. — I have observed that it makes a great difference among orators, whether they belong to a school or are purely natural and original. You find the culture of the

former depending on certain well or ill chosen models ; they adopt certain rules of oratory, as they have them from tradition. You find among the latter a more and more strongly marked personality ; sometimes agreeable, sometimes strange, but always interesting. I do not remember to have found any of these last among the Greeks or the French, but they are frequently to be met among the Germans.

Pastor. — Young man, it cannot be denied that you have very fair intellectual ability.

Candidate. — I suppose no one doubts of that —

Pastor. — Less than yourself. You inquire, then, whether you should conform yourself to some ideal, to some model, or whether you should follow no other rule than your own personality. My answer is —

Candidate. — Be quick ! I am all impatience to hear.

Pastor. — Do just what you cannot help doing.

Candidate. — What I cannot help doing ? What do you mean by that ?

Pastor. — If the ideal is stronger in you, let it have its way. If personality is stronger, then let *that* prevail.

Candidate. — Have you nothing more to tell me ?

Pastor. — Nothing at all. The fourth question ?

Candidate. — Shall I speak extempore, or compose and commit to memory ?

Pastor. — What a glorious thing is a free and unpremeditated utterance ! How fresh and living is everything that comes out !

Candidate. — So, then, I should ? —

Pastor. — And yet it is also most advisable to elaborate everything thoroughly and commit to memory.

Candidate. — Should I not, then ? Pray tell me what I *am* to do.

Pastor. — As God wills.

Candidate. — But what does God will ?

Pastor. — He will show you, both in your own character and in outward circumstances.

Candidate. — Listen to me, Sir.

Pastor. — I am listening.

Candidate. — I am beside myself.

Pastor. — Then go *within* yourself.

Candidate. — But you have been trying to mystify me.

Pastor. — I was not conscious of it.

Candidate. — Why do you then always answer both yes and no at the same time to my questions?

Pastor. — Because both replies must be given to them.

Candidate. — I might have known that I should not find with you what I was looking for.

Pastor. — What is it then, precisely, that you are looking for?

Candidate. — The information how to become a distinguished orator. I have sought it among the living and the dead; among Greeks, Romans, English, French, and Germans. You will hardly believe it, but I have been through some fifty treatises, large and small, relating to this subject. Have you not written an essay upon it too?

Pastor. — Yes, it is called "Eloquence a Virtue."

Candidate. — What a curious title!

Pastor. — Not more curious than the contents. Are you acquainted with this Essay?

Candidate. — No; it has escaped my notice. All these writings, I say, I have read and studied. I have done more, I have formed my own theory of eloquence. Nay, further, I have written reviews upon this theory.

Pastor. — Reviews! You alarm me! What is it you have reviewed?

Candidate. — Sermons, and in celebrated journals too.

Pastor. — Surely you are joking!

Candidate. — Nay, I am in bitter earnest. I have reviewed your own sermons.

Pastor. — You say it to frighten me.

Candidate. — It is as true as I live! I have reviewed your sermons, and — pretty sharply too!

Pastor. — Pray, have pity upon me!

Candidate. — Aha! you believe me now. Did you read my criticism?

Pastor. — I never read the journals.

Candidate. — Never read the journals! Why, man, how do you expect to keep up with the times?

Pastor. — Who told you that I wished to keep up with the times?

Candidate. — Don't be disturbed; I thought that was a matter of course. But if it offends you, I will take it all back.

Pastor. — I suppose you must yourself have preached often.

Candidate. — Yes, indeed; that is what I was coming to. But my experience in this way has been very unfortunate.

Pastor. — How so?

Candidate. — Those whose official duty it was to criticise my sermons thought they discovered many faults in them, which I am sure were not there. That, however, I do not mind so much. What hurts me more is, that I can see too plainly I am the aversion of my hearers. As soon as they discover my face in the pulpit, most of them get up and slink out of church, — thanks to our miserable police system! — and I often pronounce the Amen before the sexton alone.

Pastor. — Hearken, my friend, and take notice. He who preaches Christ before empty pews with humility and joy, stands upon a high place in God's kingdom; while he who draws thousands around him, and feels (as is very apt to be the case) some human elation in consequence, is in the sight of God far lower than the other.

Candidate. — Does not that sound a little like mysticism?

Pastor. — I dare say it does.

Candidate. — It gives me no satisfaction, no comfort. Then I began to doubt whether I had taken exactly the right course.

Pastor. — Well done! I have hopes of you yet.

Candidate. — So I resolved to apply to you. It is true,

you are only a plain sort of man, not up to the times, as you yourself confess. But you have had an experience of more than twenty years, and I hoped therefore you would be able to give me some good advice. You have not chosen to do so. I doubt not your intentions were good. Farewell!

Pastor.—Pray stop a moment. You have been putting questions, and it does not seem to have succeeded. Now let me be the questioner, and perhaps we shall have better luck. Will you answer me?

Candidate.—I will see about it.

Pastor.—There are three questions I wish to propose to you. Before Heaven, my dear young friend, and in the sincerity of your heart, what do you take yourself to be?

Candidate.—A young man who, by fortunate position, persevering industry, and exemplary conduct, is justified in cherishing more than usual hopes.

Pastor.—Indeed? But do you not know that you are a sinner?

Candidate.—Tell me who has been speaking such shameful lies of me. I will teach him to know better!

Pastor.—Such shameful lies! Good heavens! Both conscience and Scripture declare this to every man.

Candidate.—Not to me, nor to any one who has been properly brought up.

Pastor.—Ah, yes! if he has been brought up in the school of the Holy Spirit. So then your heart is not broken with sorrow for sin?

Candidate.—No, it is perfectly sound and whole.

Pastor.—I am grieved to hear it; for as long as it remains in this condition, you will not preach with edification. My second question is, Do you read the Bible?

Candidate.—Of course I do. The criticism and exegesis of the Old and New Testaments are my favorite studies.

Pastor.—A grand and excellent study! God bless it to you in this respect also, that it may not hinder you from reading the Bible sometimes like a plain and unlettered Christian.

Candidate. — And how does he read it ?

Pastor. — As a pious son reads a letter he has received from his absent and beloved father. At every word he reflects, This is said to *me*, this is meant for *me* to take to heart. The words shine upon him with a lustre like that of pearls and precious stones. Every day more and more of these precious words are taken into his heart, and thus into his memory also. They become by degrees a living part of him, and sustain manifold relations to his interior character. Each one of them, inasmuch as it refers to no single class of objects, but reaches out to circle beyond circle, has an infinite meaning which experience and reflection gradually develop. And thus the mind, which was poor in itself, is filled with the riches of Divine wisdom and truth ; and when called to the office of preaching, can impart these riches to the satisfaction of every Christian hearer. Have you so read the Bible ?

Candidate. — Not I ! and the principles of sound grammatico-historical interpretation would not allow me to do so.

Pastor. — That is the question ! But if you do not read the Bible in this way, your sermons will never be edifying. Now for my third and last question : Do you ever pray ?

Candidate. — Yes ; to myself.

Pastor. — How ! You pray to yourself ?

Candidate. — To pray is to summon one's intellectual and moral faculties to the exercise of pure thought and virtuous action. When I do this, I apply to myself alone ; and there is developed from me a higher power, which I then recognize as a commandment.

Pastor. — Poor young man ! So then, to speak to your Heavenly Father, to your Saviour, with all the simplicity and fervor with which a child might speak to its father, or a friend to his friend ; to lament before the gracious and almighty Helper all your need, temporal and spiritual, small and great, and then to supplicate him with earnest entreaty for deliverance, — all this is unknown to you ? Believe me, as

long as you do not pray, you will not preach with edification. I have done ; and I have communicated to you the best thing I know on the subject of pulpit eloquence.

Candidate. — What, then, is the point of all this ? For thus far, I confess, I have not understood it.

Pastor. — The point is, that pulpit eloquence is nothing else but the outpouring of inner spiritual life, which must be born of the Spirit of God, and daily fed by penitence, prayer, and the reading of the Divine Word. Where this inner life is not present, there the eloquence of the pulpit can be nothing else than jugglery, — nothing but an attempt to make the audience, who are sitting in darkness and shivering with cold, believe that they are warmed and enlightened. Such a deception, though it may succeed for a time, will never last long ; for every one's consciousness will tell him at last whether he sees or does not see, whether he is warm or freezing. On the other hand, as light and warmth streams out from the flame by its natural and necessary operation, so will spiritual life, where it really exists, flow out of itself in one's discourse ; and its real glory is manifested in this, that it communicates itself under the most diverse forms, and that no one of these forms can give or take from it anything essential. If it is applied to the understanding, to confirm one's spiritual insight, still it will not lack warmth ; if it is applied to the heart, to awaken the religious feelings, they will not therefore be deficient in clearness. Let the mind soar on its loftiest flight ; it will not thereby make the Gospel appear more sublime than it is in itself ; and it will remain sublime, though clothed in the simplest and least adorned dress. If one is born with aspirations for ideal excellence, he will find that the highest art, when employed in the service of the Gospel and subordinate to it, will never do violence to its sanctity and worth ; and not less will this same Gospel be able to unfold itself through some rude and uncultivated person, as soon as he has become sanctified by faith. The previous preparation, too, may be long or short, it may im-

press upon the memory what has been written down, or it may be careful of the thoughts alone, and let the words go. It makes no great difference how this may be, but only whether one who would be a preacher of the Divine Word devotes to this holy office all the time he can spare, and all his best energies. He who hath much will turn out no better than he who hath little, provided the latter is just as faithful in his purposes and aims. It is true, that, with equal power and vitality of Christian character, one may collect more, and another fewer hearers around him; one may be more, and another less, renowned. But it would be foolish, should one attempt to form any general conclusion from either case, as to the influence with which each was blessed. Therefore no one is a favored speaker because he discourses before a large audience; he is so only by the faith with which he speaks, though it were only before two or three. For where faith exists, there is also a blessing, and in this assurance every one should rest satisfied.

Candidate.—It does not satisfy me, though. Were I standing on the declivity of life, and had I already attained to the little that was granted me, then I might take comfort in such thoughts. But I am standing on the threshold of a career which opens before me to a boundless extent, and no contemptible humility shall obscure my lofty aim, or keep back my efforts to attain to it.

Pastor.—You speak out boldly what many, and certainly not the worst, young men now feel, each in reference to his peculiar vocation. They are the suggestions of that ambition which is employed from childhood as the spur to all exertions, and which thus becomes so fearfully developed. But I am struck with horror when I reflect *who* was the first to feel so.

Candidate.—What orator do you mean?

Pastor.—Orator? Yes, he may be that too! *When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own.*

Candidate.—So you mean the —

Pastor. — One whom I do not like to name.

Candidate. — There is no such being!

Pastor. — The ambitious least of all should assert this! They should recognize their field-marshal and commander-in-chief, — him whose watchword is, “Fall down and worship me.” The Lord grant that none of those who proclaim his Divine Word may have a secret understanding with his enemy!

Candidate. — You are giving way to a most unrighteous anger. Before we part, let us for once calmly consider the case. I will put myself as much as possible on your standpoint. I am to edify, am I not? How can I edify without pleasing? How can I please without being applauded?

Pastor. — This again I must deny, and I assert that it is altogether unnecessary to please one’s hearers, — nay, that it may sometimes be well to displease and offend them in the bluntest manner.

Candidate. — But surely one preaches for men.

Pastor. — That is just what I deny.

Candidate. — Not for men?

Pastor. — One preaches for God, and the best sermon is that which pleases God best.

JESUS CHRIST, without worldly possessions or scientific eminence, has his own peculiar sanctity. He promulgated no important discoveries; he aimed at no supremacy; but he was humble, patient, holy, — nay, the holiest of the holy; the conqueror of Satan; altogether without sin. To the internal eye of the heart, to the discernment of true wisdom, how illustrious was the pomp of his appearance, and how unspeakable his greatness. — *Pascal.*

PRINCELY as was Archimedes, it would have been useless in him to affect the Prince in his geometrical treatises. — *Ibid.*

RANDOM READINGS.

THE ARTICLE, "CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD."

NOTE BY ONE OF THE EDITORS.

It is well understood that the editors do not hold themselves responsible save for the general Christian spirit and aim of any paper which may appear in this Magazine over any initials but their own. But I feel it due to myself to record my emphatic dissent from the interpretation which our esteemed contributor gives to John v. 17, 18, and x. 28-39. They seem to me to teach, as clearly as words are capable of teaching, the subordination and inferiority of the Son in his Divine nature to the Father. Instead of allowing the idea of equality *inferred by the Jews*, Jesus says: "The Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will show him greater works than these." "The Son can do nothing of himself." "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am *the Son of God?*" not *God the Son*, be it observed, — that is a human phrase; but if the Son is equal to the Father, God the Son is a proper phrase. God images himself from all eternity in the Son of his love, through the Holy Spirit, but there is only one God, and there is one Son of God.

Moreover, it seems to me that those who apply what Jesus says, John xiv. 28, to his state of humiliation, wholly misunderstand the Lord. If this was what he had in mind, he would have said, "I am about to resume my estate of heavenly glory, my equality with God;" but what he does say is this: "I am soon to return to Him upon whom it is so sweet to depend, whose greatness is my joy and glory." For any one, speaking of himself as man, to say, "My Father is greater than I," would be to utter a mere thing of course. Why tell us what we all knew before? Who can deny that God is greater than *man*? Of the Son of God in his *Divine Sonship* such a word is profoundly significant, and must be fatal to any form of *Bitheism*.

E.

CREAM FROM THE BOSTON REVIEW, OR CALVINISM PURE
AND UNCOMPOUNDED.

THE following morsels are taken from the March number of the Review. The Italics and the headings are ours.

MORALITY.

"Members of the Church, real Christians, yea, Christian ministers, may fall into and warmly advocate gross errors, *as they may practise enormous iniquities*, and yet be, like Peter and David, real Christians."

ARMINIANISM.

"It is natural to man to indulge in illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to that siren till she transforms us into Arminians. And Arminianism is the natural state of the apostate race."

WHAT SIN IS.

"Many of the old terms so much employed by the great men of former times, such as imputation and substitution, are greatly qualified, set aside, or ridiculed. And if the professor emphasizes the expression, '*Sin consists in sinning*,' it is not wonderful if the young preachers sometimes go forth apparently with the high ambition of convincing the churches that they have been befooled by the old-fashioned preaching, *and that they are not guilty of Adam's sin!* We have known three of them in speedy succession before the same congregation to make this the burden of their cheery and disenthraling song."

STATE OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES.

"Disguise it as we may, it is a fearful sign of the evidence of new and perverting theology that multitudes in the churches are profoundly ignorant of the teachings of the Scriptures concerning the divine way of justifying lost sinners. Though there are no themes so interesting to vigorous and healthy minds, we ask what proportion of the congregations, or even of the churches, can give you any clear definition of what is meant by Regeneration, Justification, Adoption, Sanctification? How many can enumerate the Divine attributes, and not be stricken dumb when told that they believe three persons to be one person, and one God to be three Gods."

WHAT DELIGHTED JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"From my childhood up," he says, "my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; *leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell.* It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well when I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men according to his sovereign pleasure. . . . I have often since had not only a conviction but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has often appeared *exceeding bright, sweet, and pleasant.*"

UNCONDITIONAL ELECTION.

"Though Taylorism as a system may now be said to have been repudiated, yet it has left its poisonous influences in the minds of a multitude of pastors, tinging all their preaching with the un-Edvardian and preposterous opinion that, after all, *God foresees conditions in certain individuals, or at least conditions ab extra to his own mind on account of which he elects them*; and also that a heart alienated by nature, as a leopard's skin is spotted by nature, can be changed, new-created, by merely suasive power."

GOING TO HEAVEN IN THE CARS.

"The very mention of the themes of the Shorter Catechism in the presence of young, excitable America, creates laughter and ridicule. Imagine the Apostle Paul to arise and go into our bookstores, our counting-rooms, our shops, and seriously introduce the doctrines which the early Christians so loved; and how quick the lip of the fast Christian of our day curls with sport or with scorn, while the author of the Epistle to the Romans turns pale, and trembles with amazement to hear, 'Why, you do not really puzzle your head with, or read on these subjects, do you? Why, these old doctrines are dead and buried long ago. Nobody studies the Catechism now. Does your minister preach on such subjects? He must be two hundred years behind the times. There is but here and there an old foggy who cares a fig for that kind of Christian literature. It is extremely unpopular even in Puritan New England. Why, Sir, you are not awake to the times in which we live. Mind is active; ministers must be wide awake, or they 'll be left behind. Everything goes by steam now. We do not go to heaven in the lonely, slow, and

toilsome way of former ages. They have a railroad, Sir, and go in cheerful crowds by steam, and have a good social time of it too. That old Slough of Despond has been entirely filled up by the liberality and public spirit of this wonderful age. The wicket-gate was a very narrow and bigoted entrance, Sir, and it has been greatly widened and beautified. Bunyan's old friend Evangelist, who used to give each Christian a roll to carry and to examine with so much care, is now ticket-master, who gives to each passenger a neat card, which he has only to hand to the Conductor, Mr. Smooth-it-away. Instead of having to carry our bundles on our back, according to the ridiculous old fashion, we deposit them safely in the baggage-car, and receive checks as security that they shall be restored to us at the end of the journey. Yea, we have even persuaded Old Apollyon, who used to give such annoyance to pilgrims, to be our Engineer, and a capital one he makes, too. The famous Hill Difficulty, Sir, is tunneled right through; and when we pass, as we do now and then, one or two of the obstinate, old-fashioned, grim pilgrims, who still persist in going the old way, our wide-awake engineer puffs steam in their faces, to the great amusement of the happy passengers."

RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

AND what have you to do with him? the reader will ask. We answer, Much, every way. After his manner, he is an able and eloquent preacher, and his sermons are more to the purpose than many other discourses which have been preached in our Music Hall from the same stage, minus the straw and the tan, by men who had not learned to rule their own spirits, not to speak of horses. We answer, Much, every way; for have we not seen him twice, and did we not think that we were in the way of our duty, all the while, as humble members of the School Board, and teachers of religious truth? Rarey is a representative man in many respects. He teaches the need at once of control and of gentleness,—the duty of a superior nature to understand an inferior one, to be patient with its infirmities, and to get a legitimate command by learning its law. He has made the horse a study, and the result of a better acquaintance with a sadly abused animal is very gratifying to one who would find good in everything, though, indeed, we are bound to admit that, as the character

of the horse rises, the character of the horse's master and breaker for good sense and good temper sensibly declines. The horse gets his vices from us. Our cruelty and impatience, to say nothing of our stupidity, have, in a multitude of instances, spoiled the good temper of an affectionate, loyal animal, and made him the brute we call him. How our sins find us out! The horse that lays back his ears and snaps at you as you pass along in the street, reminds you of them. Beware of dogs, wrote the Apostle, meaning by dogs *men*, cynical, barking men. Did the dogs spoil the men, or the men the dogs? Mr. Rarey's triumph seemed to us very wonderful, complete, and significant, a most moral spectacle for boys inclined to be cruel and domineering, for teachers and parents who provoke their pupils and children to wrath. *Similia similibus* may do for the body; but it will not answer for the mind and heart. A soft reply to the angry, a persuasive in answer to a threat, the strength that can wait as an offset to the strength of persistency and haste, these are what we need for the training of the mind and heart and will. We commend to the Humane Society the project of a series of free exhibitions by Rarey for the benefit of grooms and horsemen and whips of every grade, yes, of all masters and mistresses of schools, not to add parents, who might learn wisdom sometimes by putting themselves in the places of children that live seemingly only to be snubbed and badgered.

E.

A CHILD'S INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

CHILDREN are wonderfully literal in their Scripture readings, but sometimes they hit the mark more truly than a whole cloud of commentators. We find the following incident related in a Western exchange, which illustrates a child's idea of the importance of an early consecration to Christ. The little fellow, the youngest of three children, wanted to be baptized. The father, thinking it a child's notion, discouraged him.

"You are too young, my child. You should not make a profession of religion now. You might fall back from it."

"Why, father, Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am very little, you see, and it will be easier for Jesus to carry me now than when I get to be bigger."

The father was touched by this beautiful logic, and probably saw

too the great spiritual truth wrapped up in the child's literal interpretation, and led him up to be baptized. And the whole family, father, mother, and the three children, were all gathered into the fold of Christ,—an undivided family within the larger family of Christian discipleship. How beautiful this, and what an aid to home education and the whole work of domestic religion, and how different when families divide off, the husband to one church, the wife to another, the children anywhere or nowhere. No wonder the Church, in our distracting sectarianism, loses its power, since it fails to bring the family whole and unbroken to its altar, and gather within it the family sympathies and affections.

8.

A SPECTACLE ON CONCORD RIVER.

CONCORD River is famous, and is becoming more so. Eighty-six years ago occurred on its banks what was really the opening battle of the Revolution. It was fought from opposite sides of the stream at Concord bridge, and the first Tory blood dyed the margin of the river.

Concord River is a sluggish stream, flowing lazily through nearly the whole length of Middlesex County into the Merrimack, flanked on either side by long windings of fertile meadow. Some years ago, and within the memory of living men, it was a delight to the eye to cross the river, or to roam along its banks and look over the meadows which stretched up and down like an immense prairie. Gain a small height on either side, and you might see this Middlesex prairie stretching twenty miles away, the breeze making billows in the tall grass, as they rolled far along the margin of the stream. The valley of the Concord River was among the fairest and most productive regions of good old Massachusetts, and if the lands of Iowa could have been transported in a body, the Middlesex farmers would not have exchanged for them their long reach of grass and cranberry meadows.

In process of time, however, a corporation built a dam down towards the mouth of the river, raising it higher from time to time. The fall of the river through a large part of its course is only *two inches to a mile*, and the effect of the dam is to drown these splendid meadows, and turn the beautiful valley of the Concord into a long, stagnant dead sea. In place of these long reaches of alluvial prairie, you now see a standing lake, or an immense lagoon, devoted to muskrat

architecture, the choral harmony of bull-frogs, and the exhalation of miasma into the homes of the honest Middlesex farmers.

One would think it an easy matter to decide whether a few mill-owners should or should not swamp the whole valley of the Concord, and lay the fairest portion of six towns under water. But this is the simple question which Massachusetts justice has been now more than thirty years in deciding, and, like Walter the Doubter, she is deliberating gravely upon that matter now.

But we have not yet come to the "spectacle on Concord River" which we had set out to describe. Riding the other day along a hill-side that overlooked the Concord valley, where once lay the long row of fertile Middlesex farms, I could see the monster lagoon or stagnant frog-pond winding ten miles away up into the Framingham glades, and down towards the scene of the Concord fight. Pausing to meditate on the beauty of legal justice and the law's delay, the sun went down and lit up the whole west with vast ridges of purple fire. The watery dragon, through his whole length and in all his windings, caught the colors of the sky, and lay for some time in a perfect sapphire blaze. The waters burned away up into creeks and bays and sinuosities, and the monster lay for half an hour changing his hues like a dying dolphin. Never was transformation more sudden and complete, as the deadly lagoon became like the crystal river beneath the throne. So vivid was the blaze, that you fancied it re-reflected from the marginal fields and fringing woods, and the whole Concord valley turned into fairy flame. The imagination got from that moment a more perfect representation of the great river of God, that flows through realms not travelled by the sun:—

"And lo! those glimpses of the crystal river
From out the rainbow throne!
Over its ripples clear the light doth quiver,
As from a jasper-stone.
Now lightly dancing in the ethereal breeze,
Now brightly glancing from rich-fruited trees."

Gradually the colors faded out, and night and the muskrats were left again to their own. Fit illustration of the effort which the kind heavens are always making to bring some sort of beauty out of human folly and injustice, and change the damps and the vapors below into transfigurations from above.

S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Short Family Prayers for every Morning and Evening of the Week, and for Particular Occasions. By JONATHAN WAINRIGHT, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — These prayers are short and comprehensive, of course Trinitarian so far as any forms of doctrine appear at all. Those for daily use have prefixed to them appropriate Scripture quotations. Moreover they have an easy flow and a sustained unction, which will commend them to all who prefer a written form in family devotion. s.

Thoughts for Holy Week, for Young Persons. By MISS SEWELL, Author of "Amy Herbert," etc. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company. — This is a neat little book of 184 pages, with devout meditations, under the following heads: Sunday before Easter, Monday before Easter, Tuesday before Easter, Wednesday before Easter, Thursday before Easter, Good Friday, Easter Eve, Easter Day. The author is well known as a very popular writer of the English Episcopal Church. s.

Marion Graham; or, "Higher than Happiness." By META LANDER, Author of "Light on the Dark River," "The Broken Bud," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, and Company. — This is a religious novel. Marion Graham makes a mistake in her marriage, and in reconciling her to her condition, and making her finally happy in it, the author displays the resources of religious faith. The book has prolix passages, but the reader does not lose his interest in Marion. The pages are sprinkled liberally with poetry, some of it very rich and glowing. s.

The Boston Review for March is the second number of what is designed to be the organ of unadulterated and uncompromising Puritan Orthodoxy. We rejoice to know that it is securely and permanently established, for we think a vast deal will be gained to the cause of truth in having the Five Points of Calvinism presented without disguise, so as to be seen of all men; so that we can have something to refer to, and know what genuine Orthodoxy is. The present number indicates zeal and ability, and contains a trenchant and spicy

criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's theology is examined and utterly condemned. Mr. Beecher has no adequate idea of man's wants as a sinner, or of the great atonement which is provided for them. He caricatures atrociously the Orthodox doctrine of Election which Edwards took delight in. We cannot, for the life of us, see the essential difference between its exhibition by Beecher in the extract, and its exhibition in the extract from Edwards. But the opinion of us "liberals" is not to be thought of in such a controversy. The first article, on the Old and New Theology, is interesting. All that we have read of the number is pungent, and what we have not read looks vastly readable. Though sticking to the old theology, the Review does not always stick to the old English, and we do not believe that horrible word "divisive" was ever turned into a noun before. In our humble judgment, such a noun ought to be hunted down as a heretic. S.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the Author of "School-Days at Rugby," &c. Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—We hope that Vol. II. will come along very soon, for Tom Brown is capital always and everywhere, and the more we have of such manly, thoughtful, Christian fellows, even if they are a little over-muscular, the better. They help us greatly to make things spiritual and moral real and beautiful to our young people. E.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.—Mr. Allen has done his work very thoroughly, and has succeeded in making a very attractive and suggestive book. We hope that it will have some effect in rescuing the Old Testament from the strange and unwarrantable neglect to which so many have consigned it. There is just enough learning in these well-written and well-compacted chapters to save them from being either shallow or heavy, and the general reader will be held by the easily flowing and clear style. We miss some things in the book which we would gladly have found there, and find some things which we would gladly have missed, and we cannot avoid saying that it will suggest to some of the author's readers transcendent divine lessons which seem to have been only in part disclosed to himself;

nevertheless, as an aid to the student of the Revelation by Moses and the Prophets, it will be found of much value and interest. The easy reader can have no idea of the amount of careful study which such a volume, small and unpretending as it is, supposes. E.

Proceedings in the West Church on Occasion of the Decease of CHARLES LOWELL, D. D., its Senior Pastor.—A most fitting memorial of a deeply interesting occasion. The Address and the Discourse are charming both in matter and manner, both in spirit and in form. E.

Elsie Venner: a Romance of Destiny. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—Our readers do not need to be told that "Elsie Venner" is finished, and that the loose sheets have been gathered into comely and manageable volumes. Even those who have criticised the story very sharply as it has been meted out to them chapter by chapter in the "Atlantic," will be ready, we think, to admit that it is vigorously and brilliantly wrought. The subject is not a pleasant one. There *are* monsters and awful mysteries and horrors in our world, terrible facts of congenital depravity; but needful as it is to take them into account, and valuable as they may be to teach us forbearance and charity, they are out of place, as it seems to us, in a work of fiction, which should entertain, or at least should not horrify, whilst it instructs. That we may be partly snakes, is no more impossible and incredible than that we should be partly wolves or sheep, bears or swine, hares or tigers, which certainly would seem sometimes to be the case, and insane persons should not be judged like sane persons; and, indeed, considering how little we really know about the natures and characters of others, a very particular devotion to the work of judging and amending ourselves would seem to be eminently desirable. Nevertheless, we cannot think that all this is good material for a pleasant story. But it will be said stories need not be pleasant,—they may be tragic. Yea, they may be, and yet in a human way, a sharp line being always drawn between man and reptiles. Will the Doctor, who is given to theology, cite Genesis and the Serpent to us? Our answer is ready, namely, that the men of the most ancient Church used a picture language, and spake in figures, and wrote in hieroglyphics.

And yet, whilst we take this exception, we must add very heartily,

that we have found the story of Elsie Venner exceedingly wise and witty, full of admirable portraiture, witnessing in every chapter for the writer's wonderful insight into human nature and Yankee nature, which also is human, at least, we hope, not inhuman. Some of the clergymen have taken offence at the Doctor's free speeches, and have written against him in religious journals, some of which are exceedingly immoral in their tendencies, if uncharitableness is an immorality; — but we think these writers would be far wiser, whilst they decline indorsing some of his statements, to ponder his genial, wholesome lessons, and bear in mind that, if they have a right to be offended with his freedom, his own professional brethren have far more cause to be sensitive. For ourselves, we should emphasize the fact of sin far more strongly than the Autocrat; but we are disposed to listen, and learn what is to be learned, when he talks of frailty, and indignantly exposes cant of every sort. We have never found a characterization more true to life than his description of the liberal preacher, — not that all liberal preachers are of that sort, but some are, if we may write so and live, and not be charged with "outrageous criticism" of the brethren. We are especially grateful to Dr. Holmes for the "Union Church" of which he has given us a picture in the congregation of Rev. Dr. Honeywood, relieved of a little clique of bigots, on the one hand, and reinforced by the addition of Rev. Mr. Fairweather's people on the other hand. We hope that the time is not distant when our good old Congregational body shall be one again, through the power and grace of the Master's spirit, — when we shall be willing to accept mysteries without defining them, and witness for revealed facts without theorizing about them, and take the Holy Scriptures for our Church Articles, and no longer build up about the Communion-table or the pulpit stairs the barriers of a metaphysical theology. We hope that Dr. Honeywood will offer one of these days to exchange with us. Peckham, we hope, is a caricature, though creatures fearfully like the unlearned Principal are not yet wanting. If Darwin is right, they will cease one of these days, — there is some comfort in that. Dr. Holmes is as good a master as Lowell of the New England patois, and uses it to good purpose; and though we began with finding fault with the book as painful, we must admit that it has yielded us abundant entertainment, and what right have we to criticise a man who in these dark days has made so many laugh?

E.

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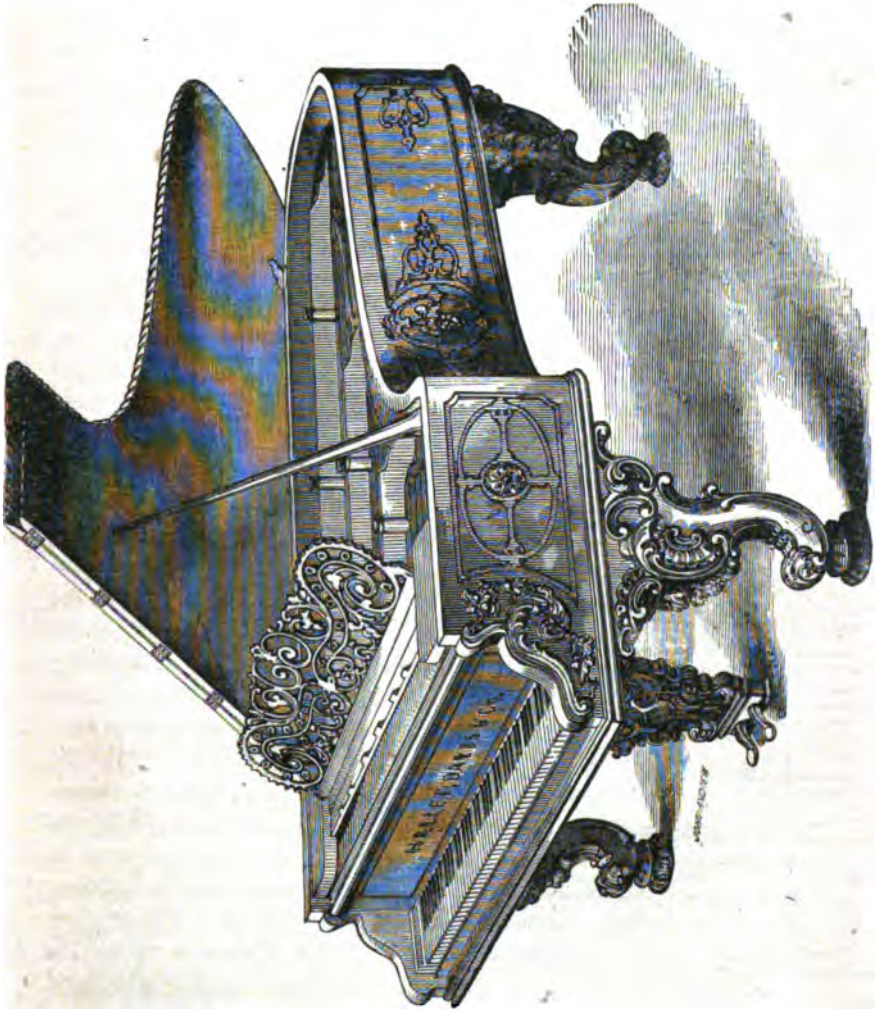
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MAY, 1861.

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AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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THE COMFORTER.

IN the interpretations of a naturalized Christianity, the leading facts of the Christian history must be altogether strange and unaccountable. If the reader will run his eye over the calendar, he will observe at this season the holy days of the Church following close one upon another,—its “Good Friday,” its “Easter,” its “Ascension Day,” its “Whitsunday,” commemorative in their order of the death, resurrection, ascension, and coming again in the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. An ingenious criticism can refine away and neutralize the force of the texts which are claimed as asserting our Lord’s essential divinity. What will it do with the fundamental facts as they stand in their order in the first ages of the Church? Why could not the Holy Ghost be given till the Son of man was glorified? Whence the inauguration of a new dispensation of the Spirit, which distinguishes the Christian system from all other religions, and is the pledge of its ultimate complete triumph? It was not mainly by preaching, it was not by miracles, that it won its way at first, and continues to do so. These were necessary auxiliaries, but its real moving power was the living Christ pervading the Church more completely because his earth-ropes had been laid aside, and he could “fill all

THE COMFORTER.

things" from his glorified humanity. Down to the middle of the third century the Christian history is a continuation of the Book of Acts. The miracles, so says Neander, continued down to that time, such as healing, exorcism, and even raising those who had apparently died,* but within all this was the unextinguished consciousness of a present Christ, baptizing with the Spirit, transforming human nature, lifting it up even from its lowest deep of depravity.

In some of the old theologies, the events commemorated by the Church festivals stand out each by itself and isolated from the others. In the new theology, their essential connection in one grand congeries of doctrine is abundantly manifest, and their primal significance is fully restored. The death and resurrection of Christ are only two sides of one great fact, — the passing away of the natural and the earthly, and the coming forth of the Divine Humanity in its fulness. Putting off the natural man and the natural body with all its finite and suffering conditions, — *this was the Saviour's death*. Its crisis was at the cross, but it was accomplished through all the self-denials and renunciations from Bethlehem to Ascension Mount. Putting on the glorified form as the earthly was put off, till at last the Divine Humanity emerged complete, — *this was the Lord's resurrection*. And when this double process was finished, when there was nothing left of the earthly and the natural, and the Lord's body was fully glorified and spiritual, he was no longer visible to natural eyes. His disciples saw him no more in the flesh; he *appeared* to be taken up out of their sight, — not that he went up into the air, but into those higher degrees of existence which are hidden from us by the veil of matter, — and *this was the Lord's ascension*. But though invisible to the eye, he was nearer to the minds and hearts of his disciples than when in the flesh, and the Divine and glorified body was more unreservedly transmissive of the Divine mind, energy, and influence than the fleshly body could have been;

* Church History, Vol. I. pp. 72–75. Torrey's Edition.

and hence, through the ascended Saviour, the spirit of God passed over into our fallen humanity, and swept it like the gales of a more reviving spring,—and *this was the coming of the Holy Ghost*. As said the Lord himself, “If I go not away, the Comforter will not come.” Or, in the words of Peter, as he rose in the midst of the Pentecostal scene, and saw the light standing on the brow of every one about him like tongues of lambent fire, “This Jesus hath God raised up whereof we are all witnesses. Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear.” *How* it was that this whole process brought God nearer to man, *how* it was that the Divine nature, by assuming ours, provided for itself methods for acting upon man by a new sphere of life and energy, is beyond our rationalizing, though not beyond our conception. The fact itself stands conspicuous in all ages of the Christian Church.

And here it is that we trend upon the grand peculiarity of Christianity over all other systems and religions. Not because it was a new set of doctrines, not because it taught a new morality; doubtless it did reveal God and a spiritual world more openly, and it did teach neighborly love more impressively. But Judaism taught one God, Socrates taught the golden rule, and Plato both taught the doctrine of one Supreme and the immortality of the soul. But none of them, nor all of them, conceived of a dispensation of the Spirit,—the Divine nature so opened down into the heart of man as to overpower it with a new energy, and give a new meaning and efficacy to prayer. This the Gospel brings to us, and this is inaugurated in the Pentecostal scene. You see this in the whole course of the Christian history. Not human eloquence, not the illustration of truth, however clear, made the Gospel effectual. It was the descent of the Holy Ghost, convincing, subduing, striking down the weapons of the natural heart, melting its flint and steel, and making its

emotions as tender as a woman's love,—it was this that gave the Gospel its triumphs, and made the old idolatries give way before it.

There are two orders of events in which this special power of Christianity as a dispensation of the Spirit is more signally manifest. It is manifest in those crises which form the epochs of the Christian history,—in the great revivals of Christendom, where a power not of man is evidently veiled behind all human contrivances and arrangements, swaying the wills of men like reeds shaken in the wind, making channels for the course of history in which its streams run broadly forever, and where no human power or wit would ever have led them. There is much of human passion and folly that mix with these great renewals; but lay off the human element, and you find that which remains to be the clear directing effluence of the spirit of God.

But our doctrine is more obvious from another order of facts, and one which I confess impresses me quite as much. It is a new and a totally different style of character which is formed under a dispensation of the Spirit, no matter whether in private struggles and communings, or under the extraordinary displays of the Divine grace. Wherever they are found, whether ordinary or extraordinary, provided they be genuine, they produce fruits of their own which are never to be mistaken, and which no human contrivance can ever imitate. What, then, are the marks and indications of the Holy Spirit with man? We do not mean that universal sense and notion of the Divine which comes more or less to all men under all religions, but that special power and influence called the Comforter, the Paraclete, which comes only through Jesus Christ.

Its first fruits, we observe, are a new sense of the nature, the depth, and the ramifications of human sinfulness,—as the Saviour himself puts it, its first office is to convince the world “of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.” Christianity, as including a Divine Incarnation,—the God

with men, — is the sphere of the Godhead brought down to earth, showing the awful purities of the Divine character in contrast with the earth's corruptions. But the Holy Spirit as a special dispensation through Christ to the human soul is a light let down through our minds and hearts, contrasting their corruption with the insufferable holiness of the heaven above. It separates the light from the darkness within us. We have a great deal of shallow talk about Christ as an example. O, such an example puts anything but courage into us, as it first gleams in upon our darkness! There it is gone up into the heavens, and hanging just over me among the eternal serenities, sending arrows of light through me, every one of which shows all my life in dismal contrast with the shining and everlasting law. It hangs up there as it hung over Saul of Tarsus, searching out in us the poisonous roots of sin, and making all our selfish life look hideous under the holiness of God. There is latent in every mind some idea of God. It is wrapped up in our natures, and we are born into the world with it. It exists under all forms of superstition. Question your child, and you find it there. Cleave into the nature of the savage, and you will stumble upon it somewhere; but it is crude, inoperative, and steeped in sin. It is the office of that special influence which, under Christianity, is called the Holy Spirit, to reach it, to clear it of its corruptions and obscurities, to kindle it into a clear and steady blaze, till it overwhelms us with a sense of responsibility and the thoughts of judgment and that Omnipresence from which we cannot flee. This comes to some natures in stormful convictions; more often it comes in a haunting sense of unworthiness, a loathing self-consciousness, want of inward and sufficing rest. This is the first work of the Paraclete. It cleaves the soul in twain. It touches the native sense of the pure and the righteous that God gives to all; it sets it over against our own evils that glare in the light and make us afraid. "Of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," — for judgment is separation,

setting the light over against the darkness, and making it baleful.

Another work of the Paraclete of Christ is, that it breaks the seals from the Word. It is described in the angelic colloquies of St. John: "Weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book and loose the seals thereof." In a low and dark state of mind we take up our Bibles, and they are a dead letter from Genesis to Revelation. We do not see their inspiration, and perhaps they have a worse and more ragged literalism than any book we ever read. The books and the chapters stand apart and isolated, and there are no threads of unity that hold it together. It is not so when your sin and your need and your orphanage come vividly into your consciousness. Then the letter opens here and there, and parts of a great plan appear to you, and grow upon you, and finally it stands out clear in itself, taking in both Testaments as one majestic system of revelation. The spirit that lives in the Word is the same that touches the heart and reveals its wants, and so one interprets the other, and God in his Bible always calls and answers to God in the soul of man.

The grand difficulty with us, however, is not that the truth is hard to find; — every man has a great deal more truth than he ever uses: — our Sunday schools, our Bibles, our commentaries, will give us that; — but how give it? It lies in the memory, piled up there as a dead mass of facts and traditions, and it will lie there forever, unless there is something to touch it and make it live. The gift of the Holy Spirit touches the heart, kindles it as a live coal, makes its affections full and warm, and then they flow out into these truths we had memorized, and they are lighted up; they search the heart, they convince of sin, they shine before us and after, they gleam away down through the vistas of eternity, they speak and urge us to repentance and newness of life, they become a living faith and reflect peace and comfort evermore. "It shall bring all things to remembrance whatsoever I have

spoken unto you." The disciples learned nothing new on the day of Pentecost. They were possessed already of all the facts of the Christian economy. Christ had come, had taught, had worked, had died, had risen again. This was all familiar to them, but it lay dead in the memory. But the Holy Spirit swept the heart, and see how all these truths then rise into an organic connection and wholeness, around Christ the glorified, working in them and through them, and becoming tongued with celestial fire! Just so it is in our deepest and most genuine Christian experiences. Some have told us that they were first waked up from their drowsiness by a text of Scripture that stood out in the memory and uttered itself like a distinct and audible cry. When Luther was fighting the great battle of the Lord, what he was to say seemed to come of itself, as if a strong angel stood back of him, and kept handing over to him the thunderbolts he was to let fly. "When I walked out alone," said he, "texts of Scripture seemed to leap up and play around me." The philosophy of all these experiences is just this, — that when the Holy Spirit warms the heart, it also stirs up all our other faculties, and conscience, reason, and memory are also alive, and all the fruits of our studies and our readings are re-adjusted to our state; the Word of God is no longer dumb, but gives us openings into heaven, and becomes as angel voices in the soul.

But we come to another and still more decisive evidence of the workings of the Holy Spirit. You remember that the Scriptures exhort us "to put on Christ," to be "clothed upon" with his righteousness; to have Christ "formed within" us. They do not exhort us to imitate him as an example, — as if he had only come to leave to us a certain pattern of propriety, of which, by diligent manipulations, we could work ourselves into some sort of resemblance. We may attempt that kind of culture; but all we shall ever accomplish in it will be a very distant and fantastic aping of his actions and his manners. But to put him on, to have

him formed within us, implies and necessitates an unction of the Holy Spirit coming through him, received by communion and prayer, bearing in upon us his life and temper, and making them flower forth from us in the Christian virtues and graces. Hence it was the doctrine of the primitive Church that the procession of the Holy Ghost was from the Father and through the Son. Through all the ages of the Church this has been the Catholic faith; as if not by imitations of a model man, but by the Holy Spirit passing into our souls from a Divine humanity, bearing all the flavor and perfume of its graces, and leaving them with us, we are to put on Christ and be clothed with his righteousness. And when this is so, how easy and spontaneous become the special virtues which are the last and most precious boon of a genuine Christianity! An apostle has given us the list of them: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." A hard problem is before us, if we are to get these by following some pattern of propriety, and work out imitations of them as they work sprigs and flowers into queenly robes. Quite another problem if they are to be wrought in us, and for us, by that sovereign grace which bears Christ in upon us from above, and leaves with us the fragrancy of his life. And this demands, not the aping of his actions, but the bending of our obsequious will and the daily asking and receiving till the Christ who is glorified has passed into us from the skies. And whether amid the commotions of a Pentecostal scene and the sudden breaking up of our old states and habits of mind, or whether amid daily self-renunciations and prayers, this is the last decisive evidence of the coming of the Paraclete, and this is the test of all religious experience. There is virtue which comes in other ways, and is only the bracing up of our own pride. This gives to our virtues the temper of heaven, and puts the strength and the gentleness of the Master into them all.

Eighteen hundred years have made their practical commentary on the truth we have tried to set forth. Then was it announced that God, through the mediation of a Divine Humanity, could meet man as never before, and mould him as in the fires of a more full and baptizing love. We believe every sect which has risen, leaving out this truth or making it secondary, has relapsed into a hard Deism, with no power of vital enlargement. As the Church receives or denies it, does the scale of her life rise or fall. As the Christian disciple receives it or denies it, does his piety wax or wane. Believe it, and prayer is always an open door into heaven ; in the family, in the conference, in the Church, there is the unity of the Spirit, and there is the lambent fire sitting on the brow of the great congregation. Deny it, and the door above is closed, love waxes cold, the Church splits into schisms and individualisms, and each goes his own way. Believe it, and the Christian disciple is brought into a personal relation with his Saviour, and from the Father and the Son descends the Comforter as a daily guest, convincing, subduing, opening the Bible and making the pulse of life beat through its sentences, making the disciple put on Christ every hour. "*We will come and make our abode with him.*" Let him deny it or neglect it, and the truth fades out from his memory, the august scenery of faith vanishes from his soul, virtue becomes a calculating worldly interest. The family merges in secularism, and no light from above streams down upon its hearth. Without the Paraclete thus sought and found, Christianity is only a school lesson got by rote. With it, it is the power of God ; for it is God coming every day with a new advent to the soul that reflects the comforts of his heavenly fire.

S.

LETTER TO A RESPECTABLE MINISTER OF THIS
LOCALITY.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

SIR: A chance hearer, and, in the main, an interested one, of your recent Easter sermon, begs leave, with some demur at the liberty he is taking, to recall your attention to certain particulars usually called incidental and unconnected with your main design. He does so with all possible respect, though the matter of this address will, in all likelihood, present itself to your eye as having the character of strictures; and especially trusts that no mistrust can be cast upon the genuineness of that sentiment by the withholding his name. As that is entitled to no authority, the giving it would be of small significance.

The remarks to be offered concern your allusion to Mary Magdalen, once and again, in a way too clearly showing your acquiescence in the traditional stigma of ages resting on her name. The larger part of these ages, by the by, were proverbially *dark*; and it is highly probable that the standard of what is styled "critical learning," in relation to the New Testament, equally requires such a descriptive adjective as *low* at that uncertain, though very early day, when this brand was fastened. Your correspondent would fain know whether your impressions in the case are to be set down to finding it the current opinion from early years, and before dedication to your present studies; or, on the other hand, from having since made it a subject of special investigation. Is not the *former* a most natural inference, to say the least? The more so, that the real character of this woman must have been deemed a topic of very minor importance indeed, far removed out of the circle of Biblical questions having a denominational interest; and that neither the Protestant nor Catholic world felt its own honor concerned in vindicating

her fair fame. This is true probably, as to both points named, of every period since the Reformation,—and why not add, before? Your impressions, sir, in being thus derived, would be sure to plant you in very good company, if numbers suffice to make it so. The peculiarity would be in a case (could one ever meet with it) of the common opinion derived in the other way.

The writer frankly confesses himself utterly at fault even to see through the process by which this baseless verdict is arrived at. Luke has a noted passage (vii. 37, etc.) relating to “the woman in the city that was a sinner,” who, when she found that “Jesus was at the Pharisee’s house,” came there and “brought the alabaster-box of ointment to anoint his feet,” &c. These verses, confessed on all hands to be an enigma, were long ago applied (query, by whom?) to Mary Magdalen in random conjecture. Next, is there not some passage from Matthew or Mark (vain, however, has been all pains to find it, even with the help of concordance) having some slight allusion, thought here and there to make the above conjecture not implausible, and cast a glimmer on the blindness of the text in Luke. Be that as it may, Mary Magdalen is unnamed in either, and to the passage in Luke (as harmonists all agree) there is no parallelism in any one of the three Gospels beside. Expositors there were, you doubtless know,—but *whom* is the question?—that centuries ago contented themselves with this tortuous sort of exegesis, so to call it in great civility. Having bequeathed its result to posterity, this last relieves its conscience by taking its ease. Tradition henceforth does the whole. It “holds on” with an element of the most tenacious life, though the learned can tell as little as the vulgar whence it came,—how early, or whether it be “worth a rush.” Jerome, who belongs to the fourth century, is the earliest reporter (i. e. as a name of note), so writes a friend, who is the highest authority perhaps among us in the department of Christian antiquity (Dr. Lamson), “and he is not

throughout consistent with himself." Meanwhile the subject itself, an open question, is narrowed down to a few verses in that Book of books which is common to all, and with which he that is poorest in books and of average judgment feels not the want. The subject itself, be it repeated, has become the veriest dead-letter. When we speak of being "handed down," it is not a very trivial matter surely, where the transmission begins; for if we cannot, in a case like the present, carry it back step by step with unerring precision to the mortal life of Jesus, and the scenes and companions of his daily walk, what signifies it? The gap is more than all the ages that begin at the end of it. Does not the inquiry commend itself to the special thought of the stirring and doubting minds among our Sunday-school teachers, male and female? When such an one shall be found, with concordance at his elbow, that after a half-day's diligence, comes to a conclusion confirming the tradition, it would outweigh in value the tradition itself an hundred-fold. But that day and that case will be waited for long.

Could there then be found another accepted *dictum* purporting to be got from the New Testament, whose substratum is so slender, so much a thing of air? "Had Mary's guilt," says Lardner, with unanswerable justice and force, "been manifest and on record, instead of being all summed up in a sudden and random conjecture, she could not have been more stigmatized." It may stand for a sample of the liberties we take, and that without scruple, with names that have become historical, still more if they have faded into the dim past; for there is nobody to call us to a reckoning. But if in our living world a cloud of so deadly shadow might be so easily raised over an unspotted name, by proofs (so called) of cobweb texture, not only would the men of this generation feel that they had fallen upon evil times and evil tongues, but would be very likely to look sharply around, inquiring what remedy could be found in courts. Then, too, all the while, other agents of mischievous potency, be-

yond all computation, are sealing the doom of this New Testament victim. Art busies itself at the canvas, and benevolence as steadily rears asylums with the strangest and foulest misnomers, — which bearing the guiltier share of responsibility it might be hard to say. But both* have been doing their worst to make this wrong to her memory immortal. Very likely there are those who style such wrong fanciful or shadowy. The only true plea of that nature would be the one applying equally to all who have made that transition which reverses the unjust judgments of man.

If this present age, in its historical feature, were to take any distinctive name, what could it be other or better than *the whitewashing age*. We have seen, within less than twenty-five years, not a few men of gifts, whose chief celebrity grows from this trait. There is Froude, for instance, ingeniously pointing out to dull-eyed readers the amiable nature of the last of the Henrys; our own Abbot, purging from all the blots on his fame the great French Emperor, and giving to history, in a sense not much to be coveted, the charm of romance; Thomas Carlyle, with D'Aubigné, Charles Knight, and one knows not whom in his wake, desperately bent upon rescuing Cromwell from the sins of cruelty, usurpation, and of being no true man; and but yesterday, as it were, Hepworth Dixon comes forth, his page yet fresh and moist, having plainly made it out that Bacon's goodness will bear to keep company with his greatness, and while his hand is in, doing the same service for the detestable Elizabeth. Will a reader now doubt any longer her passionate fondness for her Scottish sister, or the genuine agony with which she made that sacrifice on the scaffold, only

* Does not poetry constrain us to place it in the same catalogue, when a favorite bard of our own, to whom probably his tribe would assign the first place of honor, has in his volume some stanzas (a translation from the Spanish, to be sure) whose burden is indicated by their unhappy opening, —

“Blessed, yet sinful one”?

because she feared to dispute the stern call of her imperious lords of council?

And there are more discoveries of the same sort; but the rest of the series may as well be spared. The old question rightly enough comes back, What next? The enumeration, however, suggests at least one drop of comfort. There is no one yet from the dare-devil class of writers (if one may venture so to call them) who has ventured to try his hand in this way upon either of the "accurst house"* of Stuart. It is a hopeful sign, that some subjects of history there are so embarrassing as to bring the courage of this complaisant fraternity to a stand. O, let not the age which has listened to, if not swallowed, the above-recounted monstrosities (for are not most of them such?)† have so little grace as in an instance more remote, where all the evidence predisposes to charity instead of shaming it, as to refuse to Mary of Magdala her obvious and long-lost rights.

Your correspondent had begun to think that the era of a truer criticism had arisen under the light of our Protestant times. Indeed he persists in believing so still, despite his recent experience. That experience has not reference wholly to the pulpit. He has just heard of a lady, now visiting this city in behalf of the fallen of her sex, for whom it is a part of her plan to raise "a self-sustaining" institution of refuge, and who has apparently enlisted quite a powerful interest in her cause. She has spoken to a public assembly once in relation to this object, which address, by request, is soon to be repeated. Unhappily she then made allusion over and over to "our poor Magdalens." It is to be hoped, that, with other good offices shown towards her enterprise, some one will be found to enlighten her simplicity on the point

* "The race accurst of God and man." — *Macaulay*: about the only princes in British history that were equal to kindling up the admiring love and eulogy of Dr. Johnson.

† Nero, as a friend tells me too late to find a place in the text, has not been forgotten in this overflow of the milk (qu. milk and water?) of human kindness.

now in hand before she leaves. Above all, may she be spared the pain and chagrin, if her project should prosper, of making the egregious mistake, which so many have made before her, of giving to the proposed place of refuge a title which outrages all propriety and truth. It were well she knew that in the opening years of the present century opinions in sympathy with those of this letter were uttered here by a most accomplished man, and one of the most eloquent divines that Boston has known — not to say the country — in the long annals of her pulpit. His words, though emphatic, are so few, that the writer is tempted to make them, if your patience is yet unspent, a worthy sequel to his few remaining lines. But even before the middle of the century preceding, he had been anticipated on the same side by scholars and interpreters in the mother country, at whom no one can affect to sneer. A little earlier yet, “the learned and impartial” Lardner had exposed, with fulness of detail and references, this flagrant blunder, and solemnly protested against the proposed title of his new institution, in the well-known letter to Jonas Hanway; — a large-hearted man, no doubt, but, like many other philanthropists, whose gifts were of the very smallest in the niceties of Biblical science, while his stubbornness was inversely as his skill. Macknight “sees no reason at all for this censorious judgment.” And, coming nearer to our own time, Kuinoel, the eminent commentator of Leipsic; Prof. Robinson, of New York; Boothroyd (Family Bible); Alford, the learned editor of the New Testament, — severally signify their entire rejection of it. And what need of enlarging further? For very much less demand on the little space left of this paper would the opponents of the above writers make, than the names of their sympathizers. In truth, the search of the writer, pursued simply from curiosity, has been all in vain to meet with any name of note, or perhaps without note, to be summoned on the other side. And now it is time, if ever, for the conclusion long due to you. That must be in the words of Buck-

minster; * and with sincere apology for trespassing on your time, all beyond his original thought or purpose, the writer respectfully takes leave.

“ Mary Magdalen, also, a Jewish lady of some wealth and consideration, makes a distinguished figure among the friends of Jesus. She had been, until modern critics rescued her from that reproach, most strangely and most unjustly confounded with that penitent female whose early life had been licentious, and who bathed our Lord’s feet with tears of contrition. But Mary had been cured by him of one of the most terrible maladies that can afflict our suffering nature; and the fondest employment of her restored reason seems to have been to attend upon her deliverer, and to minister to him of her substance.”

It is well to say, that, with a single exception, the name of Mary Magdalen never occurs in the Evangelists until the two chapters at the close of each, which narrate the death and resurrection of Jesus. The exception is Luke viii. 2, where she is mentioned as her “ out of whom Jesus had cast seven devils.” The only concern of this inquiry being with her *moral purity*, it leaves this verse wholly aside. Demoniacal possession, as understood by modern criticism nearly alike, almost on all sides, can have no bearing on the point in debate. The gist of the Scripture expression is seen at a glance in the last of the three periods given from Buckminster. (See above.)

* Discourse before the Boston Female Asylum, 1809.

OUR GOD AND FATHER.

A SERMON BY REV. S. FARRINGTON.

1 Cor. viii. 6: — "To us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."

THE idea of God as a Father is peculiarly a Christian idea. Christ emphasized the conception, and impressed it upon the consciousness of the world. This fact it is, therefore, which raises the inquiry, and gives interest to our present theme. Who is this one Lord Jesus Christ? I shall bespeak your attention to the consideration of, 1st, Christ's nature, or his relation to God; and, 2d, Christ's office, or his relation to men.

1st. Christ's nature,—what he is Godward,—his relation to the Father. To bring this intelligibly before you, I must ask you to consider for a moment what God is without Christ; for if we can apprehend the difference between God without Christ and God with Christ, we shall at once seize the relation existing between the two.

Form, then, the distinctest possible conception of infinite existence,—of absolute, uncontained being,—of an all-pervading, everywhere present, invisible spirit,—of an essence so vast that the outmost sweep of conceivable space affords no ground of comparison,—in estimating whom, to every thought we must say, larger; and to every degree of height, higher; and to every measurement, that this being exceeds it;—a vast, viewless, incommensurable, mysterious, self-existent existence! Form of this the clearest possible idea, and what is the conception?—what are its outlines and boundaries?—what its definiteness and form?—how shall our thought hold it, or our minds view it? It has no outlines, no boundaries, no definiteness, no form; thought cannot grasp it, mind cannot view. We have attempted the impossible. We have no conception. Our endeavors

after an idea of it fall resultless. We have a dim, shadowy notion that such a being may be, or come in clear reason to the conclusion that he *must* be. But how think him? How is he, or what? He is inconceivable. A thin, attenuated, illimitable essence, wrapt in eternal silence. And if this be God, then God is unthinkable, incomprehensible, *totally so*. We have no thought approximating what he is. We send intellect with subtle questionings round the circle of the heavens, or lift our imploring eyes for answer to the silent stars; but no answer ever comes, save that sublime and awful mystery, "I am that I am." An inconceivable God: a vast unintelligible! A practically worthless, undefined, unexpressed, unthinkable abstraction! Yet such God actually is, if we would conceive him without Christ, — as existing in himself and unrevealed. Withdrawn into himself, or regarded alone, he is simply Absolute Being, — the Inconceivable, — the Infinitely Mysterious.

Advance now a step further. Grant to this Absolute Being, — this inconceivable Spirit, — this infinitely mysterious One the power of self-expression. If he has power, let him express it; if skill, let it be possible for him to display it; if a will to govern, let him be able to create those he would govern. Whatever is in him let us suppose him competent to manifest. Now begins the wonderful work. The Infinite goes out of himself into expression. He moves upon the void, chaotic depths. Light shines out of darkness. All along the firmamental plains he leads forth stupendous worlds, which roll in burnished splendor in the infinite light which he has ordained; he leadeth forth the starry host as the shepherd leadeth forth his sheep, calling them all by name. A conception of his power has gone out from himself, and stands expressed, till he bid it cease, in the created universe. While every leaf that woos the sun, and every gem flashing in brilliant light, with every tiny insect wing, is a revelation of his skill. Countless generations, too, of men standing in awe before the awful silence of his majesty,

controlled by his irresistible fiat, express his ability to govern. He has said, "Let all the earth stand in awe before me, and all the earth trembles before the voice of his power." There are his outgoings. In all that he creates, he expresses something that in him is. In that he does he embodies something of his own being. Not that he thus entombs himself in his work; for he is still immeasurably greater than all his self-expressions; the mysterious background on which all representations of himself, like the stars on the blue of heaven, play and glitter. He is not identical with his works; he oversweeps and encircles them. His expressions are not He. He is one, they another. They are related to him as words to meaning, letter to spirit, form to essence, expression to soul. When he has expressed himself, he is still the Infinite, — the One God.

Suppose, now, this Infinite Being to have a conception of himself as related to men, and the power of expressing this conception unto men. He has an understanding of all that he is with reference to men, of all that he feels for men, of all that he desires of men, of all that he has purposed in regard to them, of everything which, from his nature, will result to them. Suppose him to think this thought, to hold this conception, and express it. It stands upon the earth. Men behold it. By means of it, they understand all God is to them. And, here let me ask, what is its relation to God, or whether it be related at all? Is it God, or is it like him? Is it God, or his expression of himself? Is it God, or his image? Is it God, or his word? Is it identical with him, or related to him? Is it very God, or in the form of God? Is it half of God, or third of God; or is it representative of the whole of God in his human relationship? Which shall we decide? Has the Infinite ceased to be, since he has rendered himself intelligible unto men? Has he, in expressing himself, divided himself? Where the necessity, where the ground, for any such absurd conclusion? Or why is it that we call upon ourselves to confound a distinction so pal-

pable ; to slur over and ignore a relationship so manifest ? When God embodies something of himself in matter, in creation, we do not say that creation is God. He is still vastly greater than, and forever distinct from, creation. Why then, when he expresses his thought of himself as related to men, do we say that God's thought or expression of himself is God ? Why do we not still hold that in himself he is still Infinitely greater than, and forever distinct from, this presentation of himself to the finite comprehension ? The expression is one ; he is another. His manifested conception of himself is eternally distinct from him, just as distinct as my voice you hear from my meaning which you receive ; one conveys the other, but is not the other : for practical purposes you may have learned not to feel the difference, but when you speculate, and would come to any exactness, you know that there is a difference, actual and unmistakable.

Now this which we have been holding as possible, is real. This supposed conception held by God of himself, and expressed unto men, is the actual Christ. As it is related to God, Christ is related to God. As distinct as it is from God, so distinct is Christ from God. Christ is God's thought of himself as related to men, brought down to, and expressed intelligibly before, the comprehension of men. God without Christ is the inconceivable, *I am*. God with Christ, becomes the Father. Then, the Unknown ; now, the Revealed ; and Christ, the Revealer. Then wrapt in silence ; now vocal in his Word ; and Christ that Word.

In his nature, then, Christ is the Infinite's expression of himself in the finite. He is God's manifestation of himself unto men. Without him we know not God ; with him God is revealed. He brings out before us what God knows himself to be in regard to our race ; all that God feels for us, all God desires of us, all that God has purposed for us in his eternal counsels, all that will result to us from the fact that God is. He is therefore related to God as expression, likeness, image, form, word, manifestation. Thus the Scriptures

present Christ. This nature, this relationship, they sustain. This expression of God, and this distinctness *from* God, they invariably present. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten Son, he hath declared him." "God hath spoken unto us by his Son, being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person." "God was manifest in the flesh." "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father." "As the Father gave me commandment, even so I do." "I come not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." Everywhere a distinction; everywhere, too, a revelation. And all through the New Testament this view is given of his person. Without him we cannot know the Father, — "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," — and yet he is not the Father, but the Son. He is our knowledge of God, all that we can know of God; and yet "To us there is but one God, the Father, and one Lord, Jesus Christ."

There are three expressions, occurring in the Gospel of John, — one from the pen of the Evangelist, the others from Christ's own lips, — which are calculated to incline some minds, and are used with effect to incline them, to a somewhat different view. They are these: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "Before Abraham was, I am." "I and my Father are one." The two first cited relate to his pre-existence. Granting — as I have no hesitancy in doing, but believe that I must — his pre-existence; contending even that God's conception of himself, even the Eternal Word, must have been with him or in him, not only before Abraham, but before the worlds, — literally, as John expresses it, in the beginning, — arguing that God then must have held his Logos, his idea of himself as related to men, and that this was all that it ever could become possible for men to know of him; that to all practical intents and purposes this Word should be in the fulness of time in God's stead, or God as revealed unto men; granting

all this, I do not see as we have lost our distinction between God and this Word, between the absolute and the relative, between God in himself and God expressed through Christ, between the Conceiver and the conceived, between the thinker and his thought, the speaker and his Word, — the Invisible *I am*, and his image. Or if any man, with ignorant zeal, is bent upon forcing the phrase, "The Word was God," so as to destroy this distinction, we must insist upon that which precedes it, "The Word was with God," which will forever maintain a distinction; for in order for the Word to have been *with* God, he must in some sense have been distinct from God. As John meant it, I readily concede that his Word was God; all the God it should ever be possible for us to apprehend, seeing whom, when at length made flesh, we should see the Father; God in his apprehensible nature; the Absolute and Infinite, as relative to man, rather than as relative to his own inexhaustible, ineffable being.

And his other text, "I and my Father are one." Let the fact that Christ is always guarding us against the presumption of his numerical or personal identity with God, by such expressions as, "I came not to do mine own will," "I came forth from the Father," "My Father is greater than I," be sufficient to convince us that he did not mean this in any mathematical or credal sense. "I and my Father are one," — that is, "I do not bring God before you as one thing, while he is in fact another"; I do not express his relations to you other than they actually are; there is no difference between me, the expression of his spirit toward you, and the real posture of that Spirit; what you see in me and what you conceive of God must be one.

If now sufficient has been said to indicate Christ's nature, — to bring out clearly that without him God is wrapt, remote, hidden, and to us a practically unreal, because inconceivable being; while with him God has all the tenderness, solicitude, nearness, long-suffering patience of a Father, — so that Christ is really God's rendering of, or

message from, himself to us, — if this is apparent, let us now turn and consider,

2dly. Christ's office, or his relation to men. And as I brought out Christ's relation to God, by leading you into the thought of what God is without him, so now permit me to unfold his relation to man, by taking you step by step into man's condition without him.

Without Christ man is absolutely without any satisfactory, any vital apprehension of God. He wanders here, not knowing what or what manner of Being it is who made him. He staggers here under the problem of life and the crushing mystery that evokes it. He has gods many, and lords many. It is one deity who presides at his birth, and another who hastens his death. Or if polytheism have vanished, then it is the cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, — a veiled mystery, — the Unknown God, — the inconceivable "*I am that I am,*" who claims unexplained allegiance. He asks deep, earnest, imploring questions, which are answered not. Nature gives him the fact of Deity, perhaps, but no clew to what that Deity is. He has no knowledge of the feeling of the Absolute Being, — no certainty that he has feeling; no assurance that he loves, or can love; knows none of those things which most his soul longs to know. Such is man without Christ, — alone, curious, unsatisfied, longing, prophetic perhaps, — but still under a cloud, as Paul says "all our fathers were." God is obscure, undefined, unthinkable, — easily lost, because never fairly seized and clearly felt, — and man is alone. Man before Christ appears in Judæa, and man now before Christ comes as the expression of God, the image of God, and the power of God, to his individual soul. O ye who think Christ unnecessary to you, — who fancy that ye have come to a knowledge of God without him; who feel, as ye say, that he is very good and very gracious, and very tender and very loving, — tell me how it is that ye have so wondrously acquired your conceptions but from the lips of Christian parents who be-

lieved in Christ; who having learned of, and suffered with, now rest in him? Where would have been your boasted knowledge had ye been born in Ethiopia, or the heart of India? — had ye never known these Christian influences, and dwelt your life long under this light of the knowledge of the truth which streams down the centuries from the brightness of the cross? Ye know not whereof ye affirm; neither to whom ye are indebted! And that strongly persistent intellect, whose mighty brain was laid to its rest under the deep Italian sky, — whence had he the power to call the Absolute and Infinite One, as he was so wont, and as he so loved, to do, “the tender Father and mother of us all,” but from the influences which seized him at his birth from the heart of this great Christian civilization? Theodore Parker’s God was in his ideal, though not practically the Christian God, — such a God as never was heard of, as never was represented, as nowhere appears, before Christ comes into the world. How shall we account for it? If he did not need Christ as the image of the Father, — if he did not appropriate, so far as suited his purposes, the God whom Christ revealed, — if ye do not, — then tell me how it is that, until Christ is born, to the light of Grecian philosophy and all the splendors of ancient culture, — to patriarch, prophet, priest, and even to the voice that cried in the wilderness, — God is still unknown as the Father? There is no real development, no real expression, of what we now mean by the Father, which is older than Christianity. There is no proper development of it now in any nation, or by any man to whom Christ is unknown. The first relation of Christ to man, the first office he performs, is to reveal the Father. “He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father.” “No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.”

Without Christ man has none other than a blind idea of law. He has proved it, if at all, retributively. He groans beneath its bondage. It is the chain that binds him to allegiance. He has no sense except of its arbitrariness; and

therefore little regard for it. He does not conceive its sacredness and beauty. But when Christ comes, and by his perfect obedience lives into the world what law is, what God intends and desires by it; when man can behold it as providence to shield him from evil, as affection by which the Infinite is related to him, as the strong love by which the Father seeks to draw the child to himself,—when God's love for us is felt to be a part of God's own being towards us,—to what majesty, sublimity, and sacredness does it rise. What we despised before, we now deeply revere. What we hated, we long to embrace. Law is consecrated to our affections. Christ has deepened our sense of it, and established it in our hearts. And this also is his office to the soul.

Apart from Christ, man feels his guilt, and deploras it; but chiefly in view of its consequences. If he grows penitent it is to avoid suffering. He does not feel sin as sin, nor righteousness as righteousness. He knows neither, except by their results. He needs one to reveal guilt as it is in God's sight,—to show him that his chief danger does not lie in suffering, but in sin,—that his effort is not to be so much to escape consequences, as to rise out of evil itself. He needs one to save him from evil because it is evil, and instate him in the love of holiness, not for the sake of its rewards, but because it is holiness,—the glory of God, and the beauty of men. *This* Christ comes to do; to save us, not from suffering, not from the consequences of sin, but from *sin*. He expresses this by bearing cheerfully all the suffering—even to the last degree in the agony and on the cross—that evil can inflict upon him; enduring such contradiction of sinners rather than to depart from holiness.

Without Christ man is selfish. He does not admire selfishness, but how shall he escape it? If he is unselfish, he goes contrary to his own interest! God in Christ condemns the thought,—brings out an idea of self-sacrifice and devotion; and at length astounds the consciousness of the world with the fact that the most successful, admirable, glorious

life ever lived on earth was lived in utter abnegation of self. Christ's office to your soul, and to mine, is to dispel the error and break through the monstrous fallacy that there is any necessity for our living and acting as though selfishness were for our interest. We have not known Christ if so we think ?

Finally, man needs an ideal, an explanation of himself. Without Christ the Absolute and Invisible One is scarcely more intelligible, than is the manner, purpose, mystery of his own being to himself.

“ What is it, and whither, whence ?
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food,
In some hidden, untried good ? ”

Beneath the voiceless night of his own irresistible destiny he stands with mighty questionings, — assaulting with besieging voice the dumb and ever-darkening heavens. What mean his aspirations which time nor sense can satisfy, — his rush of lofty thoughts carrying him on to the beholding of visions no mortal eye hath ever seen ; — his fancy wandering through eternity ? Have these significance, or are they idleness, — an illusive dream, a passing cheat ? He builds his monuments, founds his cities, to tower in strength, and teem with living generations centuries hence ; but in those coming distant years shall he be only as the mould of buried generations, unknowing and unknown ? He speaks thoughts which live through the ages, and energize the world yet unborn, — words that can never die ; but is he to die ? He *is* ; but *shall* he be ? Is it all of life to be a link between ancestry and descendants ? Has his being no other aim, purpose, object ? And the night is voiceless, the heavens dumb, — the mystery darker for his having scanned it ! But the Infinite Father is not indifferent to his cry. Suddenly his Light shineth amid the gloom. Christ comes. Full-statured, he sees human life as God would have it be. The heavy folds of yonder curtain

lift, and he looks down the long perspective of what he yet shall be. Aspirations are not in vain. Thought soars not too loftily. He shall outlive earthly monuments, empires, and dominions. It hath not entered into his heart to conceive what the Father in love hath decreed. Eternal ages are his own. He rises to the conscious dignity of a power of endless life, and through Christ is "persuaded that neither death nor life, nor all the principalities and powers of angels, nor things present, nor things to come, nor things above, nor things below, nor any power in the whole creation, shall be able to separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus his Lord."

THE IMMORTAL CROWN.

A CROWN for the blessed Saviour!
 A crown for the sinless King!
 Souls of the just and holy
 Are gems that the angels bring.

Little innocent children
 Borne from our saddened view,—
 They are the shining *Sapphires*,
 Pure as the heavenly hue.

Those who in life's dewy morning
 Willingly taking Death's hand,
 Turned without pang or murmur
 From earth to the better land,—

Ever before Death's summons
 Seeking the footprints of Truth,—
 They are the *Amethysts* glowing
 With purple hopes of their youth.

They, in a right cause falling,
Pouring their blood like wine,—
They are the sparkling *Rubies*,
Set by an Artist divine.

Souls of the fair and gentle
Hovering between two worlds,
Wounded, yet pleasantly singing,—
These are the delicate *Pearls*.

They who have met temptation
And passed unpolluted by,—
Who've kindly aided the erring
From sinful pleasures to fly,—

Have been meek when clothed in power,
And patient under the rod,—
These are the priceless *Diamonds*
Filled with a light from God.

Many, with lives all clouded,
Silently filled up the hours
With little good deeds unnumbered,—
Changing to beautiful flowers.

None but themselves saw the background
Serving to throw out the soul,—
They are the pictured *Mosaics*,
Parts of a glorious whole.

A crown for the blessed Saviour!
A crown for the sinless King!
Souls growing brighter and purer
Are *we* all striving to bring?

CONFESSIONS OF A GREEN-TEA DRINKER.

BY MRS. NANCY SMITH.

"Proserpine her gliding spectres
 Sends o'er every joyous scene,
 Where I wander, where I travel,
 There her ghosts come pouring in :
 I see the murder-steel to glitter,
 And the murder-eye to glow,
 Not to right hand nor to left hand
 Can I from the terror go."

SCHILLER'S CASSANDRA.

I AM a nervous woman, and I used to drink green-tea. These two circumstances have given me some opportunities of studying the mysteries of that border region which lies between the spirit world and the natural. Not that I have tried to pry into them ; but they have sometimes pried into me most severely and painfully. Nerves and green-tea have both of them a wonderful tendency to elevate the faculties of sensation, and lay us open to all the wandering influences that come to us. I have heard more "voices of the night," I think, than Mr. Longfellow ever did, and I have tried to study and classify them. There are three kinds of voices, and three kinds of apparitions. First, those from the outer world, produced by veritable impressions on the organs of sense. Secondly, those which are purely spiritual, and which only come to the inward ear or eye. Thirdly, those which are partly both, and belong to that mystic border-land I spoke of, which separates the realm of pure spirit from the realm of pure sensation. My experience has been principally in the latter, though I confess that the boundary lines of this middle region are sometimes very dim and wavy.

Swedenborgians believe that all objects, animate and inanimate, have their own sphere of magnetic influence, very subtle and pervading, and I believe this is philosophically true. But in the daytime this universal efflux is not so per-

ceptible, and I think, too, it is less active and operative. In the night, when deep sleep hath fallen upon all the rest of mankind, if you will lie awake, with the senses sharpened and clear, you can hear these magnetic waves crossing each other in all directions, and things which before never were known to emit noises can sometimes be plainly heard. Then, again, how awfully distinct every sound becomes! Sounds as of doors opening and shutting automatically; stealthy footsteps about the house; people walking on the roof or over the chamber-floors; noises of distress out among the cattle; stampings and thumpings in the barn; sounds of wheels away in the distance, coming louder and nearer, and stopping short right opposite the house, and then seeming to vanish altogether; jars, as of an incipient earthquake, with a slight but very distinct rattling of the windows; explosions, especially in cold nights, as from the crack of a rifle; night-birds, at first in the distance, but travelling nearer and coming right up under the window (a sign that some death will take place in the house some time); furniture cracking and snapping, probably with the magnetic waves; a burring and slightly buzzing sound on a minor key, seemingly the blending spherical music of all creation, lowly and solemn, probably a prolongation of the low shuddering and signs of woe which Milton says began with the fall, and which nature has kept up ever since, but which can be heard only in the depths of night, — thus, uz — z — z — z — z — : all this you may hear, and a great deal more, if you will lie sharp awake from nine o'clock till three. And it is the odd blending of these half-spiritual sounds with tangible realities that very often deceives us when we hear noises in the night.

I never joined a "circle," called, I believe, more fashionably, a *séance*, but one of my neighbors is a warm spiritualist, and thinks the "manifestations" are to revolutionize all human affairs. He came in one evening and wanted to exhibit demonstrative evidence of the new necromancy. Sure enough, tables tipped, responses came, and my great-grand-

mother, who died thirty years ago, hovered near, and with the alphabet spelled out my secret history. My husband poohed at the whole thing, though neither of us could explain it. My great-grandmother bade me good night, saying, "To prove to you that spirits *do* communicate, I'll wake you up to-night at twelve o'clock."

I slept that night two hours, but awoke exactly at midnight, and heard every stroke of the town-clock as the twelve vibrations rolled off into the boundless night; and then the burring undertone of nature was all that could be heard for five minutes. Then a sound came which I had never heard before. Knock, — knock, — knock; — three strokes as distinct as anything I ever heard in my life. They came uniformly three at a time, and about once a minute. I traced the sound in all directions, but it seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Then, suddenly, a burst of music filled the room. It sounded like a Highland bagpipe, only I thought it more sweet and melodious. It would rise clear and full, and melt away again in mournful softness, sometimes seeming close at hand, and anon away off through woods and over the hills. It suggested immediately long files marching and countermarching through devious and winding ways. All my senses were sharpened. I looked intently, expecting to see splendid squadrons and cavalcades burst in sight; but they languished away again, as if playing the Dead March of Saul in sheltered glades or over the graves of heroes slain. I tried to wake my husband. I have no theory about the equality or inequality of the sexes; but I must say that I think these men without any nerves are provokingly stupid. Mr. Smith is one of the best of husbands; but he was dreaming of his hay and potato crop, and it was a great while before I could open his senses to these bagpipes of the spheres.

"Wake up, Mr. Smith; my great-grandmother has come with a band of music."

"A fig for your great-grandmother. Do let her sleep, and me too."

"But will you listen just this once?"

"No, no; you are always hearing some strange thing or other. I've run enough on your fool's errands after ghosts and robbers."

"But will you just tell me honestly whether you hear anything? I am in no fear of ghosts just now. But you know the words of the song,—

‘There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch on men;
When coarser souls are wrapped in sleep,
Sweet spirit, meet me then.’”

"Well, I declare," said Mr. Smith, "I do hear something. I'll get at the bottom of it."

Mr. Smith laid his ear carefully about the room, then shoved up the window and listened. Very soon he slammed the window down and broke into a roar of laughter.

"What is it, Mr. Smith?"

Mr. Smith would not answer, but rolled into bed, and was fast subsiding into his dreams again, though it was a long time doubtful whether Somnus or Momus had the stronger hold of him, and I verily believe he kept shaking the room with laughter long after he had got fast asleep.

I plied him the next day for an explanation, but every time I touched upon the subject he would shake till the tears came. I knew he had resolved the whole mystery into some gross material philosophy; but this I was prepared for, because what can you expect of these people who have no exaltation of the inner senses?

Perhaps two months had passed, during which I never once woke up my husband either to hear ghosts or to drive away thieves from the premises. But one night, long to be remembered, I woke up again just at twelve, and found all my senses sharpened into a marvellous green-tea vividness. I was clairvoyant and clairaudiant. I could hear the children breathe in the third loft, one of them with a decidedly croupy intonation. The moon was riding in mid-heavens, covering

all the fields with a silver glare. The plum-tree standing by the window projected its shadows between the half-drawn curtain, making figures on the carpet that stirred like living things. All the death-watches in the room were going tick-tick, and I could hear something that sounded exactly like water dropping upon the floor. This an old spinster of my grandmother had told me was a sure sign of death. I lay a whole hour, and listened to it—drop, drop, drop. I thought it was probably the forerunner of Charley's demise, who very likely would be dead of croup before morning. I was about waking Mr. Smith to go and see to the child. There Mr. Smith lay,—his countenance placid as peace itself, his mind locked in where no earthly troubles could find entrance. But I will wait a little, thought I,—pity it is to disturb such profound and refreshing slumber. So I lay down again. But plainer than ever, drop, drop went the water, and tick, tick went the death-watches. I put the pillow over my ears. Then I could hear nature playing on her minor key. Uz—z—z—z— came as the blending sphere-wave of sadness from "all objects of all thought" in the visible and invisible universe. I shut my eyes with all my might, and tried to sleep. I could see all kinds and shapes of dark. Indeed I never knew what people mean who talk of total darkness. I never saw any such. I could see great balls of dark and little balls, points of dark no bigger than a pin's head or a needle's eye. Then the points would grow big and turn into great balls, and the great balls would grow little till they vanished into nothing. Then there was deep dark, and gray dark, and dark of a copper color, and their colors were changing one for the other without ceasing. Sometimes little dots of dark would begin away in the distance, and turn to big ones, and come up with a rush, and break in pieces. Sometimes they would cross, mix up, and make evolutions, as if dancing an eight-reel. But hark! there are wheels in the distance, and a wagon is coming up the road. Plainly and more plainly it

rumbles towards the house; as sure as I live, it drives into our yard and stops. What can anybody be wanting here at midnight? There is a noise out in the shed; probably thieves in the corn-chamber. There are sly steps around under the windows. I hear a door open somewhere, or something of that kind. There is a sort of rustling in the next room. There is a noise down cellar. Bang! something is knocked over. Footsteps in the kitchen, and muffled noises!—probably they are fumbling after the silver. Mr. Smith's purse is under his pillow; perhaps they will seize it and murder the poor man in his sleep. I leaned over upon my elbow to catch every vibration of sound, and you will judge of my feelings as I looked down and saw the foot of a man sticking out from under the bed! There it was, almost as plain as day in the moonlight. I reasoned rapidly from my premises. If there is a foot, of course there is a leg. If there is a leg, there is a body. If there is a body, there is a head. And if there is a head, of course it is a burglar. I could not see the least flaw in this reasoning. I lay down and thought it all over. The logic seemed complete in every link, from the foot to the burglar. I lay in a sweat of agony, and I could hear a slight rustling, and very plainly I heard somebody breathing under the bed. The whole plot flashed upon me at once. This fellow had concealed himself there, waiting for his accomplices, who came up in the wagon, and I had been waked up just in the nick of time, probably by my great-grandmother, in order to save our lives. But how to wake up Mr. Smith and not bring the villain upon us! I succeeded, however, and spoke as softly as possible: "Mr. Smith! There's a burglar under the bed! wake up!"

"Burglar—umph—nonsense!"

"Hush!—hush!—look for yourself."

Sure enough, Mr. Smith started up when he saw the projecting member, and his impulse, I presume, was to seize the robber and drag him out with his head thumping over the

door-stone. At any rate he sprang up, made a plunge and a grab, and brought up one of his own congress boots in his hand. It was now daybreak, and thieves and spectres are said to flee alike at cock-crowing. The mysterious sounds died away. No sound of wheels was heard going out of the yard; and how that wagon could rumble up to our kitchen-door and then vanish like a spectre, must remain a mystery till the day when all secrets are disclosed.

I learned to distrust the ear somewhat, as it was impossible at all times to distinguish the noises which are strictly materialistic from the vibrations that come from the middle sphere into the natural. Sometimes I think there is a confused blending of the two. I heard Mr. Smith giving orders with a droll face to our man Friday to wedge the sashes of our bedroom window, and fasten some pieces of the blind that were playing loose in the north-wind. Since then I have never heard the knockings and the bagpipes. Mr. Smith cannot understand, and from the plane which he occupies cannot be expected to understand, that even supposing these ligneous substances were the medium for the knockings and the music, it must have been something else than the north-wind that played upon them. What but some directing intelligence could have timed the knockings with such precision? And when was the north-wind ever taught the notes of the gamut, or to play supernal tunes and celestial airs?

But though noises in the night may sometimes be mistaken in the blending of the two spheres together, I had never learned as yet to mistrust the faculty of sight. What I saw I thought I knew. Even the case of the supposed robber was not one of optical illusion, but of false reasoning from correct premises. I could not see why a woman's perceptions were not as good as anybody's, even admitting that she might not reason with perfect soundness all the way from a boot to a burglar.

I awoke one night again just about twelve. There had

been all day notes of preparation for one of those hideous equinoctial storms, during which the sensorium is preternaturally exalted for all the bad spirits to play into it. I lay and listened to the moanings of the east-wind as it came in dismal complainings around the corners, and it seemed to me that the despairing cry of a thousand shipwrecked sailors had pitched the breeze on that melancholy key. When I retired there was a thick fog, which had blotted out the landscape, and I could now hear it condensing in heavy drops upon the window-panes. My curtains were drawn close. What was my surprise when a light in the room suddenly arrested my eye. It was on the side of the room near my grandmother's picture, and it sent a pale flicker over her venerable features. What was very wonderful, the light took a shape more definite than the dagger of Macbeth, forming very distinctly the initials of my name, with a hand pointing upward. Thus:—

N. S. 

What can all this mean? It is no fantastic play of the moonbeams, for there is no moon to-night, and the storm already is drizzling against the windows. Besides, how could the moon be writing my name upon the wall? I thought over the water-droppings and the night-birds, and I could not doubt that this was the prelude of my last summons from the earth. I thought over all my mortal sins, — how I scolded Margaret for being lazy, and how I whipped Tommy for sitting down in the mud with his Sunday pants. I closed my eyes. The light vanished, but balls of dark were moving in all directions, and sometimes I could see N. S. in gray or copper color. But whenever I opened them, there the initials were fixed in one place, bright and phosphorescent, right under my grandmother's picture on the wall.

Mr. Smith observed me the next morning at breakfast haggard and troubled, and inquired very kindly into my case.

I knew he could not understand me, nor enter into my feelings. How distressing for husbands and wives to have secrets which they cannot share with each other!

"I believe I am to leave you, Mr. Smith," finally came out, rather pensively.

"Where on earth are you going to?" dropping his knife and fork.

"Going hence, — unprepared, I am afraid."

"If you are not prepared, you had better stay awhile longer?"

"Now don't joke, William, I pray you. I'm not in the mood for that; but I'll tell you what warnings have been sent to me"; — and I described minutely the letters on the wall, and the hand pointing upward.

"But don't you see, my dear, that your theory don't hold? You say you are not prepared. Don't you see, in that case, that the hand would have pointed *downward*?"

I knew perfectly well before Elsie Venner was written that physicians are incurably sceptical, and bent on resolving everything into natural causes. However, I sent for Dr. Speer to see if I could not get some relief for my unsheathed nerves and broken rest. He asked me a thousand questions, and speered into me with his deep-set black eyes, curling up his lip at all my theories.

"What do you eat and drink?"

"I hope I'm temperate, Dr. Speer. I take nothing that can intoxicate, and trust I am in no danger of delirium tremens."

"Eat hot bread likely, to sleep on?"

"No sir, — not always."

"How much poison do you put into it?"

"I trust I am too much of a Christian to poison the food of my family."

"Then you are a better Christian than most house-keepers."

"Any tea on hand? Let me look at it."

I brought him the tea-can. He put a pinch into his mouth.

"Humph,—Prussian blue," smacking his lips.

Another pinch.

"Humph,—indigo."

Another pinch.

"Humph,—sulphate of lime."

"Madam, you take poison enough every week to kill an able-bodied man, if administered in a single dose; but taken gradually it produces a chronic irritation of the membranes of the stomach, thence of the nerves, producing what you call the exaltation of the senses. I have no doubt you are right, and that you saw last night the forerunner of your death, if you drink such stuff as this. I will not leave you any prescription of medicine, but only a proscription of poison. You can take brandy with less injury than green-tea, and, in my opinion, with less questionable morality."

There are compensations in everything. I followed Dr. Speer's suggestions, and gained very much in health and sound sleep, waking up at four in the morning, instead of twelve at night. But I lost my faculty of sharpened perception, and my sensories sank down into the lower degrees with those of the children of earth. It is something to be lifted up into the confidence of Nature,—up to where she whispers her secrets,—up to where you can hear the mysterious flux and reflux of her unseen and eternal waves. Something is gained. But it is much to have one's finer tissues jangled by being made the organ of the hidden spheres, much to be made the sport and derision of the dwellers below. Something is lost. Even Margaret, the maid, was found in a broad grin after hearing the story of those spectre initials, insisting that she was up that night till after twelve, and that the light of her window in the L was reflected upon mine; and Mr. Smith found rents in my curtain, just big enough, he imagined, to let in the handwriting, and project it under grandmother's picture. As if it *happened* to make just those

letters, and none other ! I have no question that these people would make out that the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast was the reflection of a jack-o'-lantern from the bogs of the Euphrates. I was fully prepared, after five years' experience, to join heartily in Cassandra's prayer to the god,—

“ If thine oracle thou mak'st me,
To declare thy sacred mind,
Wherefore hast thou cast me hither
Down among the eternal blind ?

“ Give me back my former blindness,
Give the darkened sense again :
Since I had thy voice to utter,
Never sang I joyous strain.

“ Thou hast given me the future,
But thou mak'st the present black ;
And the joy of life thou spoilest, —
Take thy faithless present back ! ” *

CHRISTIAN WORK THE MOST PRECIOUS PRIVILEGE OF THE CHRISTIAN DISCIPLE.

OUR childish ears were made familiar with the solemn description of our final judgment. Our imaginations call up before us that awful scene, and the most selfish and worldly understand that charity to the poor and the suffering is an imperative duty required of us by Jesus Christ ; and that, if some sufficient amount of it is not accomplished, exclusion from heaven will somehow be the consequence. But such an idea of duty never made any man a partaker of his Master's spirit. Christian charity is indeed a duty ; so it is the duty of the parent to love his child, but the happiness of loving him is so great, that we are not used to

* We perceive that Mrs. Smith in the last stanza is partly indebted to Dr. Frothingham's elegant translation. — EDS.

dwell much on the duty. But in the coldness of our hearts we refuse to enjoy the precious privilege which the Saviour in his tender love offers to us. He does not say to us, "Go, and help the poor and the friendless, because it is *right*,—it is your *duty*." He says to us, "I love them with an infinite tenderness; they are my own, my brethren. And in no way can you testify your love for me, except by loving and serving them." If we could only take this thought home to our hearts, we should not be asking ourselves if we have not fulfilled the Christian requisitions when we have given a fraction of our surplus time and money,—if we may not safely feel that we have a right *now* to *enjoy* the remainder. We prize the privilege of bestowing the gift of affection upon the beloved earthly friend. We gladly deprive ourselves of personal pleasures to gain the means of enjoying it; but when the dear Heavenly Friend permits us to offer to him a token of our love, we turn away and say, "We have done our *duty*, and that is all that can be required of us; the remainder is our own."

Again, our Lord permits us to enter into the closest union and friendship with himself, if we will take up his work, labor in his vineyard, and love the little ones whom he loves. If Washington were again among us, there is no man who would not accept it as his highest honor to be called to his side and allowed to give the slightest aid to his cause. We do not turn away from the friendship which a pure and holy fellow-creature offers us; we prize it as the choicest gift of God; we are glad to enter into his thoughts and help him in his work. He goes on before us to the eternal world, and leaves in our care the child whom he loves. We do not need to be reminded that it is a sacred charge; we pour out the wealth of our hearts upon the little one. But the dear Lord speaks to us now from the heavens, as he spoke to Peter on the earth, and says to us, "Feed my lambs"; and we answer, "This is a hard requirement; we have put our names to this subscription paper, we have given our fair

proportion to that home for the friendless little children; surely we cannot be expected to go ourselves and find them out. We cannot follow them into the narrow alley, up the dark stairs, into the foul air of their dwellings; we may bring away some impurity, to contaminate our own clean and comfortable homes. It is too painful to come into contact with their coarseness, and to hear the words which these heathen children hurl at each other, in their play or their quarrels." And so we go plodding on in our worldly path, casting from us the heavenly gift, and the angels look on and wonder at our blindness.

If our Lord had given this permission to labor *for* him and *with* him to a select few, — if he had said to most of us, "You can follow me only at a distance; your business and your families must occupy your whole time, but to *you*, the ministers of my Gospel, the sisters of charity and mercy, I give the opportunity of drawing close to myself; you may embrace all as your brothers; you may preach my Gospel, and may become my friends"; — should not we all press forward with open hands and hearts, saying, "We too have a little to give; be pleased to accept it, and permit us too to spend and be spent in your service." But he offers this to each one of us. The dear Lord extends to us his hand, saying, "It is not the will of my Father that one of these little ones should perish." "And *if* you do my Father's will, you shall be my mother, my sister, and my brother." The busiest man may surely reserve to himself a little leisure to avail himself of this gracious invitation. The young mother takes a little time from her nursery, to satisfy the claims of society and her friends. She may extend her motherly love, and, as she gathers her own children around her, she may find room among them for some friendless little one. And as she speaks to them of their Father's love, she will kindle in their impressible hearts the wish to do something themselves for the dear Master's service. And those few who are hedged about by some impassable barrier, and cannot

give active labor, may take comfort in the certainty that the love of their hearts is accepted by the loving Christ, and that their cordial sympathy, expressed in words and looks only, may strengthen the hearts of the active workers.

I think the coldness that we complain of is very much owing to our mistaken conception of a Christian character. We often hear the question asked, "What new thing, after all, has Christianity brought into the world? What do we find in the Gospels which we may not collect among the writings of the ancient philosophers?" I answer, the love of God in Christ is there; the loving Saviour is there, sorrowing and suffering with us in our sins, bearing us all in his loving heart. He is there, because sinners had no friend; and so he came to be their friend. And in just so far as the Christian partakes of his spirit, he too carries the woes and the sins of his brothers and his sisters in his heart, and sorrows for them as he does for his own.

We breathe an atmosphere made pure and living by our Divine Master at first, and kept fresh and healthful, as it has come to us down the long line of the ages, by the few real Christians scattered here and there, — the Catherine Adornas, the St. Francis, the holy Louis of France, the Elizabeth Frys, and the Sarah Martins of our own time. And we of necessity draw a fuller and freer breath than the model mother of Rome, Cornelia; but if we do not make this life our own by personal possession, if we *limit* our love to our own little circle, we might as well go to Socrates or Plato for instruction, — we have not *begun* to comprehend the loving spirit of the Christ. In what is the heaven-made line of separation between their teachings and his? They say to us, Be pure yourselves, and teach your children to be pure. Die rather than basely deny the truth. They will utter words of wisdom to the intellectual young men who crowd into their schools. We may sit at their feet and be their friends, if we will, and many of our intelligent, but not yet Christian, young thinkers are contented to do so. But better

things are offered to us,—the friendship, not of Plato, but of Jesus. He also says to us, “Be pure, be faithful in your homes, and see to it that they are pure and Christian homes; but if you will make them such, you must extend your love beyond them. The necessity is laid upon you to follow me, among the wretched and the outcast, whom I love.

And now the practical question presses on us, What is to be done? In what way shall we testify our love for our Master? Our streets are filled with children who bear upon their faces that no man has cared for them. We cannot take them all and carry them to the Homes, where good Christian women care for them. Nearly all these children belong to Roman Catholic families, and we cannot therefore gather them into our Sunday schools. But surely we will not leave them, to follow their parents, and fill the places which they leave vacant so early to be laid in the drunkard's grave. Only let us love them heartily, and we shall devise, with the untiring ingenuity of affection, ways of helping them on the week-days, if we cannot on the Sundays. We shall have evening schools, to teach those to read who are all day in the streets; we shall plan evening meetings, where we can read to them, and talk with them, and make them feel that we are their friends. We shall be able to give them Christian teaching informally, without disturbing their different faith. We can go to their homes; and though we cannot expect to do much for their parents, our most hopeful entrance to them will be as their children's friends. We shall bring to bear upon them all the resources of our Christian refinement and cultivation, and we will never rest till we have inspired them with purer tastes, and have taught them to occupy their evenings with a pleasant book, in the place of the rum-shop which allured their fathers. We would have such a band of Christian workers that each boy and girl in our city should find upon the threshold of life a real friend to counsel and strengthen.

Then that Christian prayer, which we hear now, as the

petition of the devoted servant of God, that he would grant us, as his greatest blessing, wider fields to work in, and the hearts to work in them faithfully, would be the spontaneous utterance of every Christian heart. And surely we may believe that such prayers will be answered, and that the Divine blessing will accompany our labors.

It is good for us often to cast our thoughts forward a few years, to the day when all shadows will have vanished and we shall stand face to face with the eternal realities. One such child reclaimed and cherished by us we may offer as one token of our love for our Master. And in that day we shall know, that it had been better for us not to have been born than to have lived and rejected his call to be his friend, and not to have even begun to obey him, and enter into sympathy with his loving heart.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD.

A SAD burden presses upon all our hearts. We wish to cast it upon the Lord, to meet the demands of the hour in the spirit of the Gospel. On the eve of a civil war, one of the most grievous of the calamities to which our poor sinful and erring humanity is exposed, even the sight of the patriotism that forgets old strifes and devotes itself to the duty of the moment cannot delight us so much as it afflicts our hearts to think that the nation is divided against itself, and that they whom we are beginning to call our enemies are more than brethren, many of them bound to us by the strongest and sweetest bands. How much do we need the great thoughts of God and the great words of the Gospel to steady our souls withal! Days of trial, rightly accepted and used, never leave us unblessed. The world's life has been full of them from the beginning, and the thing which hath been it

is the thing which shall be ; and yet the pages that are writ with tears and blood are ablaze with many a true light of love and heroism. It has been well said, that "in a state of war philosophy and tolerance go to the wall ; when guns are pounding in the gates, even justice can only be done at the drumhead." What men ask now is not argument, but affirmation. They do not wish you to discuss what they are doing. That would be out of season, — too late or too early. They would rather you should be silent. A social necessity is upon them. *They* must go forward ; and they only ask, Can you go with us ? Can you say anything which will aid and encourage us ? Can you give us your blessing ? Can you say that in your judgment we are doing our duty as good citizens and the friends of civil order ? Can you instruct us as to the spirit in which we should strive to do this sad work ? And in this, as in other great straits, private and public, the community have a right to look to the teachers of Christianity for such sympathy and religious counsel as they may be able to give.

In obedience then to this demand, let us say, first, that our Christianity does not restrain, but enjoins, a hearty co-operation with those who, in obedience to the call of the civil magistrate, are ready to devote their lives to maintaining the order of society, even by an appeal to arms. It is true, indeed, that violence and war, prisons, scaffolds, and cannon, belong to a sinful world, and that when the spirit of Christ shall have prevailed over sin, these fearful things shall come to an end. But that day is not yet. Scarcely do we perceive the first gleams of the coming brightness. Meanwhile the ruler must bear the sword for the correction of all evil-doers, for the support of the national authority, and for the promotion of the great ends of public justice. These things must needs be. It would seem to be as impossible to avoid wars, as it is to dispense with the means of inflicting penalties upon criminals. There are times when nothing seems left for us but to utter the old battle-cries, and to sing the

old war-psalms, calling God to witness that not in selfishness, not in hatred, not in heat, not in revenge, but because we can no other, we go forth to the sad work of slaughter. It would, indeed, be very strange, if, in the case of a wide-spread conflict amongst civilized people, both of the conflicting parties did not claim to have the right on their side; the fact that it is their side will be with many the controlling persuasive, and it is not to be expected that the most will go forward from any other motive than the promptings of an unquestioning loyalty. Each party to the strife must solemnly weigh the matters at issue, and then make the appeal to Him who judgeth amongst nations and accomplishes his purposes in ways past our finding out. We can only say for ourselves, that when the people of the Southern States come in a becoming way and ask to be released from this Bond under which we have lived, we, for our part, are ready to bid them God-speed! We think it is as good as settled that we cannot live together happily; but no government can entertain such a request when it is urged sword in hand,—that is rebellion, and would end in anarchy. So we judge. So our providentially constituted rulers have decided for us. We affirm that this war in which we are unhappily involved is undertaken in the interests of constitutional liberty and civil order,—purely defensive; that we seek to protect our national capital against a threatened assault, and to uphold the very pillars of our state. Therefore I am ready—not because we love war and hate our brethren, or would play the tyrant over them, but because we prize our heritage from our fathers and all that reposes securely under the shield of law—to pray earnest prayers over our brave soldiers, as President Langdon of Harvard College prayed over the Continental troops as they paused on the green in Cambridge on their way to Bunker's Hill. From our hearts we say, "May the Lord of hosts be with them! May their enemies come out before them one way, and flee before them seven ways!" They have not gone to please themselves, but to serve their

country. Some of them have already been slain in the streets, and they that loved them mourn. May they be comforted. Let those who remain do all in their power, and make every needful sacrifice for the encouragement of our strong defenders. Surely this has become one of the Christian duties of the hour. It is a small thing for those who are still in no pressing peril to remember and aid their fellows who have gone to the battle. And the zeal of our whole population — men, women, and children, old men and young men and maidens — in this good work is one of the cheering facts in these days of anxiety, one of those compensations which, in the providence of God, are never wanting. We cannot give ourselves up too heartily to these unselfish promptings. They may help to redeem many a life from aimlessness and self-indulgence, and change some who had otherwise been only triflers into brothers of mercy and sisters of charity; for God is ever waiting to bless us, and the beams of his great love shining out from human faces make even the military hospital a place to be admiringly commemorated. So, as we say, it must be war, war even amongst Christians. It must needs be that offences come.

And yet, let us add, — though the addition may seem to be wholly inconsistent with what has just been urged, — there is no need that we should give ourselves up to a spirit of hatred and revenge. Of course this is the temptation, this will be the besetting sin; it would be too much to hope that many will not be betrayed into it. Yet it need not be so. Here we may take our stand as Christians. True heroism is free from the spirit of hatred and revenge. It does not smite with the fist of wickedness. It is above the old law which enjoins an eye for an eye. Its goodness is conspicuous in its severity. It seeks to moderate in all ways the horrors of war. It pauses when the high impersonal end has been reached. It is as earnest to leave the rights of others unassailed as to protect its own. Not because he would, but because he must, the true hero descends into the valley over which the

shadow of death is ominously gathering ; and, terrible as may be the strokes of his heavy hand, a heart of most tender love beats warmly within. Paradoxical as it may sound, the real hero loves his enemies, — he is as capable of love as of wrath, — and is often as gentle as he is strong ; otherwise he is no Christian hero. The fact that he is inflicting outward injuries upon his adversaries must not be interpreted as evidence of hatred. The Lord hateth nothing which he hath made, and yet how often he is the author of pain and destruction. He loves the man who has broken some law of Nature, and is suffering the inevitable penalty. If the bestowal of pleasure would effect the great purpose as well as the infliction of pain, how swiftly would the cup of happiness be filled to overflowing ! It is hard to realize that love can work through the awful instrumentalities which issue in agony and death ; but even so must the welfare of the world be painfully wrought out. It must be admitted that this is one of the things which men call impossible. It may seem hopeless to aim at anything of the kind in such a strife as this ; for when brothers differ, it must needs be a bitter conflict. Nevertheless, just so far as we listen to the spirit of the Gospel, we shall strive to separate the cause from the person, to fight the battles of the Lord rather than our own battles, to be *Christian* patriots ; and whilst we meet the duty of the hour with unflinching purpose and untiring zeal, and that enthusiasm which alone can accomplish anything in this world, we shall still strive to guide the popular wave that would sweep us along with it, and to rise, when we may, into that higher plane and purer atmosphere of Christian life, where we would abide forever, and from which, our hearts full of love and pity for all, we can look down with the pitying angels upon the hosts that are mustering for battle. We must aim at this. A little success in this direction may be worth a great deal by and by. We propose one of the hard things ; but it is in the hard things that Christianity specially seeks to aid us.

Once more, we all find ourselves able to think and speak and hear but one thing. In comparison with this, everything else seems uninteresting and insignificant. Matters which stirred our hearts from their depths yesterday, have no power to move us to-day. And for a time this must needs be. All our energies are rightly demanded in one direction. It is useless, it is cruel, especially to those who are sent forward, to engage in such a work with but one hand, or to do it by halves. But if these days are to be many, we must try to recover as much as we can that equanimity which every-day duties demand of most of us. We shall need the rest which they will afford to our sorely strained souls. A morbid concentration upon a single object, however important that object may be, does not help us in promoting it. The way to the end may be long. Reverses as well as successes may be in our path. Sometimes we can only wait. Meanwhile, to a considerable extent, all the ordinary works of life must go forward; no great interest, physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual, must be allowed to suffer beyond what is absolutely necessary; they who abide by the stuff, to use the language of the old Jewish warriors, must share equally, though in a different way, in labor and anxiety, with those who have gone to the battle. We mean that we must try to maintain this diligent and collected mind,—to maintain it as much as we can, simply because the temptation to fall into an unsettled habit, a state of fruitless excitement, will be so very strong. If we decide that it is our duty not to go, but to stay, we stay not to be alarmists or mere news-gatherers and news-reporters, but to see that the great interests which are left in our keeping suffer no detriment. St. Paul's counsel to his Thessalonian disciples, even when they were looking for the end of the world, was this: "Study to be quiet and to do your own business." We are not looking for the end of the *world*.

And now, who is sufficient for these things? What is there that can carry us calmly and safely through all the fear-

ful possibilities of the hour, and enable us to meet the daily anxiety and the sorrows which may come — indeed, are sure to come — along with great successes, — what save a genuine religious trust? Let us say it in all earnestness and literalness, if we have never learned to pray before, we must learn to pray now; if in the day of peace and prosperity God has ceased to be a reality to us, we must try to have faith in him now; if we have unconsciously slidden into the practical unbelief which makes no account of any world save this, we must try now to believe in a world where there are no battle-fields, where those who have striven to the death are reconciled, and look back upon the struggles of earth as frightful dreams. There is such a world! Let not the smoke and dust of the battle hide from us the light of that Sun which alone can cheer our day, or the brightness of those Stars which alone can make our night sacred! Whilst we are striving according to our best light to build up the earthly city, we must still keep our eyes upon the city which is above, and from which cometh evermore the mighty help of God. May he speed our cause. May he give to us the victory, and make the victory a blessing in the end to our adversaries; not what they wish and seek, but what they want and must accept. May we be true to our great ideas of civil order and of civil liberty. These are sure to conquer in the end, though *we* may be defeated for the moment. Every great conflict is seen at length to be a conflict of ideas, a battle of civilizations; and, thus far, the question whether of the twain is the stronger, has for the most part been decided at the cannon's mouth. God grant that even yet another way of decision may be opened! But let this be as it may, we cannot doubt about the issue. God and Humanity are on our side. May it come quickly! God save our nation's life, and never suffer our dear old flag to be again lowered into the dust, and advance her true glory and make her a terror to none save evil-doers!

E.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

DRAW near, thou Son of Man, abide with me,
Be thou henceforth my home;
I am a weary, heavy-laden one,
Whom thou hast told to come.

I come, — why should I stay? No rest for me,
Dear Lord, but at thy feet;
The earthly fruit I've plucked hath bitter proved,
I thought would be so sweet.

A poor, mean gift it is to bring to thee,
This jaded, baffled heart,
That would not see and choose thee its first love,
All lovely as thou art.

I chose this world, I played my game and lost, —
Wilt thou accept me now?
Unworthy I to lean upon thy breast,
Low at thy feet I bow.

O, not enough! lift thou me up: my heart
Must beat against thine own;
Saviour thou art, Friend, Lover thou must be,
I cannot live alone.

My heart is sad, my mind is dark, I must
Feel sure that thou art near;
Seeing my tears, touched by my grief, must know
That I to thee am dear.

How can I doubt? Thy death upon the cross
Hath said that I am thine;
For those thou diedst, thou wilt surely live:
Thy death and life are mine.

EVARISTE REGIS HUC.

THE Abbé Evariste Régis Huc, priest of the Order of the Lazarists, missionary apostolic in China, — who more than any traveller or writer in these days, perhaps in any, has opened the way to knowledge of that empire called Celestial, which is beyond the Himalayas, — has passed on at last to that kingdom Celestial which is beyond the skies.

A brief account of him we read in a foreign newspaper. There is a longer and better one in Appleton's New American Cyclopædia. Neither the exact date, nor the place of his death, which happened during the last year, is given. He was born in Toulouse, the ancient capital of Languedoc, August 1, 1813, and received his education in the seminary for priests in that city, in which seminary also he served for a time as teacher. But his heart was fixed on the farthest East. Not yet twenty-six years of age, he grasped the crucifix, and set sail with his companions from Havre, — in February, 1839, — eager to give his life to bring nations unto Christ. On reaching Macao they found a great excitement existing in China on account of the war which the English were waging then with a view to convince the barbarians of their physiological errors touching opium. Nothing daunted, they worked their way into the interior, even after the missionary Perboyne had won with his blood, in Utschangfu, after long and cruel imprisonment, the martyr's crown. Huc and his faithful companion, Gabet, wandered through China to Thibet, preaching their faith even in the sacred places of Buddhism, — the external resemblance of which to the Roman Church amazed them greatly. They were well treated in Lhassa, the capital of Thibet, but the Chinese ambassador had influence enough to effect their removal, and they were sent back to Canton. For the third time they passed through the Chinese Empire. In Peking both fell exceeding ill, and were obliged to call in native

physicians. Worn out with toil, Huc solicited permission to return to France, which he thought he had quitted forever. On the 1st of January, 1852, he sailed from Macao, visited Ceylon and Cairo and Alexandria, whence he took the opportunity to repair to Jerusalem and the holy places; after which he went on homeward to seek relief in his native Southern France, at the baths of Ax, in the Pyrenees. Gabet remained but a little while in France, — restless to wander on with the cross to South America, where he ended his days soon afterwards, in Rio Janeiro. Huc employed his leisure in writing out that valuable account of his travels, which, translated into almost all modern languages, best tells to all men the story of his zeal. His first work, which appeared in 1852, was, "*Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet, et la Chine, pendant les Années 1844, 1845, et 1846,*" translated into English by the younger Hazlitt. It was followed by "*L'Empire Chinois,*" which won the first Monthyon medal from the French Academy. An English translation of it was published by the Harpers, in two volumes, in 1855. A third work, in three volumes, called "*Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet,*" was published by Longman, London, in 1857-8.

In his last years he was much occupied with theological studies, — fragments of a religious work being found among his papers. As for the rest, it is said of him that he did not neglect becoming solace for his many sufferings and his long labors; he passed the summer in the country, the winter in Paris in learned society, which his increasing corpulence, it is quaintly remarked, showed that he knew how to enjoy conscientiously, — a very lively, pleasant, talkative man, whom it was good to have by you at dinner.

As a writer, the French think that he had too much Chinese in him to make proper academic use of their rather finical language; and as a traveller, perhaps, that he was given to those fancies and that occasional extravagance which have so long been attributed to his mediæval predeces-

sor, Marco Polo, — with as little truth, we doubt not time will show, as to Herodotus, — who, indeed, is fast losing his right to be called Father of History, by being stripped of the title of Father of Lies.

H. J. W.

EDUCATIONAL PRINCIPLES *vs.* EDUCATIONAL PREJUDICES.*

WE believe that we tell no secret when we say that an intelligent public, whether reading or lecture-going, does not catch eagerly at an opportunity to read or hear a discourse upon Education. We have noticed once or twice, when at "Institutes" such discoursing was going forward, a decided preference for the lessons and entertainments to be gathered up in the meadows and on the hill-sides. The truth is, that there is no subject upon which a larger amount of cheap, commonplace wisdom is vented than upon this theme of Education, and the weariness of audiences is proportioned to the fluency of speakers, the ease with which they dilate upon the "importance" of the topic, "the necessity of teaching children to think," "the demand for a harmonious development of the whole man," &c. There is an infinite amount of dealing with abstractions and generalities, whilst applications are avoided, and the hard places are deftly skipped over, and the same old straw is persistently beaten, in the hope that yet a grain of wheat may have escaped the persistent flail. An eloquent man will be eloquent upon almost any subject, but a good deal of really eloquent speech upon Education is more rhetorical than instructive.

We need hardly add, therefore, that nothing but the

* Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By HERBERT SPENCER, Author of "Social Statics," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1861.

reputation of the author as an exceedingly original and vigorous thinker induced us to take up the work, the title of which is given below. We were sure that Herbert Spencer could not be numbered with those who repeat, parrot-wise, the words of other persons ; that he would be sure to grapple two-handed with whatever matter might fairly come into his hands. Our expectations have been more than met, and we cannot refrain from setting down some of the suggestions of an exceedingly suggestive book. The subject is treated under these four distinct heads, — "What Knowledge is of most Worth?" "Intellectual Education"; "Moral Education"; "Physical Education."

In discussing the first of these specific topics, Spencer starts with the remark, that "in order of time decoration precedes dress." The barbarian is more careful to be painted than to be clad, and when it rains folds up his garments lest they should be spoiled. Even the civilized or the partially civilized are inclined to regard the fashion of the dress more than its really serviceable qualities, and the rings that are no longer suspended from the nose are hung in the ears. So it is in the training of the intellect. Effect is sought after, to the neglect of utility. There are certain things which every well-educated person is expected to know ; and, although no good reason can be given for this expectation, it is zealously met, to the sore grief of the young people, who of course are not consulted, but are simply "put through" the usual thing, with such facilities as the ingenious teacher can devise, and such alleviations as the merciful teacher can provide. We must be able to tell precisely when old dead kings began to live their useless lives, and cannot be suffered to keep on hand, in some portable form, a convenient summary of such historic matters, instead of storing them away in the memory, with infinite effort. We must know whether to put the accent of a Greek or Latin word upon the penult or the antepenult, and may not venture to question whether, if the Greeks and Romans had been

so plagued with ancient languages, they would have done or said anything worth setting down. Meanwhile the knowledge which the world needs every day of its busy life is either neglected, or only communicated, as it were, by the way; picked up under the stress of dire necessity, rather by sufferance than with zeal. Physiology, mathematics, mechanics, chemistry, and agriculture, the history and science of society in distinction from stories of the strifes of kings,—indeed, science under every form, according to Mr. Spencer, are the matters that should occupy the attention of the young pupil. The preservation of bodily health and vigor, and the successful progress of the arts which conduce so much to the outward, and indeed also to the inward growth of humanity, nay, even a reverent recognition of the mystery by which we are overshadowed and encompassed, are best promoted by an earnest pursuit of science, an endeavor to know ourselves and the world we are now living and laboring in. And it seems to us that in this opening essay Mr. Spencer has effectively challenged our educational routine, and has successfully pointed out the unreasonableness of attempting to discipline every mind, and to provide for every future career, according to the stereotype methods, without so much as asking the question, “What kind of knowledge is of most worth?” Fortunately, however, the things which men most need to know are learned somehow and by some, if not in childhood, then in after years, and as the knowledge can be made useful. In spite of the attention paid to dead formulas and vocables, the world has made most wonderful progress in useful science during this last century, and perhaps the gain would not have been so very great had the children been trained in physiology, botany, mechanics, and sociology, instead of the classics of Greece and Rome; for as only a very handful ever get anything but the discipline from their classical training, so we think it would be with those who should be taught in the natural sciences; and many might prefer the study of language, not to say of literature, to les-

sons in physics. What we need would seem to be a more extended *curriculum*, a more generous provision for various tastes and purposes, and a recognition of the wealth of our own literature, as well as of that of the ancient world.

In the paper on Intellectual Education we have a hopeful view of the gain to be realized from the conflicts in the world of educators, each sect pressing its own theory. Already there are tokens of progress, especially in the method of teaching languages, the old rote system of committing grammar rules to memory having yielded in a measure to the more natural process of acquiring the tongue itself, just as a child learns to talk. Spite of our own educational prejudices, we always feel as if there was a degree of cruelty in compelling a child to learn by rote, we cannot say by *heart*, the grammars of the Greek and Latin languages, masses of sentences to which they can attach no ideas whatever, and in which they can feel no more interest than in a column of words from the spelling-book or the dictionary. It would be impossible to exact any such tasks from adults. The vigor of the word-memory in childhood happily ministers some relief, and humanity somehow gets accustomed to almost anything, and we do not ourselves recall the grammars as special trials. They keep children out of mischief, and discipline them to habits of application and accuracy. Still life is too short, even boy-life, to be wasted. If we can make children happy whilst we are preparing them for future usefulness, it is surely a thing to be desired. There is no need to go out of the way to find difficulties. This is just as foolish in the training of the mind as is the way of some to go shivering every day with the idea of hardening the constitution, when they might just as well have another coat. When Providence puts animals into cold regions, the fur is thickened accordingly. Let him who hath a coat wear it! If you can do your duty as man or child, and enjoy your work, you have fulfilled so far the purpose of the Creator, which aims to secure for each and all perfect faithfulness and perfect happiness, — the utmost obe-

dience and the utmost enjoyment. It is our wish to make the young wise betimes ; it is also our wish to make them happy, to spare them every unnecessary burden and annoyance.

The last two chapters, treating the one of moral and the other of physical education, are worthy to be read with great care by every one to whom the charge of the young is intrusted. The pages on the deficiencies of parents are exceedingly rich in valuable suggestions. Fathers and mothers are to be blamed as well as children. Bad temper produces bad temper. Earnest and honest and thoughtful questioners have a fair claim upon their natural teachers for the time and attention which are needed in order to secure full replies, even though the newspaper or the speculation may be more interesting for the moment. We take for granted that the parent is right, just as the theory is that the king can do no wrong. The child, unlike the subject, has no right of revolution ; but he can have his temper soured, his confidence shaken, his heart and his face hardened.

“ Commenting on the chaotic state of opinion and practice relative to family government, Richter writes : — ‘ If the secret variances of a large class of ordinary fathers were brought to light and laid down as a plan of studies and reading catalogued for a moral education, they would run somewhat after this fashion. In the first hour “ pure morality must be read to the child, either by myself or the tutor ” ; in the second, “ mixed morality, or that which may be applied to one’s own advantage ” ; in the third, “ do you not see that your father does so and so ? ” in the fourth, “ you are little, and this is only fit for grown-up people ” ; in the fifth, ‘ the chief matter is, that you should succeed in the world, and become something in the state ’ ; in the sixth, “ not the temporary, but the eternal determines the worth of a man ” ; in the seventh, “ therefore rather suffer injustice and be kind ” ; in the eighth, “ but defend yourself bravely if any one attack you ” ; in the ninth, “ do not make a noise, dear child ” ; in the tenth, “ a boy must not sit so quiet ” ; in the eleventh,

“you must obey your parents better”; in the twelfth, “and educate yourself.” So by the hourly change of his principles the father conceals their untenableness and one-sidedness. As for his wife, she is neither like him nor yet like that harlequin who came on to the stage with a bundle of papers under each arm, and answered to the inquiry what he had under his right arm, “orders,” and to what he had under his left arm, “counter-orders.” But the mother might be much better compared to a giant Briareus, who had a hundred arms, and a bundle of papers under each.’ ”

Natural, not artificial penalties, are advocated by Mr. Spencer, as at once most merciful and effectual for the discipline of youth. Let your child’s sin or error punish him. Do not step in yourself and become the executioner. Rather present yourself to your child as one who would shield him as much as may be from the fruits of his doings. Be with him, not to judge, but to save. Let it be very plain that you love him all the while. Then when you are obliged yourself to punish his offences, when you manifest dissatisfaction, your displeasure will be all the more significant, because it is the displeasure of one whom he has been accustomed to love, and whose deeds have always been kind.

The children will be much indebted to Mr. Spencer, when they are told that he would have them eat till they are satisfied, and would not confine them to a dreary repetition of bread and milk and oatmeal porridge, viands not much in vogue, we believe, in this country. ‘When to ‘Oliver asking for more,’ the mamma or the governess replies in the negative, on what data does she proceed? She *thinks* he has had enough. But where are her grounds for so thinking? Has she some secret understanding with the boy’s stomach, — some *clairvoyant* power enabling her to discern the needs of his body? If not, how can she safely decide? As we heard said by the father of a five-years-old boy, who stands a head taller than most of his age, and is proportionately robust, rosy, and active: ‘I can see no artificial stand-

ard by which to mete out his food. If I say, "This much is enough," it is a mere guess ; and the guess is as likely to be wrong as right. Consequently, having no faith in guesses, I let him eat his fill.' And certainly, any one judging of his policy by its effects would be constrained to admit its wisdom." Mr. Spencer would hardly accept the old rejoinder to the child asking for cake, "If you were really hungry, you would crave a piece of dry bread." One may be hungry without being almost starved, and dry bread is not the only food which a kind Providence lays upon the board that is spread for man. The science of chemistry has made wonderful progress in these last years, and it has been found that some cravings of the child ought to have been satisfied and not systematically denied. The excesses of holidays are nature's protests against the asceticism which passes sentence upon sweets because they are sweets. A few good things every day would not leave so many good things to be gormandized on special occasions of feasting. We have only room to set down this final word: "Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. . . . The fact is, that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins."

E.

IF we do but seriously believe the truth of the Gospel, and the truth of the life to come, the best things of this world will seem of small moment ; and the worst things this world can inflict will seem but of small moment ; and the worst things this world can inflict will appear too light to provoke us to impatience or discontent. He that hath everlasting glory in prospect, will have a mind full of contentment in the darkest condition here.

HYMN OF THE SOUL.

GIVE me bright thoughts, my Father ! let thy sunshine fall
 Upon this web of life !
 So shall I meet thy blessed will in all
 Earth's mortal, weary strife :
 Let every little, fragile thread inwoven be
 Closely, my God, with thee !

What care I, be the fabric coarse or be it fine,
 Of silk or roughest hair !
 A lustre fresh from thee will through it shine,
 A radiance it will wear,
 Which takes the hue of angel garments, pure and white,
 Glowing with spirit light.

The beautiful, Earth of herself can never weave, —
 The cold, dry, nerveless Earth !
 The fairest impress she hath power to leave,
 Alas ! is little worth,
 Except the light divine doth vivify the whole, —
 The beauty of the Soul.

The sunny ray from Heaven doth color the fresh flowers
 As they up-turn to Thee :
 The clouds above distil the vernal showers
 From their own purity :
 The smile of God alone gives life to faith and love,
 As came the Holy Dove.

The Dove of Heaven, which spread its spotless wings
 Over the Son of God,
 Speaking from thee, the glorious King of kings,
 Of him, the Christ, the Word, —
 To suffering man thy highest, noblest gift,
 All *being* to uplift.

Let not the dark nor sinful come, dimming the pure,
 As flits each earthly day ;
 Sorrow, temptation, pain, let me endure ;
 Turn not from me away.
 Grief will be hallowed then, bearing thy smile,
 As my soul waits the while, —

Waits, Father, with this frail and humble web of life,
 Outspread in faith to thee !
 Make it with gentleness and virtue rife,
 With stainless purity :
 While peace and love and truth their saintly beauty blend,
 Till life itself shall end,

And, silent, mingle with the eternal folds of light
 That beam around thy shrine ;
 Expanding far beyond the realms of night, —
 All holy, all divine !
 Calm, bright, and sinless thoughts shall all my being fill,
 So be my Father's will.

* * *

OUR home, our country is heaven, where there are no sorrows,
 nor fears, nor troubles: this world is the place of our travel and
 pilgrimage, and, at the best, our inn.

IN my Father's house there are mansions, many mansions, instead
 of my inn; and my Saviour himself hath not disdained to be my
 harbinger: he is gone before me, to prepare a place for me. I will,
 therefore, content myself with the inconveniences of my short jour-
 ney, for my accommodations will be admirable when I come to my
 home, that heavenly Jerusalem which is the place of my rest and
 happiness.

WEIGH and consider your words before you speak them, and do
 not talk at random.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE NEW CENSUS AND THE PROSPECT.

WE must look carefully at the figures to estimate aright the terrible conflict that impends. By the census of 1860, the whole population of the American Union is 31,648,853. Of this the Free States and Territories have 19,046,173. The Slave States number in free population 8,602,470. The number of slaves lacks but 347 of *four millions*. The number of free population in the seceding States is in round numbers 2,700,000. The number of slaves in the seceding States is 2,350,000.

From this it becomes apparent that the seven seceding States number less than the single State of New York, which has 3,851,000, and less than New England which has 3,128,000. The two cities of New York and Brooklyn have nearly half as many freemen as the seven seceding States.

It is gratifying to learn that the number of slaves in Delaware has *decreased* in ten years from 2,290 to 1,505, and in Maryland from 90,868 to 35,382. Slavery in these States is therefore verging rapidly towards its extinction, which fact explains their firmness for the Union as it is. In what are called the "Border States" the increase in the free population has been at a rate per cent *double* that of the slave population, which shows that slavery is receding towards the Cotton States.

The struggle in which we are becoming involved is not a struggle between freedom and slavery, though things are tending rapidly to that naked issue. It lay with the Border States to decide whether it should be a conflict for the Union as it is, or whether it should become a sectional war between the North and the South. If it comes to the latter, a servile war may also be the consequence, and complicate the sufferings of the crisis.

Whatever awaits us, one thing has been growing more and more obvious for the last twelve years, till finally its certainty has become like fate. There is no peaceful way out of the depths of our national wickedness. The storm must burst and the thunderbolt must fall before we can have a healthful atmosphere and a clear sky. We must meet it like men, knowing that this is God's appointment which we may

not evade. There are worse things than war. Deterioration and moral cowardice are worse than death ; and when it becomes necessary to die for great truths and principles, how sweet and how beautiful is the sacrifice ! Let no one imagine that this is our day of deepest darkness. Twenty millions of people rising as one man, thrilled by one pulse, swept by one spirit of self-sacrifice, holding right and justice to be dearer than life, and that life for these may be and shall be offered up, will appear in history as the brightest omen of the century. Civilization and free government are not to fail here, but to come forth more glorious and secure from trial. This is the clear pointing of the finger of God, and for this he strikes the awful hour and summons men to their duty. Meanwhile we hope that from all the altars of religion will be breathed the holiest, selectest influence into the cause of constitutional liberty as the cause of God.

S.

SONG SNATCHES.

WHATEVER the enemies of Rev. T. L. Harris may say of him, they cannot deny that he is a poet. An effusion more fragrant with the sweetest affections we have seldom met with than the following. We judge, from the connection in which we find it, that it dates from several years since.

THE AUTUMNAL GUEST.

THE crown from the forehead of summer
 Had dropped, the dim woodlands were sere,
 When there entered our home a strange-comer,
 Afar from the kingdom of fear,
 In the mystical fall of the year.

He darkened our doors, and the hours,
 Once opening like myrtles in bloom,
 Were blighted as if they were flowers
 That droop in the shade of the tomb,
 That wither and die in its gloom.

There came to our cheek a strange pallor,
 Our words grew unfrequent and low,
 But one of our number with valor
 Smiled sweet on that terrible foe,
 As the rose on the cold, falling snow.

My star of the night and the morning,
 My joy and my beauty was she :
 Then came to my heart a forewarning,
 A blast from the winter to be, —
 The winter that waileth in me.

And I knew that my kingdom of summer
 Must fade, and its crown disappear ;
 O, pitiless grew the dread comer
 Afar from the kingdom of fear,
 In the desolate fall of the year !

Strange that hearts can live on after breaking !
 At midnight my darling was dead,
 Her bosom had rest from its aching,
 Fond bosom her babies that fed, —
 Pure bosom that pillowed my head.

A grave 'neath the pines for my keeping
 He left me, that sorrowful guest,
 A soul that is weary with weeping,
 A world that in shadow is drest,
 A life that is wild with unrest.

No more, never more to behold her ! —
 I wake by degrees to my loss,
 I feel the cold world growing colder ;
 On sorrow's drear ocean I toss :
 I faint 'neath the load of my cross.

Yet high in the infinite summer
 Beyond the pale kingdom of fear,
 God's angels have crowned a new-comer, —
 She smiles from her beautiful sphere ;
 She calls me, — the morning is near !

FUGUING TUNES.

WE like fuguing tunes when they are adapted to the sentiment, and when used to edify the congregation, and not show off the accomplishments of the choir. But in very many instances they remind us of an anecdote which we saw quoted some time ago in the "Philosophy of Sectarianism," a work of the Rev. Alexander Blakie,

pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Boston. It seems the late Sears C. Walker, in company with Messrs. Dungelson and Bache, of the Coast Survey, happened, in one of their expeditions, into some New England country church. It might have been just after a singing-school, when the choir generally receives new recruits, increasing immensely its volume of noise, but not in a corresponding degree its fervency of devotion. At any rate one of the fuguing tunes was coming off just at that time, set to the words "Countless seraphs bow before the throne." The performance was proceeding in this wise:—

"Countless ser-ar-aphs, countless ser-ar-er-er-aphs
Bow-wow-wow before," &c. ;

when the following dialogue took place among the worshippers of the "Coast Survey."

Mr. Walker. "Why, I never heard that before. It must be one of the *dogmas* of the Church."

Mr. Bache. "Yes, evidently it is in that *category*."

"FOR SUBSTANCE OF DOCTRINE."

HERE is another anecdote quoted by Mr. Blakie. It is one of the signs of change which perplex sorely the advocates of an unchanging Puritan theology. A Scotch minister, who had been pastor several years over a New England congregation, had occasion to travel out of New England, probably into York State, and spend the Sabbath in a Scotch family. After service the family assembled, according to invariable Scotch custom, to recite the Catechism, and so preserve the "form of sound words." The children and other members of the family answered in turn, very correctly, as the father of the family questioned them. Then he came to his clerical guest.

"I can answer the question *in substance*," said the minister, "but I cannot answer it as it is in the Catechism." The father shook his head and passed on. After the catechizing was over, the father turned in wonderment to his guest.

"How is it that *you*, a *Scotchman*, could not recite the Catechism, as all that people think so much of having the children taught this form of sound words?"

"O," said the minister, with a comical shrug of the shoulder, "I was brought up in *New England*!"

CHRIST'S CAPTURE IN THE GARDEN.

A PARAPHRASE.

WHEN shrouded by the darkness of the earth,
And soon to pass away from human sight,
Thus spake the Wisdom born of heavenly birth,
Which was before the world, of men the Light :

" Why come ye forth, as 'gainst a thief, with swords,
When daily in the Temple I have taught ?
Have ye not listened to God's gracious words,
Which to a sinful world salvation brought ?

" Why stretched ye forth no hands against me then,
When in your sight and hearing there I stood ?
Was it because ye stood in fear of men ?
But thus it was to prove the Scriptures good.

" This is your hour ! The covert gloom of night
Is the fit time for violence and wrong ;
The evil hide them from the morning light,
And leagued with Darkness only are they strong.

" The children of the Light do wisdom love,
And gladly listen to her holy word ;
The evil hate the light which doth reprove,
And 'gainst the righteous draw the bloody sword."

J. V.

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

WHEN you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for *them* to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than

without it, provided it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school-house and back again. We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was, that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore could n't laugh and shout, and so Nature, in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:—

“ Sweet, laughing child ! the cottage door
 Stands free and open now ;
 But oh ! its sunshine gilds no more
 The gladness of thy brow !
 Thy merry step hath passed away,
 Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

 Thy mother by the fireside sits
 And listens for thy call ;
 And slowly, — slowly as she knits,
 Her quiet tears downfall ;
 Her *little hindering thing* is gone,
 And undisturbed she may work on.

8.

THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE.

THE scholar said to his master, How may I come to the supersensual life, that I may see God and hear him speak ?

His master said : When thou canst throw thyself for a moment into that where no creature dwelleth, then thou hearest what God speaketh.

Scholar. Is that near at hand, or far off ?

Master. It is in thee, and if thou canst for a while cease from all thy thinking and willing, thou shalt hear unspeakable words of God.

Scholar. How can I hear when I stand still from thinking and willing?

Master. When thou standest still from the thinking and willing of self, then the eternal hearing, seeing, and speaking, will be revealed in thee. . . . Thine own hearing, willing, and seeing hindereth thee that thou dost not see nor hear God.

Then the scholar asked his master further, saying, Whither goeth the soul when the body dieth, be it either saved or damned?

His master answered: It needed no going forth, only the outward mortal life with the body do separate themselves from the soul,—the soul hath heaven and hell in itself before, as it is written, “The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you”; and whether of the two, viz. either heaven or hell, shall be manifested in it, in that the soul standeth.

Scholar. Doth it not enter into heaven or hell as a man entereth into a house, or as a man goeth through a door into another world?

Master. No; there is no such kind of entering, for heaven and hell are present everywhere; and it is but the turning in of the will either into God’s love or into his anger, and this cometh to pass in the life, according to that of St. Paul, “Our conversation is in heaven”; and Christ saith also, “My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give them the eternal life, and none shall pluck them out of my hand.”

JACOB BEHMEN.

A PEEP AT THE NEWSBOYS IN THEIR LODGING-HOUSE.

THE condition of this establishment is attracting more attention than hitherto; its beneficial results at first being considered dubious by those who knew the lives of the newsboys. Now the friends who have watched its progress are satisfied that this rude, though moral rendezvous, has been the means of gathering into one fold many an untamed spirit, whose case would have been hard to reach through other agencies. Here, in the company of their own sort, they listen attentively to the words of the Good Shepherd, and *never within the walls* use his name in vain. Pains are taken to gradually refine their tastes by entertaining lectures, readings, dramatic, or otherwise;

games, such as chess, checkers, dominoes, and the like ; all tendency to gambling being utterly ignored. In furtherance of this idea, and to attract them from rude sports, a library has been established, to which Mrs. J. J. Astor has contributed so largely that it has been christened Astor Library No. 2. This lady has also sent it some pretty specimens of paintings, handsomely mounted in gilt frames.

On Sabbath evenings these boys are seen in their best, and to many their most interesting light: No meeting is more orderly, no audience more attentive, unless here and there childhood asserts its supremacy over the unnatural vigilance of the past week, and a small head is seen to fall on the red-shirted breast. Even in such cases we have observed an effort to cast off old Morpheus, and the eye is snapped, the head scratched, and the whole frame erected to its utmost stretch, only to limber down again under the conqueror. Through the kindness of the benevolent, or by their own thrift, they are generally able, on this sacred day, to sport a clean shirt; and this, together with the free meal always provided for those who keep it holy, no doubt conduces to the increased audience always perceptible at Sunday-evening meetings. The head is always bowed at the tone of prayer, and a visitor who listens to their closing hymn *must* go away with it still ringing in his heart, as its tones flow in waves that circle even to the Almighty ear. Who that hears can fail to join in that hymn, half praise, half prayer, when the thought presents itself of the blessed promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"? — *Methodist*.

REQUIEM IN A CHURCHYARD.

THE holy dead ! move softly here,
Let no harsh sound be heard ;
O gentle be the pillow where,
Mid singing of the bird,
The beautiful are laid to rest
Upon their mother's breast !

The holy dead ! low breathe the winds
Above the couch of peace,
And lightly waves the bending grass
Where all life's struggles cease.
The beautiful are laid to rest
Upon their mother's breast.

The clouds look lovingly above,
 The flowerets bloom below,
 The trees are silent sentinels,
 The streams more gently flow.
 The beautiful are laid to rest
 Upon their mother's breast.

The holy dead ! the holy dead !
 Above, around us here
 Ye come, a beaming spirit-band,
 Our onward course to cheer.
 Ye live, though dust is laid to rest
 Upon the mother's breast.

The dead, the dead ! There comes no death !
 The soul can ne'er decay,
 But rises to its higher life,
 As falls the useless clay.
 The beautiful ! ay, let them rest
 Upon the Father's breast.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Those who have read these Essays and Addresses will be very glad to have them in this pleasant form, and with such slight revisions as they may have needed. They will be as interesting to the uninitiated as to the medical profession, — some of them, we fancy, more so. Like many independent thinkers in these days, Dr. Holmes finds himself between two fires, that of the homœopathsists whom he has assailed on the one hand, and that of the “vigorous” practitioners whose distrust he has aroused on the other hand. He will be found in good heart for every encounter, and will never write a dull or uninteresting book.

E.

Twelve Sermons, delivered at Antioch College by HORACE MANN. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — These "Sermons" are remarkable at once for what they contain and for what they do not contain. So far as they go, they are positive, earnest, high-toned, and vigorous, full of admirable counsel to the young; but we cannot say that they strengthen us in a desire which we have been accustomed to entertain, that there might be an increase of lay-preaching. They are very disappointing as exhibitions of the peculiar wealth of Christianity; the hearer or reader finds himself continually asking for something which does not come. The sermons on Immortality and Miracles leave one unsatisfied, if not dissatisfied; and the illustrations in the discussion of the wonderful works of the Saviour seem to confound things which differ not only in degree but in kind. They give us a feeling of being out in the open air, with the whole world before us, when we would so much rather find ourselves in the fold of the Good Shepherd. There are good things here to put into sermons, — materials for the preacher; but these are not sermons, and for ourselves we should have preferred to listen to a preacher. The volume is of value and interest, notwithstanding this serious defect. It discloses the honest, earnest thought of an intelligent and large-hearted layman upon the great truths of religion. It will help the preachers to understand the mental conditions to which they have to minister. It will quicken and guide moral and spiritual aspiration, increase the manliness of our young people, and by its "meditations" will lead the reader to "prayers" properly so called. E.

The Methodist. A Weekly Journal. Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D. D., and J. MCCLINTOCK, D. D. — We always turn to this newspaper with great interest. It is catholic and manly, filled with well-digested thoughts and carefully selected information. The literary character of the articles is very high. Of course the interests of the noble Christian body which the journal represents are made prominent, but there is always a vast deal which every one, young or old, immature or mature in the knowledge of the Gospel, will read with delight and profit. E.

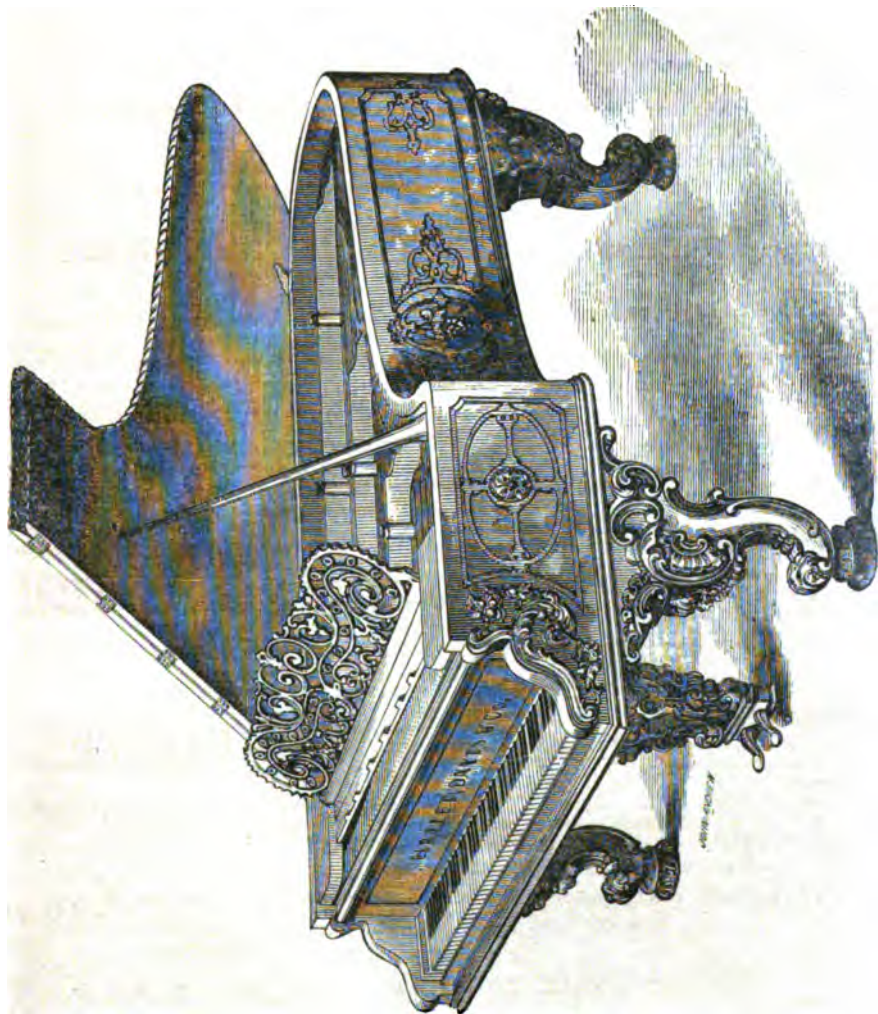
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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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JUNE, 1861.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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THE

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JUNE, 1861.

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THE NATIONAL DEFENCE, AND THE HOME GUARD.

WE have been taught to regard Peace and Love as among the chief characteristics of the Christian religion. We teach our children, from their earliest years, and anxiously, that the law of love can and must always rule. And in our land peace has actually reigned till many of the States have forgotten to retain implements of force ; till a generation has grown up never having heard the clash of arms. We have honestly acquired the feeling that war was a remnant of heathenism, a work henceforth utterly unworthy the hands of Christians.

But now within a few weeks this whole nation of peaceable citizens has turned into a nation of warriors ; even women and children are ready to stretch out their hands if they may help. The preachers of the Gospel, whose mission it is to take up and pass on the message of Peace and Good-will given at Bethlehem, advocate this war which is now raging, and mingle the mention of it with their weekly worship of God. For all this there must be some assumed, or sufficient reason. The spirit of Christ cannot have utterly left this great nation. His saints cannot have come forward to dip their hands in blood for what they deem a common earthly cause. The mothers, who with prayers dedicated their sons

to be soldiers of the cross, cannot have sent them forth to the destruction of their fellow-men, and to all the horrors of war, without believing that the Lord really called them, and will go with them. And just here is where the earnest question arises,—What is that sufficient reason, if such exist? can these two words “War” and “Christian” ever be joined together? And if so, what is it that makes this a Christian war? How, as open advocates this day of a forcible appeal to arms, do ministers of the Gospel feel justified in claiming a right to stand before their congregations as preachers of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace?

These questions I will try to answer. I assume that one of the great aims and demands of Christianity is peace on earth;—that in its whole spirit it is opposed, as no other religion, philosophy, or policy ever was opposed, to war;—that it exalts and illustrates human brotherhood;—that it continually urges men to appeal more and more to moral forces,—to try reason, persuasion, forbearance;—that it dignifies forgiveness into a divine power;—that it commands men and pleads with men to let love rule them; to give no place to passion;—that it makes hate almost synonymous with Satan; and declares that the spirit of revenge murders, kills out, the soul of the man that cherishes it,—cuts him off from fellowship with Jesus Christ and with God,—casts him into hell.

I assume that such is the spirit and tone of Christianity, and that its stern demand and its ultimate aim are absolutely for “peace on earth”;—that it labors, confident that its labor is not in vain, for the coming of a time when war shall utterly cease; when love of man and love of God shall be so fully infused into the life of nations that it will not be possible for men to attempt to destroy this image of God, any more than it would be for them to attempt to destroy Him whose image we are. I believe that Christ prophesied such a time, was sent to hasten on such a time, labored with tears and prayers and bleeding love to make men accept the real-

ity and possibility of such a coming time. I believe this to have been the vision, the inspiration, the practical aim of Jesus Christ. I have stated this point as clearly and as strongly as I know how, and I want it to be accepted in its full significance, without any limitation or mental reservation.

And now I will say, in the face of this statement, that Christianity is not compromised, or its efficiency invalidated, or its ultimate success disproved, by the present appeal to arms, advocated by the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. And let me tell you why.

The ultimate end may be peace for the entire world; the means, or intermediate steps, by which this end is slowly wrought out, may embrace within their limits war. It is especially important that we distinguish between ultimate ends and means, when the ends are as far-reaching as those of Christianity.

But can any end, you ask, ever make holy unholy means, — the end, peace, justify war? Yes, it can, as means. We have got to take the world as it is, and do our work in it. We have got to use the best means that are at hand; only use them, always keeping in mind the end for which we use them; use them unwillingly, it may be, but because of the impossibility of applying better. If you have the children of this world to deal with, you cannot use the weapons which you would if dealing with those who are nearer to the children of light.

When, for instance, men who cannot be reached by an appeal to justice or to honor, or to God's law, attempt to force their own evil purposes upon other men, making us, at least, accessories in their crimes, or attempt to destroy institutions and a government that are built up upon, and intrusted with the keeping of, holy principles, involving the progressive interests of the race, then I believe Christianity itself calls upon us, saying, "Let him that hath no sword sell his garment and buy one."

"War," says De Quincey, "may exist in virtue of a kind of moral necessity, connected with the benefits of compensation; such as continually lurk in evils acknowledged as such, but which are used as a balance to opposite tendencies of a still more evil character. The very evil and woe of men's condition on earth may be oftentimes detected in the necessity of looking to some other woe as the pledge of its purification; so that what separately would have been hateful for itself, passes mysteriously into an object of toleration, of hope, or even of prayer, as the counter-venom to the taint of some more mortal poison."

When Jesus drove the money-changers from the temple he used force with those men; he called in, doubtless, to his aid, the authority of those who kept the temple, and then took those money-changers and defilers of holy places upon their own ground; he did not appeal to reason,—they would not listen to it; he made a scourge of thongs, and drove them out of the sacred precincts.

And now that we speak of the example of Jesus, turn to his own words. Peace among brethren was the holy aim before him,—peace on earth. Angels heralded it as his mission; angels heralded it, and Christ came. But what did Christ say? "Think not that I am come to bring peace,"—to bring it as a ready prepared gift, borne with me in my hand, or as the immediate result of my coming. It is to be wrought out; and at first my coming will not be peace, but a sword. In the conflict of my principles, he would say, with worldly and selfish hearts, there must needs result among men contention, warfare, brother set against brother man. Yet because Christ spoke of this unavoidable consequence so calmly, are we to suppose that his soul was not saddened in view of the necessary conflicts which, because of men's low level of life, must needs grow up? Or on the other hand, because he foresaw these conflicts, did he shrink from giving his truth to men, and intrusting to chosen and brave hearts the defence of his divine principle? Not so.

Christianity, then, authorizes the use of the sword when some principle is threatened in such a way that the only method to defend it, or the institutions in which it is embodied, is by drawing the sword. The Christian limit for the use of force, necessitating a great loss of life on both sides, is this, viz. first, that you are carrying out the will of God ; and secondly, that you are shut out from all other resources except the use of force. Human life is secondary to the upholding a principle. It is a sad necessity on the one hand to be obliged to take away a life ; but it is not sad, on the other hand, to be obliged to give away life for a real purpose. Length of life in this world is of very little importance, but how the life is spent is of immense importance. When that man died, was he a soldier of God, and Christ, and human progress ? And in regard to the individual himself, as an immortal being, one year of struggle with wrong for the sake of the right, and then death, contributes more to progressive life than forty years of compromise with wrong, or mere timid allegiance to right.

Now in this present war, as in the war of the Revolution, reason, expostulation, appeal to justice had all been tried, and all in vain, to ward off a terrific evil. Still it pressed on. If we yield to its march, we surrender the field where God seemed to have intrusted to man the working out of the highest civilization that the accumulated wisdom of centuries had made the race capable of achieving ; we undo all that was done by the heroes of our Revolution ; we place ashes instead of rejoicing upon the heads of the aged ; we transmit despair instead of hope to the young ; we blot out the sun of manhood. Ask the soundest statesmanship, and what does it tell you ? It tells you that this contest is not a mere question of Union or Disunion ; " it is a question of order, of the stability of governments, of the peace of communities ; a question of freedom of suffrage, a question of civilization, of arts, of philanthropy, of divine order, of the brotherhood of man." Entered upon with a recognition of this as the reason,

and the only reason, why we take up arms, and this becomes indeed a "Christian" war. Would to God that every young man who leaves his home for yonder battle-field might be imbued with this solemn thought; it would be to him the source of calmness, of prowess, and of prayer. And if sudden death came to him, or more prolonged suffering,—his life-blood slowly ebbing from his aching wounds,—he would be able to rise above the power of suffering and of death; for he has given himself unto a principle which is greater than a life, and he is willing to die. According to my estimate, you shall find that the truest Christian will be the calmest, boldest, most unflinching soldier upon this coming field of battle.

Does the earnest philanthropist interrupt us here, and in tones of sad disappointment point to this appeal to arms as a retrograde motion, at a time too when he fondly thought the world was moving forward? A Christian war! he says,—nay, a "sanctified barbarism"! Does the pilgrim of hope rest heavily upon his staff, with look bent downward? Let those two men remember this one thing, that God's ways are not as our ways, or his thoughts as our thoughts; that the method of the world's progress may not conform to our programme, and yet there be progress; that "in proportion as we estimate worthily the task of Providence in ripening a world of souls, shall we be reconciled to the tardy and interrupted steps by which the work proceeds."

For such reasons do we regard this as a Christian warfare: the result of a sad, terrible, bitter necessity, but still, under God's recognized Providence, a necessity, even in the sense that the defence of justice, law, country, principle, to a true man is a necessity. In one sense a man is not obliged to defend any of these, unless he so will to do; but in another and deeper sense, he is obliged to, cost what it will; a necessity is laid upon him so to do, even as it was laid upon Paul to preach the Gospel of Christ;—says Paul, "Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." Let, then, those that go to this earnest conflict put

on the Christian armor,—let them go their way feeling that in no fancied sense, but in very truth, they defend the ark of the covenant, carrying the banner of the Lord! And let those from whose homes they go remember that a principle is greater than a life!

But there is another view of this subject which claims attention. We do indeed call upon every lover of man to help uphold our country's flag; and to strike now a decisive blow, and show to traitors and to the world the might of a great people, by a great wrong aroused to the defence of a great principle. But also would we point out to men the dangers which this day hang over them,—the dangers of war: not those which threaten loss of limb or of life: something greater, more to be feared,—the danger of being ourselves demoralized, and having our young men demoralized, by the influences that grow out of an exciting military campaign.

There is a real danger that the moral sentiments of the community will become perverted; men all-engrossed in watching for, admiring, and talking about brilliant exploits. There is danger that quiet virtue will be less and less valued; that there will be a loss of faith in pacific policies, and in a peace man for a future ruler of this nation. There is danger that, amidst the excitements, and pageantry, and martial music, and glittering parade of war, what is called distinctively "the military spirit" be cultivated; and thus the first step be taken toward acquiring the infernal, man-destroying, soul-destroying, nation-destroying spirit of conquest, in its restlessness seizing gladly upon any pretext for war.

Some may think this a borrowed fear. But ten years hence, unless checked by a strong and carefully guarded public sentiment, this very danger will be realized; especially, if the present campaign should prove a long one, and attended with some brilliant achievements.

There is also danger that our young men will acquire habits of improvidence; irregular ways, a certain reckless-

ness of life, manner, speech, and thought. There is danger that they will acquire a habit of setting a low estimate upon the worth of human life, a certain insensibility and hardness of heart. There is danger that war lose its solemnity ; and also that the charge and victory be more thought of than the cause itself which is now arming the soldier. There is danger that our young men, who now, under the pressure of circumstances, are developing strength and energy and thought which are to make them in this country the controlling men of the next thirty years,—danger that they will establish a false idea of duty ; intoxicated with the blazonry of war, will feel that a man has done enough when it can be said of him truly he has done his duty as a soldier.

These are the dangers of the war,—not exaggerated, not gratuitously assumed. They are the evils which have followed war in other nations ; they are the evils which calm thought tells us we are exposed to here ;—and I assume that some of these dangers are peculiarly liable to fall upon a nation that is all full of the fire of a young life, its history unwritten, and that life for two generations hardly having known the excitements of a military campaign.

But granted that all these dangers do threaten us, what is to be done ? Shall we disband our armies, call back our men that the ministers may preach to them upon moralities, and order our youth who have enlisted to return, that their mothers may take care of them in their sheltered homes ? No ! But I will tell you what can be done, what we who remain behind can do. One hundred thousand go, or a half million perhaps, but nineteen and a half millions are still at home ; and I will tell you what we can do. We can be sacredly creating and guarding a right public sentiment ; we who have no excuse for seeking mere excitement can keep calm, and judge all things by reason, and not give way to a mere “military spirit.” We can put down the flippant, flashy way in which already men begin to talk of killing men ;—they say, “Our soldiers are spoiling for a fight” ;

an engagement leaving its thousand dead men behind is a "little brush with the enemy"; and the cannon's awful roar, telling with each discharge of some one's fathers and brothers and sons slain, is called "grand martial music." I say we can put down such flippant ways of dealing with these events. We can keep before ourselves and our children the awful solemnity of war; its terrific engineering of death; the scene of the battle-field; the desolation it brings to homes; the destruction it scatters in its path.

Our patriotism need be no less, only let us not talk of war as a holiday pastime, but always with deep earnestness of feeling and of utterance. Even with our rejoicing at victory, let our children see that our hearts mourn the death and agonies that bought it; while we arm the soldier, and bid him God-speed, let the head be bowed down, and an earnest prayer sent up to Heaven; and above all, let us never be ashamed or afraid to confess and declare unto all men, though in sight of the gay and proud march of armies, and within sound of the roar of artillery, that we accept war only as a dreadful necessity,—that we still have faith in the mightier power of Jesus Christ, in the final reign of the Prince of Peace;—that is what we can do.

Moreover, we can refuse to give our unqualified admiration to mere military glory; we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character; we can qualify the wholesale enthusiasm with which we are prone to repeat and dwell upon brilliant exploits and deeds of prowess; we can refuse to make heroes and demigods of mere warriors. Upon that very point of duty, we can demand that the word duty cover more than military bravery and faithfulness; that the man we honor with our praises and laurels must wear also virtue's robes with his epaulets and trophies. We can check our own and others' false haste, by presenting to the mind such men as Lord Nelson, for instance, type in one sense of military glory. "Look at him," says the Christian historian, "that monarch of the bleeding deck, making him-

self an assassin for the sake of his vile paramour; and dying at last without one feeling of penitence or kindness for the wife and orphans whom he had deserted, and yet with this expression on his lips (pointing to his military career), 'Thank God! I have done my duty.' I say, we can refuse to help set up a false standard of character.

Thus we answer when asked what we can do. We can guard our own homes. Ah! that word, "The Home Guard" is a significant title. Guard our own homes and our children's souls; guard public sentiment; guard humble virtues and patient toilings and silent victories; guard the sacred religion we profess; guard all life's deeper, quieter sanctities.

We can check the constantly encroaching demands upon our admiration and enthusiasm and interest and faith instituted by war. We can say to war, Nay, but we will not give up all to thee; thou art our servant, not our master; thou shalt not ride rough-shod over all we hold sacred; thy proud word is, Stand aside, the field for the time is mine,—all thought, enthusiasm, and care are mine,—stand aside, private homes, religion, with your timid hymns of peace; benefactors, philanthropic works, stand aside!—thy proud word is this, but in God's name, in the name of the next generation of men, in the name of the very country whose flag you hold, we will not stand aside, we will guard against your arbitrary encroachments, we will thank you for your needed services, but we will ever guard our homes and our children's souls against your subtle power. This is what we can do. And unless we do this, and give real thought to it, we shall, when the war is over, with all our patriotism and our victories, be as a mass worse men and women than we are now, living on a lower plane of life and of faith and of feeling; and especially will our young men, while telling of deeds of daring and skilful military movements, be reaping the worst fruits of war.

For these reasons, there probably never was a time in the history of this nation when thoughtfulness and calmness and

piety and sobriety, and a careful regard for all the institutions of religion, and prayer in our homes, were more earnestly demanded than at this day. Let these agencies constitute "The Home Guard" we need to defend us.

God grant unto all our people patriotism, calmness, faithfulness. May he guard those noble men who have gone forth to defend our liberties, — guard them from the enemy without and enemies within. May he watch over the homes they have left. Out of this war may he bring a more abiding quiet. May the great principles of human progress and Christian civilization be rooted in the land like the eternal mountains, which no earthly power can move; and thus may the day be hastened when heaven's prophecy shall become earth's history, — and man join with angels, repeating again, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER.

MEN make a fatal mistake when they despise their enemies. That the South have persistently misunderstood the North becomes more apparent as the present controversy waxes hotter and closer. That the North would not fight; that New England men are a generation of brokers and pedlers, who would bear anything for the sake of peace; that its laboring masses are a race of boors, very easily routed, is the delusion under which the South have long acted, and which they are soon to see dispelled. The present controversy is the old one reproduced on American soil, — the Saxon against the Norman, the Puritan against the Cavalier. The same prize is at stake, — liberty protected by law; liberty, not the privilege of a pampered aristocracy, but the boon and inheritance of all the people. For, complicate it as we may, this is the grand issue, — whether Freedom or the Slave despotism shall possess and rule the continent.

We shall not be invincible in this controversy unless we enter upon it as a religious war. Go to it in obedience to the call of God, and the spirit of a long line of ancestry will roll through us and breathe upon us from every consecrated battle-field, from Newbury and Naseby downward. It is a most auspicious omen that a large portion of those who have enlisted are religious men. Their courage will not be inspired by rum, by profane incitements, or even by the soldier's honor, but by the fear of God, and the love of his justice, and the love of humanity, — motives which lift us out of ourselves and enable us to look with contempt upon death. Preach it as a religious war, from every pulpit, from the head of every regiment; let the soldiers carry it to God in their tents at night, and, like Cromwell's soldiers, on the eve of battle lift up hymns against the sky, and then an arm not of flesh will smite the enemies of God and man. Let the whole Northern army be pervaded by this spirit, and we shall be saved from one of the worst consequences of war, corruption of morals. There is no reason why, in such a cause as this, war should be attended or followed by moral and religious decline, or why the usual vices learned in the camp should be brought back from it to contaminate society. It appeals to the holiest instincts of human nature; it summons all our faith in God and all our love of man. Let profanity and intemperance be kept out of the camp, and in all the armies of freedom, now thrilled with one pulse, let there be a conscious leaning upon the Almighty arm, and the camp and the battle-field will be holy ground. And when the war is done, the religious and moral tone of society, instead of being relaxed and let down, will be found wrought up to a higher pitch than ever before. The political atmosphere about Washington, which for a long time has sweltered with corruption, will have been cleared, and become as pure and bracing as the air after a thunder-storm.

In that great conflict of freedom, the war between the King and his Parliament, the division line left the English

aristocracy on one side and the English commons upon the other. The former fell into the mistake of despising their enemies. While in the camp of Rupert there was swearing and roistering, the Parliament soldiers were reading their Bibles for a "Thus saith the Lord." The eyes of the Cavaliers were first fairly opened at the battle of Newbury, September 20th, 1643. It was fought all day, the Cavaliers charging with "a kind of contempt of the enemy." The royal army had in it the flower of the English nobility. The Parliament men were taken from the loom and the anvil, and from the shops of Ludgate, and were called by the Cavaliers "base mechanicals." These "base mechanicals" had seen no actual service; they had only been drilled in the Artillery Garden in London. Rupert dashed upon these train-bands, and to his utter amazement saw his cavalry shatter to pieces on their long pikes as they stood like an immovable rampart. They had an unquenchable conviction that they were "doing the Lord's work," and neither in this first battle nor ever afterwards were their backs seen by a Cavalier. We shall see the same thing repeated when the working-men of the North, which make up the body of its armies, receive the chivalry upon their bayonets.

No one intends this war as an assault upon the institutions of the South. But the ball of revolution, once fairly in motion, is beyond human control. The signs are not to be mistaken that the Divine Providence means in these convulsions to shatter the slave system and destroy its prestige forever. The government, it is presumed, not only will not encourage insurrections in the loyal slave States, but will suppress them if necessary, protecting and defending all the institutions of those States. But whenever and wherever slavery is used to help the work of treason, the human property ought to be confiscated and the system wiped out from the face of the earth. Not the gentry of Charleston, but the slaves, made the intrenchments and built the fortifications from behind which Fort Sumter was assaulted. This is the sys-

tem whose influence has engendered the lurking corruption of our body politic, fomented all the passions of this crisis, and perverted the moral sense of men, till oaths and compacts, however solemnly repeated, are not worth a straw, and lying, stealing, and bragging are reckoned among the cardinal virtues. Is Providence to lead on the march of humanity at the cost of the best blood of the nation, and leave this source of national corruption still powerful for mischief? We do not believe it, but we wait with solemn emotions as he opens the gates of the Future.

8.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"COME, my boy, and in the meadows
Tend the little lambs to-day!
Play with them beside the brooklets,
Where they crop the flowers so gay."
"Mother, mother, with my bow
I must to the mountains go."

"Wilt thou, with the horn's brisk music,
Lead the cattle through the dells?
Lovely in the Alpine pastures
Is the tinkling of the bells."
"On the mountains with my bow,
Mother, let me hunting go."

"Go and tend the flowerets blooming
In their garden beds, my child:
In the garden all is pleasant,—
But the mountain-tops, how wild!"
"Let the flowerets bloom and grow,—
Mother, mother, let me go!"

Through the mountain's wildest regions
The young hunter rushed away,
Where the steep and winding pathway
Scarcely sees the light of day,
And before the hunter, near,
Flies the swift gazelle in fear.

Climbing with a breezy motion,
On the ribs of rock she clings ;
O'er the deeply yawning fissures
With a lightsome bound she springs ;
And the hunter from below
Follows with his deadly bow.

Now she's gained a rocky splinter,
Hanging from its highest steep ;
There she sees the pathway vanish,
And before the dreadful deep ; —
She sees the fatal steep below,
And, behind, her cruel foe.

With a look of deepest sorrow
And beseeching agony,
Turns she towards her cruel hunter,
Dumbly pleading with her eye.
In vain : regardless of her woe,
He levels now the deadly bow.

Sudden from a rocky fissure
Rose a form of awful grace ;
'T was the Spirit of the Mountain,
'T was the Genius of the place ; —
And the quivering gazelle
With his hands he shielded well.

Then he turned him towards the hunter,
While his eyes with anger glowed :
" Must you carry death and sorrow
Clear up here to mine abode ?
Earth has room for all her own ;
Let my beauteous flock alone ! "

8.

THE CIVIL WAR.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

SCRIPTURE READINGS. — PSALM LXXXIII.

Keep not thou silence, O God : hold not thy peace and be not still, O God. For lo ! thine enemies begin to rage : and they that hate thee lift up their heads. They form secret plots against thy people, and consult together against thy chosen ones. " Come," say they, " let us blot them out from the number of the nations, that the name of Israel may be no more remembered." They have consulted together with one consent : they are confederate against thee. The tabernacles of Edom and the Ishmaelites ; of Moab and the Hagarenes ; Gebal and Ammon and Amalek ; the Philistines, with the inhabitants of Tyre. Assur also is joined with them. Make their nobles like Oreb and like Zeeb, yea, all their princes as Zebah and as Zalmunna, who said, " Let us seize on God's habitations." Make them, O my God, like whirling chaff, like stubble before the wind ! As fire consumeth the forest, and as flame setteth the mountains in a blaze, so pursue them with thy tempest and terrify them with thy storm. Cover their faces with shame, that they may seek thy name, O Lord. Let them be confounded ! Yea, let them be put to shame and perish ! That they may know that thy name alone is Jehovah, that thou art the Most High over all the earth. — *Dr. Noyes's Translation.*

LUKE xxi. 19 : — " In your patience possess ye your souls."

1 COR. xvi. 13 : — " Quit you like men : be strong."

We find indicated in these two passages the two classes of virtues that make up the whole armory of Christian manhood. Each is defective without the other. In the first the Saviour is preparing the minds of his disciples for coming dangers. He describes the ruin that impends already over the Holy City, when the temple should be razed and the splendor of the Jewish state be quenched in Jewish blood. He describes a course of events which they could not turn nor resist, but in the midst of which by "patience" they were to possess their souls, or keep the direction and mastery of their faculties. "Patience" describes a divine

passivity, power of endurance, strength in suffering, borne up by the Almighty arm. It is the virtue of non-resistance holding up, and holding in, when we know that meeting force with force would be unavailing, — a virtue essential in its place and its time, and without which the others would run into blind madness and fury.

But there is another virtue which must go along with this and complement it. There is a time for active resistance and aggression, and for this the time of waiting, if it have done anything to the purpose, has given us the possession of ourselves. The first virtue nerves us to endurance when endurance is well. The other nerves us to conflict and victory. The first classifies under what you call the passive virtues, the other under strong and heroic activities. And this is the grand division of those qualities inspired and cherished by the Gospel of Christ, — passive and active. One makes us strong to suffer and to bear; the other makes us strong to do and to conquer. One creates the martyrs, the other creates the missionaries and the heroes.

I do not know that we find anywhere except under the Gospel this high power of passive resistance. Any one can be roused on occasion, and be borne up by the sympathy of crowds and numbers; but only Christian patience bears us serenely and equably through long difficulties, spite of the iron whose rust eats into us. Christianity, we might almost say, creates the passive virtues. The active ones she does not create; but she inspires them, ennobles them, gives them an energy, which is not fitful and transient, but full of the breathings of God's omnipotence.

This truth you will have abundant opportunity to apply. Times are upon us such as this generation has never witnessed. A Red Sea is to be crossed, more deep and more perilous than God's Israel ever crossed before. That this will involve incalculable suffering and disaster, that these in some shape will come home to all of us and touch our dearest interests, is morally certain. I pause at the threshold of this

momentous strife, — not to discuss it, for the time is past for that, but to draw upon the rich and boundless resources of the Gospel we believe in for the truths which must guide us through the whirlpools.

You read enough in the daily prints, you hear enough in the streets of the rumors of war and of the noises from the rising passions of this controversy. I do not wish to take you in that direction on this peaceful Sabbath morning. Rather let us get a position that overlooks the controversy, and command it out of the peace of God.

1. The first view we take from the Christian stand-point is the hearty recognition of a Divine hand in the crisis that is upon us. There is a divinity which has prepared it and shaped it and ripened it. Plainly as if his voice thundered to us out of the heavens, he summons us to this grappling with the sons of Belial. There are conflicts which do not mean anything, because they are simply the collisions of brute force, — barbarism pitted against barbarism. It is all the same whether one side prevails or the other, or whether they eat each other clean up; the world goes on without them as before. History abounds in such warfare. It is not so in a conflict of ideas having its ultimatum on the battle-field. That is not a trial of animal strength: it has the breath of a spiritual life in it, for then Satan and God's archangels are at war.

Dismiss the notion, then, that the politicians have got up this strife, or that some balance of parties could have prevented it. The politicians did not mean this. Nobody meant it. There were nineteen millions of people who kept their hands folded, and fasted and prayed and wept that it might be staved off. There were two and a half millions more who took this as a sign that the nation was to fall in pieces for them to build upon the ruins. Even these two and a half millions did not mean war. They did not intend to draw the thunder-cloud above their heads to fork down upon them, with an earthquake under their feet

at the same time. They only thought to carry their point, as they always had done, by very large talking and very loud threatening. It was an old belief that madness is the inspiration of the gods. God used the frenzy of these men for his own great purpose, and the consequence is he has brought the civilization of the continent face to face with its barbarism, and said This or that must and shall carry the day. One must go up, and the other must go down.

So it has been in the revolutions which have had any significance in history. Those that start them do not mean them, but God soon takes the work out of their hands. Luther did not mean to split the Roman Church; he only meant to cleanse it and reform it. Hampden and Pym did not mean to destroy the monarchy of England; they only meant to fetter its prerogative. Even the Parliament soldiers found that, when they first took aim at the king, somehow their guns would not go off. The Wesleys did not mean separation from the English Church; they only meant to shake it out of sleep. The Continental Congress did not mean independence; they only meant redress of grievances. But when the Divine Providence turns the stream of history, it uses men like reeds in the blast, and sweeps whole nations and peoples before the motions of its almighty will. We can look back and say, if this had not happened, or if that other thing had turned otherwise, we should have avoided these calamities; but bear in mind that no happenings and no party action have power to turn the channels of history or to inaugurate an era, unless the age has ripened towards it, and not till the hand of God has struck the hour. I want to bring this point out full and clear, for it strengthens us mightily, and bears us up when we have the full consciousness that we are not acting under the pressure of accidents, nor out of our puny individualism, but that all the winds of God are blowing behind us, and sweeping us on before his face. There are certain limits within which the Divine Governor suffers the purposes of men to have range, and their

plans to rise and fall. But he has his own plan, which covers all these and includes all these, and which cuts the bars of brass in two, and brushes human contrivances out of its path, as it leads on the grand procession of the race.

2. I pass to a second consideration. War is the greatest physical calamity that can come upon a people. And civil war is a calamity greater than any other war. And civil war in this country, with all its young life, with its unbounded resources turned to the work of destruction, will be more calamitous than in any other country on the globe. Let us know this, and be prepared for it. But then there are two kinds of war. There are those which are waged for conquest, for vulgar glory, and they have only one tendency. They deprave the morals, they corrupt the manners, they brutalize the soul, they confuse the moral sense, they sink human nature into the animal. Life thrown away in such strifes as these is not a sacrifice, but a profane offering unto Moloch. But when God reveals to us his clear Almighty Justice, and tells us, Be consecrated to that; be baptized into it for life or for death; make it supreme over life, over property, over ease and pleasure, over everything,—and I do not know of anything more morally sublime than when a whole people take that great idea as their inspiration, and move in serried numbers to its call. It lifts them then out of the selfish ease of luxurious peace, and shows human nature in all its possible grandeur. Better for us and our children to be one of “our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore,” than to be found at this hour thinking chiefly of ourselves, and not of our country, our duty, and our God.

Peace has its dangers as well as war. Its temptations are more subtle,—drugging the conscience, making men sordid and self-seeking, lovers of pleasure, lovers of ease. National degeneracy and moral corruption, creeping inward towards the springs of life, have been fearfully rapid during our fifty years of sleepy prosperity. Our politics, our morals, our religion, our patriotism, all have been infected with the sor-

did spirit of trade. It seemed as if the manhood of the olden times was fast tapering off in the children. Probably it was only the trumpet-blast that could summon us out of this decline, bring us to our feet from our supineness, and sift us in the winnowing breath of the Lord. Patriotism, loyalty, faith in God, faith towards man, mean something when we are called to sacrifice for them. We have boasted of what our fathers did till our holiday rhetoric has become stale. We have declaimed of liberty without knowing its cost, its value, or its meaning.

But as the cannon rolls at last
Its deep and stern reply,
And heavier sleep is coming fast
Than seals the living eye,

we are likely to learn the meaning of words which for a generation have glided thoughtlessly from our tongues.

And there is another benefit which comes to us from a great and overshadowing danger. It hushes our smaller controversies and puts them to rest. It gathers us heart to heart, and hand to hand, and so it knits every man closer to his neighbor than before. Peace, plenty, and leisure bring out all the discords, foment all the differences which arise from minor interests, and tend to put every man on his little rock of independence. Great dangers draw us together. They silence our little disputes "as a clap of thunder hushes the noise of a rookery." Now every man must be a part of every other man. Only one pulse must beat through us all, and the weakest must be sheltered in the great bosom of our humanity. If there is any voice that comes articulate out of the peril it is this: "Forget all other disputes,—merge all the smaller questions in the great one. Move with one step when you march. Keep in solid ranks when you stand, and the wave shall beat over you in vain." Let us remember then, in the great struggle that is before us, that war is not unmixed evil, but the summoner and the trier of the divinest virtues, and the inspirer of noble humanities.

3. I must pass to another topic. The Christian standpoint commands a view of results. It enables us to look over the smoke and see what lies beyond this controversy,—in the words put into the mouth of John Adams, “to see through this day’s business.” We may not know who will have the forts. One thing we do know, for we can see from the grand outlines of God’s Providence what sort of a country lies on the other side of the Red Sea we are to cross over.

It has been very truly said, that no ship ever went down with Christ on board. He never sinks. For eighteen hundred years, by seeming defeats and bafflings, his cause has won its way, and out of every cloud that has obscured him, he has broken forth with a more conquering splendor. Steadily through all these ages he has been rolling back the darkness of the ancient barbarism; creating a more heavenly style of civilization; raising up the masses into light and privilege; throwing new guards around individual rights and making them more sacred; showing the divine end of government in educating and elevating all its subjects; showing the value of the human soul over all its trappings; making the earth bright with the hopes and vocal with the songs of a redeemed and advancing humanity. You can trace all this in every step of its widening and brightening course;—how it triumphed over the corrupt classic civilization and abolished it; how in its next step it triumphed over feudalism and broke its power; how in its next stage it triumphed over despotism, waving the Great Charter, not over the barons, but over all the people; and this inaugurated the modern age, and all Europe is yielding before it now, from the Bay of Biscay to the frozen steppes of Asia. Even the tramp of its armies do not hinder, but help it on. When governments will not bend to it, they break in pieces like a potter’s vessel. When churches get in the way of it, they split with schisms or turn to petrifications. Can anybody imagine that we here in these United States are to be an ex-

ception to the great law of progress,—that a whole continent is to be remanded to the twelfth century in the noon of the nineteenth,—that the sun is to set in the east, and the dial-shadow of time go back six hundred years on its plate? No! We are perfectly sure that now, as from the beginning, the commotions and the revolutions are the Christ of history, rising and shaking the dust from his garments that he may appear again, white as the light and more terrible than the lightning to his foes. I do not pretend to know just what form our future is to take; we know this well enough, that constitutional liberty and spiritual Christianity, which is its handmaid, are to rise out of the false conditions that have beset them and held them down, into more complete success, and as a brighter omen to the groping travellers of time. And we, who are but the ephemera of the hour, ought to reckon ourselves and our sacrifices as nothing, if so be God uses them to prepare the way for his advancing.

4. Let me urge still another topic upon your attention. These times make us feel how important it is that we draw nearer the Unseen Powers. Courage degenerates into mere bravado unless replenished all the while by lofty communings. Gather thicker and closer around the altars of prayer. Go down from the Mount of Communion to meet the emergencies that may come. If you have needed in peace the hope, the strength, the inspiration of Christian faith, much more will you need them in the perplexing change of revolution. Twenty millions of people, all kneeling to receive the spirit of the Lord and then rising again “wrapped round with Jehovah’s will,” would wield the arms of Omnipotence. Be faithful to your altars if you would have God upon your side. Say nothing and do nothing that you may not carry up to him in prayer. Let the love of the dear old Commonwealth, hallowed in every inch of its surface by the holy dust that sleeps beneath,—a love made intense by the ancestral spirit that breathes hot upon you from behind,—let this warm all your hearts and make them flow together into one. Let the

love of Fatherland, which God is purging, but not forsaking, whose wheat, be assured, he will bring out clean and whole from under the flails of his threshing-floor and the swift winnowings of his resistless winds, — let this love be strong and embracing as ever, and let not its fervors have the least tinge of the bitterness of revenge. There are two reasons why we should not hate our enemies now. We are sure to beat them ; and we are sure they need it, and that it will do them good. Their delusion had become chronic, that courage is measured by boasting and threatening, and that to be peaceful is to be weak and pusillanimous. Now that we have undertaken to set them right, the lesson should be enforced so thoroughly that it will not need to be repeated for a century. Fire-arms should not be resorted to except in the last extremity ; but when they are resorted to, their work should be done swift and thorough and clean. They teach terrible lessons, but they have the merit of being long remembered. Go to this battle, then, in the name of God and in the love of humanity ; go like Gideons, believing that God is with you and urging you on ; strike no half-blows, fire no blank cartridges, but put all your souls into your deed ; for the surer you aim and the harder you hit, the more quickly will you cut your way to a solid and enduring and glorious peace.

LEARN and remember, therefore, to have thy greatest care for thy noblest part ; furnish it with grace, knowledge, the fear and love of God, faith in Christ.

I WOULD not have you meddle with any recreations, pastimes, or ordinary work of your calling, from Saturday night, at eight of the clock, till Monday morning. For though I am not apt to think that Saturday night is part of the Christian Sabbath, yet it is fit then to prepare the heart for it.

A RAPSODIE.

SHE looked again at the window, and then hastily rose from her seat. Surely something struck the glass! Evelyn had no fear of robbers or burglars. Besides, it was only ten o'clock at night, and a bright moonshine. The shade had not been pulled down as usual, and Evelyn had twice before stood and looked out on the lawn, which, brightened by the moon-rays, was white, as if covered with snow. An August night, although chilly, does not quite bring that.

One glance at her sleeping husband, who, weary, as American husbands are wont to be, with the day's labor, bestowed unhesitatingly this form of companionship as soon as the evening paper had been read,—one thought of the boys in the nursery,—and one affectionate and most contented glow went over her face. "I do believe I am the happiest woman in the world!" was expressed in a half-sob, as she lightly passed by the sofa and looked out. Certainly, a figure was there,—within a foot of the window, and tapping very softly against the pane of glass. At first, Evelyn mistook it for the larch-tree, so gentle was the sound, as if a twig only hit against it; but looking more intently, and noticing that no wind disturbed the rest of the foliage in sight, she came to see the figure as it revealed itself. Oddly enough she made out the form between the larch and locust; the outlines of both serving to define a form so transparent, that it seemed impossible to bring it within the range and comprehension of ordinary vision in any other way. The arms were raised above the head, and one hand pointed heavenward.

Evelyn gazed steadily and curiously at the form. If anybody had told her she could have stood confronting a spiritual shadow, endeavoring to understand and comprehend the possibility of its existence, and wondering at the ease with which, availing itself of known and visible objects, it manifested itself through their limitations to the human

senses, she would not have believed such a condition of the nerves possible; for, as she said, she was a great coward.

Singularly enough, fear did not once occur to her. In the quiet parlor lay, asleep, her human defender; tall and strong he was, and with abundant reserved power against ghost or robber. For the rest, it was but a woman, looking in at the window. But such a woman!

Over the broad serene brow were wreathed white azaleas, lilies, and roses in profusion. The extended arms clasped and trained, with every movement, these exuberant silvery blossoms, that twined and bent again to the floating lines of her form in every possible sinuosity. The eyes and the up-raised hands had the same silvery brightness and clear unearthly beauty. Evelyn gazed into the eyes, and remembered the same expression in Scheffer's wonderful picture of Monica. The same divine radiance illuminated the eyes, which seemed to borrow brightness from the heaven to which they looked.

"Arthur!" she whispered to her sleeping husband, without moving. Somehow, she felt as if by taking her eyes from the figure it would "thaw and dissolve itself into a dew"; that the power lay in herself to keep the impalpable atoms in a shape sufficiently condensed to be perceived by another. So, without letting go her fixed gaze, she continued to whisper, "Arthur! look! come!"

There was no voice, not even a movement of the delicate pale lips, that seemed daguerrotyped in exquisite lines on the air; but instead, an expression that needed no words, and to which an intuition sprang answeringly from her own excited fancy. Was it fancy, indeed? The face was more real than the sound of musical tones that thrill the soul to bliss or agony. It was there, before her, to be seen, if she so willed. Even as she gazed, the figure without her volition moved,—the arms crossed, and the head bent on the breast, like an adoring angel from the divine pencil of Fra Angelico, who painted also what he saw. A thought of this kind might have suggested the misty white glory by which

the face seemed surrounded ; the unsubstantial yet definite cornice beneath the floating feet, and an association of something picture-like and allegorical in the moving figure before her. Evelyn felt herself to be in a presence above and beyond her own most subtle imagination ; — a celestial substance informed and sublimed with holy ecstasy. Life immortal seemed written on the beautiful serene brow, — pure, sacred, awful. Evelyn shrank, and bowed with a shudder at herself. She was not drawn by any inward sympathy towards the ineffable beauty before her. It was very strange ! With a vague terror, she called again, but hardly above her breath, “ Arthur ! look ! look ! ”

The shape seemed to hear and understand her, for the eyes fell to a level with her own, and a pensive smile looked out from the cold, silver face. Then the eyes again sought heaven in adoring rapture, as if only for a moment diverted to earth. And then, through the transparent medium, Evelyn for the first time perceived the landscape beyond.

With intense interest she tried to trace the familiar objects of lawn, tree, distant spire and mountain ; the vista to which her eye was accustomed at the parlor-window. Was there a glamour over all ? or why did each fair proportion seem inverted, — the ugly poplar and the fir-trees heap themselves into masses of rich foliage, and the shadows beneath form themselves into vast caverns of obscurity, into which no eye could penetrate ? That familiar cherry, and the altheas always there, like the household, — whither had they shrunk ? Over all had come, with the moonlight, an unearthly change, — most of all, of relative proportion. It was as if she looked at a new landscape, full of mysterious and fateful possibilities. Then she remembered it had looked so once to her before, — the first time that Arthur had brought her, to brighten the beautiful home he had prepared for her, and to which they had not come till the evening. She remembered that he had said then the place needed the morning light ; and how they had stood at this window and gazed out

into the groups of trees, and fancied jungles and caverns, and told merry, silly stories, each merrier than the last.

And here a curious phenomenon occurred. The face, which during the time of Evelyn's hurried retrospection had kept its impassive expression of rapture, changed. Evelyn half wished to dismiss the phantom, but felt herself fixed immovably to the spot. She had no experience of this kind of ocular illusion. She felt herself to be wide awake, and as she stood distinctly heard the full and steady breathing of her husband. Her uneasiness was not caused merely by her own position, so far as it regarded the figure, which she continued to feel, in some sort, was within her own control; as if she could say to it, "No farther!" whenever it should come to be an annoyance, instead of a pleasure. But now, the earth, the sky, the universe itself, seemed to be undergoing a change, in harmony with the spectral illusion before her. From the zenith, like a heavenly pavilion, folds of rose-color spread to the farthest horizon, while the whole sky pulsated and blushed like a conscious thing, and the live stars peeped dimly from behind the magnificent curtain. This airy tapestry of brilliant color reached even to the ground near the house, and bathed in its glowing crimson every earthly object.

In the diffusion of warm light, the shape between the trees melted and glowed with a different beauty and expression, if, indeed, it had not quite changed places with a new object. Where was the holy rapture, the divine abstraction, that had been seated on the silver forehead, and had shone in the deep eyes of the angelic shape? Gone. And in its place a rosy, warm, blushing figure, bending over infancy, and hushing, with a rocking movement to and fro, every restless stir.

Evelyn gazed first at the glorious heavens, and then at the shape of living, loving beauty before her. The aurora borealis, that seemed to have left its icy home and come to see what warmth and splendor might be found in other skies,

had a few nights before wakened herself and Arthur with its gorgeous rays. Back again it had come ; and this, — was it the symbol of the aurora, radiant and impalpable ? No ; it seemed something one could touch, clasp, love ! A tender brightness rested under the half-closed eyelids, — a sweetness that was supplied by an ever-bubbling fountain at the heart, — lips full, soft, and bounteous with affectionate mysteries, — and all tender, gentle, clinging, happy, and human !

This was the tangible round form at which Evelyn now gazed with such a sense of deep pleasure and sympathy as drew her involuntarily forward. Bloom, verdure, color, warmth, and freshness ! Her own blood leaped lightly to her heart and danced to the ends of her fingers. There, too, were the boys, Arthur and Willie, lying in the bosom of the drooping figure, as the babies lie in the arms of Thorwaldsen's Morning, while in the perspective rose multitudinous angelic heads, as if the universe were peopled with joyful thoughts and smiling affections. It was a moving picture, that seemed a sweet reality, and spoke in deep undertones to the core of her heart.

"Give me Life," she murmured, "and let who will take Immortality !"

She had not uttered a word aloud ; but her own soul had spoken, and she started at the inward sound. More, when the figure raised its eyes, and she saw in their deep blue the reflection of her own. It was as if she had looked into a mirror.

"Arthur ! Arthur !" she still called, with the inward voice, which she instinctively felt was the only one he could hear. He was there, with her thought and wish, gazing fondly on the group, and looking smilingly at her eyes, as he often did, and smoothing the wavy bands of her crisped hair, and telling her how glad Correggio would have been to have had such locks to paint ; and then she remembered the same head and face in his Madonna of the Lake, and blushed and

laughed, partly at her own vanity and partly with happy pride that her husband rejoiced in her beauty.

"Ours are sweet little angels, are they not, Arthur?" said Evelyn, with a woman's insatiable desire for demonstrative affection.

"Yes, Evelyn, sweet pictures," answered Arthur; "but you must remember they are only pictures. They are *their* angels, perhaps, that do stand always before the Father."

At this moment Evelyn's blood was stopped in its channels, and a cold shudder came over her body. She looked up wildly.

"What is it, Evelyn? you frighten me!" said Arthur.

But Evelyn, without a word, sprang out of the room, through the long hall, up the long staircase that seemed as if it never would end, still pursued by the hoarse, stifled sound that almost every mother knows, and those who do not weep shudder at! At last the room was reached, — the bed on which lay the little boys, suffering and half strangled with that frightfullest monster, croup. Only an hour before and Evelyn had herself placed them with her own hands in their warm nest, healthy, happy, softly-breathing as birds, — and now! A long tumult, — it seemed ages, — Arthur gone for a physician, — hurried steps and knocks, and rushings up and down the stairs, — then the kind face of the doctor, already opening the lancet as he came in at the door, — he had caught the sound below of the breathing, — the blood flowing freely from each of the white necks, — Arthur holding her, — the purple faces changing, — the time, O how long! — fairer yet! and now white! Then the doctor's cheerful tone of relief and safety, and asking Arthur to cut a bit of sticking-plaster, and Evelyn for a bit of linen. Her senses swayed back again, which had been wellnigh lost in terror and anguish, — she became alert and ready with hope; only despair had palsied her, — and now they were safe! safe! She repeated the words, in low, cooing tones, over the beautiful pale faces, after the doctor had said they had better be left to rest, and the mother likewise.

How often after that dreadful summons did Evelyn's heart quake as she listened for the breathings of her children in the night. Never were all the senses left to repose. Eye or ear kept watch, or the sensitive nerves of feeling sprang and throbbed with quick fear. The world came to seem to her like a great forest, full of wild beasts and creeping things, to poison or devour. Till they should be old enough, her Herculean brood, to strangle serpents, how must the mother's heart and eye watch wakefully for the hisses that herald the Destroyer's coming. In her intense fear of death, Evelyn had almost ceased to enjoy life. In her terror of heights lest they should fall, of depths lest they should be crushed, of water lest they should be drowned, or of fire lest they were burned, she hovered incessantly about her children, as though the wings of her love could overshadow and protect them from the Inevitable.

At last it came. Softly, mercifully, with many warnings unheeded, many symptoms that would not be understood, feverishness that would soon be over, weakness that would soon be strength, pining, and loss of all the sweet roundness and grace of infancy. Then, in his own time, the Father gathered them for his own garden, and the white-lined coffins held the waxen shapes covered with fair lilies and azaleas, and the room was full of death and grief and blossoms.

From the stupor of sorrow, no voice could charm Evelyn. Life and death became alike to her,—the world dark with the shadow of a thick pall. She wished there were no sunshine nor green. She came to look with dread on the sparkling stars that glimmered mockingly in their distant happiness. She shrank even from the thought of consolation. Happiness she neither looked to, nor wished for. In the perverted condition of her feelings,—let it rather be said, her distressful and unnatural depression,—she said only, "Would God it were morning!" with the night, and "Would God it were evening!" with the day. Every detail

of her children's illness, every symptom she had not seen and ought to have guarded against, all she had not done, and even all she could not do, rose before her as a constant reproach. One thought dug into her very soul, like the claws of a wild beast in a living victim. Death and its fore-runners had a terrible attraction, of which she was never weary.

In this distress, the common consolations of friends and kindred fell on deaf ears. Arthur's mournful eyes, as they inquired, in the words of the Scripture narrative, "Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" looked in vain for an answer to hers, so red with weeping, and so heavy with a sense of darkness and desolation.

So passed on the dreary weeks, while the aching void grew all the more dark and painful; and Arthur shuddered lest the tension on the nerves and brain should be a fatal injury. Evelyn herself often wished it might be so.

She was wont to sit at the same parlor window, where, in the preternatural light of that splendid aurora, she had seen, with what now seemed half a volition of her own, the graceful forms of her children, folded and cherished in the bosom of life. She longed to see once more, even at the risk of a whirling brain, that beatific vision.

In time, the weariness of his silent home oppressed Arthur so much, that he sought relief abroad; and Evelyn was left, gladly, to her lonely watching and musings by the window. From continual expecting and associating a vision with the spot, she never looked at the space between the larch and locust without seeing with more or less vividness the outlines of an impalpable shape. Gazing as if her eye-strings would crack, she endeavored to project on the misty space before her the fair young forms that lay in her heart.

"O but once to look at them! but once to see my Arthur's blue eyes! my Willie's lips!"

At last, her husband came less and less to his home, and as the weary weeks went by, and affliction still sat like a

raven on his hearth, Arthur thought, as some men do, that no good could be done by staying; and so went away to distant lands. In the intervals of hearing from him, harsh voices grated on the ear of the deserted wife, and sharp insinuations cut into her benumbed sensibilities. She could still feel pain, shame, and anger. Enough of that suffering came to her; but her eyes were bent downward and inward, with the pertinacity of self-accusation, which only completed her misery.

One evening, it was a year after the August night, when she had seen the heavens and the earth bathed in supernal glory, and the wide space peopled with angelic forms, Evelyn sat again at her parlor window. The moon rode brightly in the deep blue of the heaven,—the earth was “steeped in silentness,” and a sculptural beauty; colorless and sharply definite, made every object look monumental to her mournful gaze.

She looked, as she was wont, to the space between the trees, which she had come to feel was fateful to her. Whether her fancy suggested an incantation as a suitable accompaniment to such a ghostly representation as she looked for; whether she sang herself, unmindful of the song, as she afterwards thought was possible; or whether, as it seemed to her, there was really a low music slowly ascending from the plat of grass under the window;—at all events, to her ear there was music near, below, around, then gathering itself as it were into a musical shape between the trees; and so solemn and expressive, that to the listening ear it was as palpable as if addressed to the eye.

Evelyn began to distinguish the meaning and intent of the music. The hidden form that had dwelt before her, dark and inscrutable to her longing soul through all these weary months, was about to reveal itself. The silver sweetness of the forehead already shone in the moon's rays, and every moment rendered clearer the beautiful and unearthly figure. The same feeling of the presence of a dim cathedral aisle,

and of angelic sculpture, which she remembered before, united with the low symphony to give character to the gracious and beatific form. With intense emotion, she watched for words she felt must come to her, and poured out in her turn the refrain from her own struggling and burdened heart. Then, listening to herself, she heard her own low lamentation, — “I lift up my feet unto the perpetual desolation!” Then she waited for an answer, as if she were repeating the church service.

But from the open lips of the shadowy being there came only an adoring fulness of sound; not even an indirect reference, to the unhappy Evelyn. Again from her heart wailed once more the sorrowful words, “He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth this cloud upon it.”

Still from the lips, like silver harpings, the music came, holy and solemn. In some way this brought calm to Evelyn. Even in the expression of her trouble she found soothing. Her sobs and tears, the heart turbulence which had kept her as in a vortex, always tending towards the central sorrow of bereavement, brought in some measure their own relief. There was a pause and a hush in her soul.

The sweet low sounds, “He is afflicted in all the afflictions of his children,” melted into Evelyn’s heart. Then she distinctly saw the same lovely form on which she had gazed a year ago, and to which she had given the name of Life, turning slowly and softly away, and gently rising beyond the trees. The infant shapes she had so longed to see were gathered tenderly to her bosom, — the same! the same fond, angelic expression of maternal love! the joyous group was ascending to higher regions! Then, the wonderful music in all the air said, and the beautiful baby lips said, — “A little while, and you shall not see us, — a little while, and you shall: because we go to the Father!”

The smile and the glow of immortal love sat on their brows. They were gone — beyond the stars! was not that a heaven to look forward to? — the cradle of her babes, the

bowers of eternal beauty, where she might one day walk with them ?

Evelyn fell on her face, and read the riddle of life. The immortal, shaped and colored by human love, no longer knocked in vain at her heart. God, who had taken her treasures, beckoned no more to unwilling affections. The heavy torpor of the past rose mist-like from the shrouded soul, and left the clearly defined path before her. "This is the way, walk thou in it!" sounded in the air, in the trees, in the night, and the singing of stars.

Evelyn still lay prone on her face, listening to the inward voice, and feeling for the first time the dreary isolation and remoteness which had so long divided her from her husband. Arthur was — where? — she had not even asked, for months! But she knew she was no longer in the echoless cavern of despair; that the path was before her. Her foot already took the first step.

"Towards my husband, my duty!" she exclaimed; and then, as the old tide surged over her, so long forgotten, of warm, healthful affections, she sprang forward and upward, stretching out her arms to the vacant air, and sobbing like a weary, spent child.

As if the universe rejoiced with her, in her first returning step to duty, the air became full of bells, pealing in richest profusion of sound, heralding, gladdening, and welcoming her on her path. She felt her arms close round a real, substantial form, and heard a voice, uttering her name in tones of lively remonstrance.

"Child! — my *dear*! Willie is screaming for you to nurse him! Wake up!"

Instead of darting up stairs, however, Evelyn stared with a sort of bewildered gladness at Arthur; then went to the parlor window and looked out.

"That boy will be down upon you, Evelyn, if you are not there in half a minute! and there's Arty in full peal!" said Arthur, laughing.

"Yes — yes! — yes —" murmured Evelyn, still looking out. "But where's the larch-tree?"

"What larch-tree, little woman? There never has been an article of the sort there, that I know of!" said Arthur.

"Nor locust either, I suppose," said Evelyn.

"There he goes again! What a set of lungs!"

"I've had the strangest dream, Arthur, — shall I tell it to you?" entreated Evelyn.

But it would be to suppose Arthur a superhuman husband, that he should listen to anybody's dream. He only yawned fearfully.

"Not you! I'll go dream myself. I'll dream something worth two of yours. You're a pretty sort of mother, letting your boy scream at this rate for his natural food! I'll go and give him a cigar to quiet him." Arthur ran up stairs before her, and took the hungry boy in his arms.

Evelyn never was able to induce her husband to listen to her dream. In vain she assured him it was good as a play, and better than a moral lecture. He only held up both hands in deprecation, and, on her continuing to stand with lips apart, threatened to confound her with his own dreams, which were a hundred times better and longer than hers. She had no resource but to write it off, and try if some patient eye would read what no ear is patient enough to listen to.

C. A. H.

I HAVE been acquainted somewhat with men and books, and have had long experience in learning and in the world; there is no book like the Bible for excellence, learning, wisdom, and use; and it is want of understanding in them that think or speak otherwise.

THIS is the great art of Christian chemistry, to convert those acts that are natural and civil into acts truly religious; whereby the whole course of this life is a service to Almighty God, and an uninterrupted state of religion, which is the best and noblest, and most universal redemption of his time.

MOSES THE SERVANT OF GOD.

FOREMOST amongst prophets and providential men through whom the loving purposes of God have been executed in the world we find Moses, the great leader and lawgiver of the Jewish people. Abraham indeed, an earlier name, is the father of the faithful, witnessing by his pilgrimages from the land of idolatry to the land of promise for Him who is living and true, First and Last; but with Moses begins the nationality of the Jews, of whom, said our Lord, is Salvation, to whom, said Paul, "pertaineth the adoption and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises, whose are the Fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came." Our Lord spoke of Moses as in some true sense the prophet of his coming, and of the Gospel as the fulfilment of the Law. The old dispensation was the cradle of the new; and as Christ unfolded to his wondering companions on the road to Emmaus the things in the ancient Scriptures concerning himself, so we recur to them still, under the guidance of the Spirit which makes the books of the Revelation one Book, that we may instruct and increase our faith. It is our wish now so to call attention to the wonderful story of Moses, and to set forth as clearly as may be his relations to God and to man. His relations to God, "for what hast thou that thou hast not received?" his relations to man, for he who truly receives becomes in that very hour a giver.

Every good and perfect gift is from above. We do not find God until God has first found us. We do not love God until God has first loved us. He is the Author of our salvation. "At sundry times and in divers manners He spake in times past to the fathers by the prophets." Faith is not by self-development, but by Divine inflowing. The Spirit comes to us, and then we live in and by the Spirit. So when the world's day begins to dawn, He in whom body and soul

alike have their being provides and bestows, manifests himself and calls, it may be even in an outward glory, it may be even with articulate speech, writes laws upon the heart and upon the rock, becomes the Captain of the host, and by signs and wonders subdues to himself and defends against enemies the half-willing leader and the unwilling people of his sovereign choice. And we shall see how manifestly a loving Providence watched over the infancy and childhood of the great lawgiver, and how the God that was with him in the beginning beset him behind and before in the whole way of his life, went before and followed him into the wilderness, spake to him out of the flaming bush, witnessed for him in the miracles wrought before Pharaoh, opened the path for the host through the Red Sea, came down to him in the thunders and lightnings and Divine utterances of Sinai, and at last made his grave upon the confines of that land of promise which he might not press with his feet. We shall see how the chosen and called of God met in all faithfulness, though at first with fear and trembling, these gracious approaches of the Eternal, and freely gave as he had freely received, and enriched a needy world with the heavenly treasure of divine truth, and raised up a people unto His praise.

Go back to the land of Egypt some sixteen hundred years before the coming of Christ. Compared with our Christendom, the land was a land of darkness; and yet there was light, at least amongst a favored few of that strange people, whose wisdom was a proverb amongst the ancients and the wonder of antiquity. We have no time to tell of Egyptian marvels; of a civilization which was very old even in the days of Herodotus, the father of history, some four or five hundred years before Christ; of the boast of antiquity made by the priests of Thebes, Memphis, and the City of the Sun, covering a period of more than eleven thousand years; of the pyramids, and the labyrinth, and the artificial Lake Moëris, and the wonderful temples. We can only remind the reader

that at the time of which we speak there dwelt in the land of Egypt a tribe of slaves, of Syrian origin, the descendants of a family which had originally been driven from their home on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean by severe and protracted famines. Their ancestors were invited and honored guests, for one of their number, Joseph, had rendered signal service to the land of Egypt; but four hundred years had effaced the remembrance of the service, whilst the rapidly increasing number of the strangers had awakened the jealousy of the reigning Pharaoh; and then, it is likely, as ever since, the Hebrew, true to the decree which had set him apart, would still be a stranger. The rulers of this world were satisfied that the time had come to crush a people so dangerous, and, as is ever the case, the wicked blindly wrought the righteous will of Heaven. The king enjoins that every male child of the servile race shall be cast into the Nile. Perhaps this decree was enforced only at intervals, when anxiety made the fearful cruel; however this may be, it was pressed at the time of the birth of Moses, and the mother committed her precious babe to the River of Egypt. It was a critical moment,—one of those moments which ought to satisfy the reader of history that God reigns, and that we are never forsaken by him. Think of it! the hope of the Hebrew people—yes, of the world—laid up in that little child!—a fearful thought, even in the most favorable circumstances, were there no Providence, for how many perils threaten the first years of every life, and how light a touch will throw into hopeless disorder those delicate springs! Here the only chance for life was exposure to death! Here the only trust was what in other circumstances had been a tempting of God! But there is a Divine Purpose, and there is a Divine Providence which accomplishes it. The angel for whose coming the mother sorrowfully prayed, came in the form of the Egyptian princess. The child, singularly beautiful, according to the tradition, was saved, drawn from the water, therefore called Moses,

and, though born a slave, was trained in all the wisdom of the dominant race. The Scripture account is touchingly simple. "And when she had opened it, she saw the child, and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children." So the vessel of wrath and destruction became a very ark of safety unto the child of God, and that great life of labor and sorrow, of success and glory, was rescued from the impending doom.

Pass now from Moses in the bulrushes to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush. Of the early life of the famous lawgiver, the book of Exodus affords us scarcely a glimpse, rather suggesting than asserting what we learn from New Testament sources, that he was thoroughly trained in the wisdom of that age and land. Josephus describes him as a successful general and the husband of an Ethiopian princess; but in our sacred history he appears rather in conflict with the Egyptian authorities,—as a rebel and an outlaw, who fled for safety to the land of Midian, a region which would be included between the two arms of the Red Sea and a line that should extend from Suez to Akaba. It covers a considerable part of Rocky Arabia. Here, in deep seclusion and occupied with a very humble task, the servant of God was taught to wait. During some of the best years of his life he was put, as it were, to a common day-school to be educated by the lowliest labors. He would have ruled and blessed men, and God set him to keep sheep. He would have gone forth with the multitude, and God bade him go out alone. He would have defended the rights of man and rescued his tribe from bondage, but God bade him aid feeble women in the discharge of a quiet domestic trust. He would have battled with Pharaoh, and God sent him to live with Jethro. For the Lord would have us know that the commonest task is significant and instructive, and he himself lived on earth many years in the form of a servant before he said, "I am the Son of God, the Anointed." It

must be especially true of all who are sent into the world to be guides of men, that they should be providentially brought into sympathy with the common life of mankind, that by actual experience they should learn the wants of those whom they propose to aid. The land of Midian, the roving herdsmen, Jethro, Zipporah and her sons, were quite as valuable to the future lawgiver as the wisdom of the Egyptian schools, and supplied far more promising ground for the seed from heaven to spring from. Moreover, all these long years were needed to cure Moses of conceit and self-will, and the arrogant assumption that his defeat was God's defeat. He had tried to help his countrymen in his own way, and had signally failed. He had acted from passion more than from conviction, and nothing—worse than nothing—had come of it. And so by degrees it came home to him, with the might of a personal experience, that God's ways are not our ways, and that when we have pronounced a work impossible, then precisely does the Lord take it up, and make us strong with his strength to begin anew and carry on the task to a glorious completion.

It was God's purpose to redeem his own people in his own peculiar way; not as nation contendeth with nation, but as the Lord goeth forth to war. This deliverance of the children of promise, the race out of which the Son of Man and the Son of God should come, must be so ordered that through all following ages discerning men would see in it a marvel and a sign, a monument unto that Divine Providence which, though ever as real, is rarely as conspicuous in the world's affairs. For such a deliverance a captain must be trained. The inward ear must be unstopped; the inward eye must be opened. Supernatural revelations demand always a preparation of the soul, a power to receive,—call it, if you please, receptivity. You remember that amongst a certain class of persons Jesus would work no miracles. So Moses was put to a severe novitiate. Less would have sharpened the sword of the warrior, and have fitted him for

an unsuccessful revolt. He needed a life of wearying discipline to make him a true and successful servant of God. For God begins where we finish, and what we call failures may be his successes, and he is chiefly desirous to bring us to holy ground and to open vision, whether on this side of or beyond the veil.

But the years of probation are drawing to an end. The guide, the prophet, the teacher of the people, must be set forth. That eventful day, the issues of which are acknowledged by all Christendom to this hour, and shall be felt through all time, the day on which the Jewish dispensation was to be inaugurated, came at last. In his journeyings through the country of Midian, seeking pasturage, Moses had come to Mount Horeb with no purpose beyond the care of his father's flock. He was doing, after the most familiar manner, the nearest duty. He had passed just such days in number more than he could tell of, and from the rising to the going down of the sun nothing had come about which called for a record; but the time of waiting was over. As he moves over the fertile and beautiful slope, and gathers consolation for his lonely heart from the lovely prospect, his eye is caught by an exceeding and strange brightness, beyond the splendor which, as we may suppose, the sunlight was pouring upon every tree and shrub. A bush in his pathway blazed up with a preternatural glow; and yet, strange to tell, it was not burned. Such a light Elisha looked upon when Elijah was caught away from him in the flaming chariot. Such a light fell upon the eyes of the disciples, when the Saviour was transfigured before them, and his raiment became exceeding white, so as no fuller upon earth could whiten it. It was but a little gleam of that full splendor which lies all about us, hidden behind those veils of sense that are mercifully interposed until the full time for open vision has come. The shepherd pauses, as he well may. It is an angel of the Lord. It is one of the heavenly host, the messenger and representative of the

Supreme Lord, and his holy presence hallows the ground, and makes it sacred, like the pavement of the Lord's temple.

And now, whilst the marvellous sight which has arrested his attention fills him with amazement, he hears a voice calling his name, and bidding him put off his shoes from his feet, and bear himself as in a sanctuary and near the holy of holies. Thus, by his messenger, God reveals himself to the chosen leader and lawgiver of his people, then afflicted, degraded, and oppressed; but destined soon to be victorious over their tyrants. The word which first reached the ear of Moses must have filled him with joy. He had heard of One in whom his fathers trusted, and from whom they had received very precious promises, the remembrance of which had not quite died out from the hearts of the people. In this God of his fathers he had ever believed, through all his sad and discouraging experience, more firmly, it may be, than ever, after all his disappointments. Now he knows that God lives and reigns, and pities and succors as of old. He has not forgotten the poor slaves in Egypt. He has come down to lead them forth and guide them safely into the ancient home of their fathers. So far it was wholly glad tidings. He had been saying now for years to Jethro and Zipporah, that there could be no deliverance save by the hand of God; and now this wondrous voice, coming from the midst of a splendor before which he had veiled his face, had confirmed the word. God would set them free. But by whom? Must not man work with him and for him, and become his servant? Even the future prophet would seem hardly to have realized this necessity. There was a revulsion of feeling in the heart of Moses when the message ended not with a promise, but with a summons. "Come now, therefore, and I will send *thee* unto Pharaoh, that *thou* mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

We must pause upon the lesson a moment. It is very significant. If only we could know our duty, we say, — could

it only be announced to us by the voice of God, written out before our eyes in blazing letters, — how should we welcome the announcement! But what said Moses, even after all that waiting and uncertainty? “Who am I that I should go unto Pharaoh, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt.” Even in the clearest light of truth, and with the most imperative Divine commands falling upon our ears, we hesitate to give ourselves up to God, we fear to become his instruments, we tremble lest we should be shattered against the iron and rock of stubborn opposition, or crushed by the very hand that wields us. We see instinctively that more blessedness than happiness must be in store for the servant of God, and that whilst the inward life is a life of rest in him, the days which are measured by the rising and the setting of the sun shall be consumed with wanderings and vexed with numberless and grievous cares. We find, after all, that which we need most is not the knowledge of duty, but the love of duty; a passionate desire to preach and practise the wisdom of the heavenly kingdom. And you may detect in this bearing of Moses, as in so much human experience, a confidence in God as in one who works not with men, but without them, and in their stead. God purposed to deliver the Hebrews, but to deliver them *through him*. His help is not to be an excuse for our helplessness; the abundance of that treasure is not to extenuate, but to enrich, our poverty. Let us say, reverently, and begging that we may not be misunderstood, that even the Almighty pauses and awaits the answer of the laborer whom he has summoned into his vineyard. Will you come? saith God. But Moses, as I say, was appalled by the word which he had often prayed to hear. He begins to raise difficulties, to plead ignorance, to tell of the want of faith which he was sure to encounter amongst those to whom he was to be sent. Many years have gone by since the fathers of the tribe were gathered to the invisible home of all the earth. Living amongst idolaters, the faith of the people in the invisible

Lord had begun to decline, if it had not already died out. He was not sure that he could call by any name that would be intelligible to his countrymen the Being who had sent him for their deliverance. "And Moses said unto God, When they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" Listen to the answer, coming to us still from the past and out of that great silence: "And God said unto Moses, I am that I am. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you."

So did the Absolute Being, the Perfect One, who ever is what he hath been, and who ever shall be what he is, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the Alpha and the Omega, declare himself through sense, putting himself into manifest connection with human history, taking a man and a people under his charge, to be in a peculiar sense their Governor and Helper, until that great day when the Word should be made flesh, and be seen on earth as the visible glory of the invisible God, his only-begotten Son. That announcement at the bush — that announcement, not in the schools of metaphysicians, to studious and inquisitive pupils, but in a world of life and beauty, to one of earth's laborers — was one of the grandest prophecies of the purposed redemption. God writes that mysterious "I am that I am" upon the souls of his children, an inward revelation. The conception which it expresses may have been familiar to the mind of Moses as to the minds of those who wrote out the thought upon the wall of the temple at Sais, or in the Hindoo description of Vishnoo. But here the voice of God claims the name which the finger of God had written. It became a sound for the world's ear. The foundation of religious trust and of moral activity is laid in the very depths of the divine nature. With the most startling distinctness and the calmest authority, the voice falling upon the inner ear gave back to Moses his highest thought of God, his holiest and most precious, — what he had been ready to regard as incommunicable, as too refined for common uses, as not to be mentioned in connec-

tion with a work so earthly as the deliverance of his countrymen, — gave him nothing less than this as the word of power by which he must prevail. And, indeed, there is no other name which can lead us out of any Egyptian bondage, and give us rest at last in the land of promise.

So the servant of God commissioned for his work must return to his people and to Pharaoh their tyrant. He returned to engage in a fearful conflict with one who had hardened himself against the Divine judgments, and to find only an uncertain support from his own slavish and dispirited tribe. But as God had been true, so according to his human measure he was found faithful and ready to impart what had been so freely given to him. Not without tears and blood was the redemption wrought. There were plagues in Egypt, wonders in the Red Sea. "And it shall be," it is written, "when thy son asketh thee in time to come, saying, What is this? that thou shalt say unto them, By strength of hand the Lord brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage." We have no space now to review the story of the miracles which God wrought through Moses. We will only say, that if the reader will study the record, and compare passage with passage, and bear in mind the uncertainty of Hebrew notation, he will find that the book itself supplies some qualifications of the narrative, and suggests considerations which should control a hasty scepticism based upon an over-rigid interpretation of the letter of the marvellous record. We may see reason for reducing the size of the picture, but we shall retain its proportions and shall recognize its wondrous character. The hand of God, ever working in our world, comes out into the light in that tale of fear and wonder. We see that Nature, the orderly and law-abiding, sympathizes with her Creator and Lord, and yields her mighty elements for the fulfilment of his pleasure, breaking down the power of the rebellious, and visiting with swift destruction those who could not be turned from their wicked purpose. The poor Hebrews, save as they are represented

by their lawgiver and high-priest that were to be, scarcely appear upon the scene ; it is a magnificent conflict between the angels of the Almighty and the fiends of pride and selfishness in the hearts of Pharaoh and his magicians, that sought to oppose with juggling arts or to weary out with obstinacy the ministers of Divine justice. At first, and so long as the blows fell but lightly, the parasites of the king made some poor show of imitating the portents which waited upon the word and sign of the man of God. *They did so*, it is written, with their enchantments, — a statement which will not surprise us when we consider the resources of Egyptian magic ; but soon they retire baffled and discomfited. The spawn of the waters and of the air, the pestilence that walks in darkness, the destruction that wastes at noonday, the noxious influences that slay their thousands, the plagues that weary out man and beast, the stormy winds, lightning and tempest and hail, the locust-army, — that people numerous and strong, the land before them as the garden of Eden, and behind them as a desolate wilderness, — an army not to be stayed by the sword, running through the city, running upon the wall, climbing up upon the houses, entering in at the windows like a thief, darkening the sun and moon and hiding the light of the sun in their pathway, — and at last the mysterious symbolic sickening of the first-born, made the feeble doings of the Egyptian priests utterly contemptible, and compelled them to admit, in horror and dismay, that on the side of the oppressed as well as of the oppressor there is power. The day of Jehovah dawns at last, and it is great and very terrible. Who shall be able to bear it? Hecataeus of Miletus, one of the oldest and most discerning of Grecian historiographers, writing 500 years before Christ, testifies most distinctly that, in obedience to the injunction of an oracle, and to appease the Divine displeasure, the Hebrews went forth from Egypt ; and this we take to be a Gentile testimony to the religious significance of the calamities which then befell that ancient land. The people are suffered to

depart, and are even laden with gifts. And yet the tyrant repents of his repentance, and gives the order to pursue, but only to meet with total and final discomfiture. He who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand opened for his chosen ones a path of safety, — for the oppressor a way of death. The sea covered the Egyptians ; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

And so they and we are on our way to Sinai. We are not strangers to the place. It is in the land of Midian, the land of the lawgiver's waiting during so many years. Prominent enough to give a name to the whole peninsula towers the four-fold range of Sinai. The group of mountains to which this name especially belongs includes the peak of Horeb, and so, extending some three miles, rises at its highest point to more than 8,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. It is the easternmost save one of the four ranges, which are separated by deep valleys and water-courses. At the foot of Horeb there stretches a beautiful plain, including a surface of at least one square mile, and well supplied with those living springs which insure surpassing beauty and fertility, the resort still of the wandering Bedouins. The name Sinai is applied sometimes to a district, sometimes to a particular part of a district, sometimes to a mountain-ridge, sometimes to the southern end of this ridge, now called *Jebel Mûsa* or *Moses's Mount*. Departing from the tradition with reference to the matter in obedience to geographical requirements, Robinson assigns the promulgation of the law to Horeb, the northern end of the range, where the surrounding space is ample to satisfy all the requirements of the Scripture narrative, the mountain-sides yielding springs of water, and the intervening valleys being clothed with fruitage and beauty. This traveller speaks of a neighboring convent, over 5,000 feet above the sea, with its plantation of olives and its garden of apricots and apple-trees in blossom on the 26th of March. Here was the awful spot where heaven and earth were to be brought together, — where the Lord should be at once manifested and veiled in a thick

cloud,— where the chosen leader and guide should pass days and nights in solemn communings with the invisible Jehovah, and receive the mysterious tablets of the Divine Commandments.

In reading the Scripture story of the giving of the law through the mediation of Moses, we must bear in mind that we are studying the record of one of the greatest epochs in the movements of the Divine Providence, and we must not pause at wonders. That the mountains should tremble under the tread of the Almighty, that the peaks of the everlasting hills should be ablaze, and the smoke thereof ascend as the smoke of a furnace, cannot be reckoned incredible when the Invisible would so speak to the people that they may hear and believe forever. Souls that dwell in bodies, spirits that are incarnate, must be reached through the senses; signs and wonders are God's speech to them. The care with which the people were kept from too near an approach to the blazing mountains shows that we have here something more than mere phenomena, and that they were in danger of more than a ceremonial and conventional sacrilege from contact with a visible holy of holies. For the most part, the communication of the Divine will was made only to the lawgiver, and by his lips was communicated to the people.

Into the details of the communings of the lawgiver with Jehovah it is not possible for us to enter. We can get only glimpses into the thick darkness which encompasses the divinely commissioned leader. From that presence he returned with the law upon his mind and upon his lips; not, perhaps, in all its particulars, but with the fruitful germs of wholesome statutes, and with large applications of large principles,— the Ten Commandments, warnings against idolatry, a prohibition to erect any elaborate altar, which might detain them in the wilderness, and many precepts of justice and humanity, well deserving to be studied and kept even in these Christian days. It was not until Moses had gone again into the awful solitudes of the mount, with only Joshua for

an attendant, that he received the two tables of stone ; two, because the one announces our duty to God, the other our duty to our brethren, and written by the finger of God, an expression which may be illustrated by the word of Jesus, "If I by the finger of God cast out devils," &c. These tablets, you remember, were broken by Moses, in his anger at a subsequent defection and revolt of the people, and the fragments were not preserved, lest superstition should misuse them ; but their place was supplied by other tablets, inscribed, as we are told, by the lawgiver, under Divine guidance. So the law came by Moses, and with it the ritual, which was its needful embodiment, and the childhood of our race was put under tutors and governors. The pupil proved untoward and perverse and slow. Even at the foot of Sinai the people compelled him who was to be the high-priest of the pure faith to fashion for them an idol. Their religion had departed from them with the departure of Moses. They had watched in Egypt the march of Pharaoh's armies, and the image of the sacred calf was borne before the host. These military processions may still be seen depicted upon Egyptian monuments. Why should not they journey to the promised land in like manner ? Those who are inclined to regard the Mosaic ritual as childish, may well learn from this defection how much the Hebrews needed something external, — a tabernacle, if not an idol. Ages of discipline were required to bring the national worship up to their spiritual and pure faith, and the national conscience to the height and compass of the Ten Commandments. There must be scourges and captivities, the blood of martyrs and prophets, the burdens of Elijah and Elisha, of Isaiah and Jeremiah. To him whose story we have been setting down so hastily, there was to be no outward rest ; and even after forty years of wandering with a thankless people there should be only a vision of the land of promise. But the good work was begun, — begun though so many of those days of the Lord which are as a thousand years would be required for its consummation. We believe

in the one living and true God to-day, and accept as first principles the moralities of Sinai, because Moses lived and labored; because he was taught of God and listened to his teachings, and spite of weariness and discouragement, and the opposition of those who were to be lifted out of a slavish temper as well as rescued from a slavish condition, he held on his way, and finished the work that was given him to do. It is a noteworthy fact, that even those who have questioned the Mosaic authorship of the first five books of sacred Scripture, are ready to admit that the Ten Commandments are from him. What a glorious legacy were they for one to leave to his people and to his world! For here the training of man must begin, and whether on earth or in heaven one jot or one tittle of the law shall in nowise pass away until all be fulfilled. Only through the law does man know his sinfulness; and only he who knows his sinfulness will be drawn to Him who is first and chiefly the Saviour of sinners. If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments; at least, try to keep them. The practice of duty illustrates the need of faith, — faith in a Redeemer and Saviour. Then grace and truth are welcomed. The last word of the law is, Repent! the first word of the Gospel is, Believe and live! He who wrote the great precepts of religion and of morality upon stone sends his Son in the fulness of the times to write them upon the heart, to show them forth in a complete obedience, to make them possible for us by the frequency of his Spirit. If ye believed Moses, said the Saviour, ye would have believed me, for he wrote of me.

In what we have written of the great leader and guide, we have sought neither to raise nor to set aside difficulties in the story or in the interpretation. We have wished rather to witness for a great Divine interposition, and for a splendid example of human faithfulness and service, which are obvious enough to the common mind, and can hardly be put aside even by the sceptical, and must needs quicken and instruct every impressible soul. If any would strengthen

their faith in God and in man, and in Him by whom God and man are reconciled and made one, we point them still, even in these days, to Moses in the bulrushes, to Moses in the wilderness and at the burning bush, to Moses before Pharaoh and the magicians, to Moses coming down from Sinai bearing the tables of the Commandments, and shedding forth from his face a measure at least of that strange light which shone out upon the disciples when he appeared with their Lord upon the Mount of Transfiguration. Unto this day no man knoweth of the resting-place of his body; but he himself — his mind, his spirit — yet speaks, and still accomplishes in the world the appointed work of preparation, — a work which, however strangely delayed, shall go forward, until the kingdom of Christ shall indeed come, and every heart shall confess his Divine power.

E.

WANTS.

THE stirring events and deep anxieties caused by the posture of our public affairs do not, and should not, stifle the deeper cries of the heart for its rest in God. We received, a short time since, the following letter. We hardly know whether it was intended as strictly a private one, or whether we were expected to answer it in these pages. Be that as it may, as it is only a specimen of what we frequently receive, and as its subject involves interests deeply and widely felt, we give it entire.

“MY DEAR SIR, —

“My desire for truth must be the excuse of this letter from a stranger. I am connected in religious association with the Unitarians. But their writings and views of the Saviour do not fully satisfy me. I cannot enter into an argument with their able writers, for I am not acquainted with the lan-

guages in which our Scriptures were first spoken. When I read, it seems all very well to the head, but my heart cries out for something more. And the Orthodox views I cannot receive at all. Can you (if I have made myself understood) give me what I want, or give me the key with which I shall be able to unlock, and find that rest or peace which Jesus speaks of when he invited 'all who are heavy laden.' I know he says, 'Come unto me,' and that is it. *Where is he?* And what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them? Any counsel that you feel able and willing to give will be gratefully received.

"From yours truly,
"_____."

Another letter came to us, from one whose associations are with Orthodox Christians, indicative of earnest and painful strivings after light and peace. We venture to give two or three sentences. "I could not conscientiously unite myself with a Unitarian church, for I feel that, as a body, there is in them very little spiritual life. Besides, I cannot accept as true all that they believe, — I mean, most of them. Neither could I unite with any of the so-called Evangelical churches, for I could not accept their creed, and if I could, I cannot feel it is right to be so *bound*. Where does the path of duty lie? Christ says, 'If any man shall do his will, he shall know of the doctrine,' and this darkness may arise from a want of devotion to his service. Yet if I know my own heart, I do *most earnestly* desire to do his will, and my daily prayer is for spiritual light and guidance. What books would be of most assistance to me? I have felt that this trial, which I have so long endured, has done me good, but I am weary now, and long for the struggle to end."

Another person, of clear intelligence, whose purity of life we might well envy, and whose associations had been with the so-called "New Jerusalem Church," says: "I was sad and anxious, I knew not why. I supposed all the trouble was in me. But since I left, I have become fully convinced

that my want of peace arose from the fact that I was so entirely *shut in*."

We cannot presume to guide others. We have felt deeply the need of a Guide ourselves, and we believe we understand, from a depth and fulness of sympathy which experience alone can give, the state of mind which these extracts disclose. We infer that it is a state of mind very general and pervading, and that, among all communions, the heart is asking for something which the denominations cannot give.

Long ago there arose on our dreaming hours the ideal of a church of Christ, so rich in the treasures of truth, so abounding in warm celestial charities, that the wayfaring man might come, be clothed and fed from her affluence, be comforted in her goodly fellowship, and on her large maternal bosom find shelter and repose. The want of such a church we believe to be one of the instincts of the heart, and that the instinct becomes more strong and urgent as the heart becomes more replenished with Divine grace. But come to ask where is this church to be found, we know of but one answer. It is not yet realized on the earth, and we shall not probably find it till we rise to the communion of the glorified. Those who box the whole compass, from Rome to blank Naturalism, or from Naturalism around to Rome, do not find such a church. And yet we doubt not that it is to come at length in the consummation of things, crowning work of the Saviour, as the New Jerusalem descends and touches the earth, and finally in an outward visible form fulfils the prophecy, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!"

As to the three communions touching which our correspondents give us the text for what we are to say, we trust it will not be invidious for us to record so much of our knowledge and experience as is pertinent to their queries. And we proceed in the inverse order in which we have named them.

There is the New Jerusalem Church, technically so called,

but very far from actualizing the New Jerusalem of St. John's Revelation. It has a christology of heavenly clearness and beauty, which answers almost exactly to the "Logos doctrine" of the early Church, and of which nearly every chapter of the Gospel of John is as full as it can hold. It has a pneumatology wonderfully distinct, rational, and substantial, which brings the shores of immortality so near that we can almost hear the chimes of the bells of heaven. It has a code of ethics and morals which condemns every form of selfishness. With all this it has one deep and crying want. *It lacks the Paraclete*, that last and richest legacy of Christ, without which piety is stiff and Jewish, and the Church is without growth and vitality, and soon becomes "hardened into a dry crust of conformity" and splits into sects. And the reason of this radical and fatal deficiency is obvious enough. *No church can have the free action of the Paraclete within it, founded on the word of a mortal and fallible man.* So long as the personality of Emanuel Swedenborg strides it like a colossus, its believers must indeed be "shut in." So long as his word is regarded as final and "continuous from the Lord," and the chief business is to dig out his meaning with a dictionary of correspondences, his huge personality must come between the believer and the Lord Jesus, and the Comforter in plenteous showers of grace and peace will never descend. And there will be no such thing as free enlargement and unfolding from within, no melting of all hearts into one, and pouring them out in large and generous charities, no intense and vital action that comes through prayer; but hair-splittings in theology, and the vain attempt to build up a church from without, with no church enlargement from within through the Spirit sweeping the soul like a river, and making a religious revival at every hour. If we may trust the opinion of the most competent judges who have acted within its pale, New Church ecclesiasticism, both in England and America, has been a signal failure. And we are compelled to regard this failure as the

judgment of the Lord against its noxious idolatry, preventing him from having free action within the church, from waking a warm spirit of devotion, and baptizing with the Holy Ghost and with fire.*

There is Orthodox Calvinism with its two wings of Old School and New, or staid and progressive Orthodoxy. The latter division abounds with life and self-sacrificing zeal, and apparently is doing more than any other division of the church, the Methodists perhaps excepted, in moulding society and winning souls to Christ. Its literature is vigorous, scholarly, throbs with a warm devotional spirit, and its pulpit has more power and influence than any pulpits in the land. We presume it will be conceded that it includes a large proportion of the best and brightest minds among the younger clergy. It is effectively reformatory in two directions,—against the sins of the age, and against the infidelity of the age. It flowers forth in such admirable works as Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural." Taking firm ground in the essential divinity of Christ and its correlate, the radical depravity of man, it is doing more in our estimation in lifting the Church out of the naturalism of the times, than any denomination in Christendom. Very true, the old and fixed Orthodoxy is alarmed, and charges young Orthodoxy with fatal tendencies to rationalism.

* See Mr. Brotherton's late pamphlet on the New Church in England. See Professor Bush's writings *passim*. Mr. Brotherton says: "If any one amongst us should call in question some of the teachings of Swedenborg, however pure his life, he would sink to zero in the estimation of many. There is only one thing worse than this; and that is, the manifestation of some kind of zeal, especially if it does not go in the doctrinal direction. . . . We have philosophic generalities, dull platitudes respecting goodness and truth, principles, degrees, and correspondences. These things are useful to the student, but as they are dealt out they can scarcely be said to constitute even a theology, but rather a nomenclature. We do not often hear preaching which probes the heart, which takes the sinner as he sits, and compels him to explore the dark places of his own bosom, exhibits him to himself in the light of Divine truth until he trembles, and, loathing himself, cries out, 'What shall I do to be saved?' We hear little about the need of personal religion. . . . Not only are there few efforts among us for the regeneration of society; we even go out of our way to make light of those which others make." — pp. 13, 17.

We cannot see in it the least bearing in that direction. Why, then, the reader will ask, do you not go over and join it? For the simple reason that two of our correspondents have given. We cannot subscribe the creed. We cannot worship three persons. Rather we cannot do as Henry Ward Beecher does, enounce the creed bravely with the lips now and then, and go on the next day and give it side thrusts till it is thoroughly cut up. What he does, we presume, with perfect simplicity of mind, being born or brought up in Orthodoxy, in us would be double-dealing, or facing two ways. The new Calvinism loses in consistency while it gains in power, and there are "Inquiries in Theology," especially in the department of inspiration and hermeneutics, which it must ignore, or else have a thorough readjustment of its whole doctrinal system. What is the true theory of the Old Testament? What will you do with the Hebrew Cosmology and the Book of Jonah? How does the deity of Christ consist with the unity of God? What is the Bible pneumatology, and the teaching about the resurrection of the dead? How can we teach a vicarious atonement without running into Antinomianism? What about the Five Points? Must we keep them sharp and burnished, or may we file off some of them, and if so, which, and how many? We must take old Calvinism, if we take any, as alone self-consistent, and that would kill us in the process of digestion. And though, in our judgment, the new Calvinism tends in no wise to rationalism, or to Unitarianism in any shape that Unitarianism has yet assumed, it evidently does tend to a reconstruction of the whole scheme of doctrinal Christianity. That is a work which belongs to those who are educated within it, and discern its wants and exigencies, and wield its power and know how to reform it. For others to seek admission within its ranks for any such purpose, would be very much like treachery.

We come next to our own division of the Church universal, called by some Unitarians, called more comprehensively Liberal Christianity, which our two correspondents, first quoted, think is wanting in spiritual life.

In a wealthy and once prosperous society, which had become thoroughly demoralized under an administration of Parkerism, we heard the inquiry earnestly made for a minister who was a "Channing Unitarian." What a Channing Unitarian might be we had a very vague and floating idea, and we suspect the inquirer had himself. Turning to Dr. Channing's Memoirs, we find his views expressed as follows in a letter to Rev. James Martineau, dated September, 1841:—

"Old Unitarianism must undergo important modification or developments. This I have felt for years. Though an advance on previous systems, and bearing some better fruits, it does not work deeply, it does not strike living springs in the soul. This is perfectly consistent with the profound piety of individuals of the body. But it cannot quicken and regenerate the world. No matter how reasonable it may be if it is without *power*. Its history is singular. It began as a protest against the rejection of reason,—against mental slavery. It pledged itself to progress as its life and end; but it has gradually grown stationary, and now we have a *Unitarian Orthodoxy*. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at or deplored, for all reforming bodies seem doomed to stop, in order to keep the ground, much or little, which they have gained. They become conservative, and out of them must spring new reformers, to be persecuted generally by the old. With these views I watch all new movements with great interest." (Vol. II. p. 399.)

Later still, he says, "I am becoming less and less a Unitarian." A Channing Unitarian, then, is one who becomes a Unitarian less and less; in other phrase, who leaves Unitarianism behind so far forth as he finds it partial and superficial, and presses on towards fulness and completeness in Christ Jesus. This we should think is sufficient answer to those sensitive critics who deem it a reflection upon the memories of the sainted dead of the denomination to aspire to truth that never dawned upon them,—a sentiment, one might almost think, enough to make Channing speak from his grave, or draw down his indignation from the skies.

Plainly, there are three kinds of Unitarianism. There is that which shades off into natural religion, losing everything which is distinctive in Christianity, tending to a total disintegration of the Church. Then there is what Dr. Channing calls "Unitarian Orthodoxy," which is simply a few platitudes about the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of human nature, and the excellence of virtue, fixed and fossilized as the sum-total of the Gospel revelation, to undergo no addition or diminution to the end of time. "These be thy gods, O Israel!" It is one of these two types, we suppose, which our correspondents have come in contact with, and no wonder that they "find very little life in them," and that "the heart cries out for something more." Then there is Channing Unitarianism, properly so called, the only kind that he would acknowledge as genuine,—that which finds in Christianity an all-comprehending and ever-unfolding Divine system imperfectly apprehended as yet, but the sole hope of the world and the inexhaustible riches of God. This, as he viewed the matter, was the Unitarianism with which the denomination started,—"pledged to progress as its life and end." It is the only one which has the living germs of a glorious future, which is not already dying, and which does not deserve to die. It will become less and less Unitarian, for the simple reason that it brings the believer evermore to the beholdings of absolute truth, and gives him Christianity, not as the sect has named and fixed it, but as the ever-coming Christ unveils it to those who only hearken to his COME UNTO ME.

What, then, is the only consistent position for any earnest man to hold who believes that Christ is more than sect, that existing forms of religion are transitional and provisional, and who waits for the ultimations of the New Jerusalem upon the earth? What but to stand faithfully in his lot wherever he can stand in truth and in freedom, and speak the word and do the work which God gives him to speak and to do? What but to press nearer and nearer to the Lord Jesus

Christ, by all the means which are afforded him, and then speak out any truth which he finds, or breathe out any love with which his heart overflows, for the good of that communion in which he finds himself placed? In what other way are denominational peculiarities to soften and fade out before the growing splendors of the Son of man? In what other way is the New Jerusalem to descend, until in place of sect we have indeed a Church, catholic both in faith and in charity, and whose differences shall not be schisms, but the variations of shade and coloring through which the glory of the landscape is toned and harmonized? Meanwhile the way is direct and short for the earnest inquirer of any sect to a profounder peace and a more sufficing faith than his sect can give him. It is to rise above its level, seeking Christ at first hand, by a life in conformity with his word, by personal communion, by a daily walk with him as the God with us, and the giver of the Comforter, being sure that he will make good his promise. "If any man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and WE WILL COME AND MAKE OUR ABODE WITH HIM."

"Where is he, and what is he who speaks such words and promises, and is able to fulfil them?" We have tried several times to answer such questions in these pages, but we reserve them now for another number. The answer, however, only becomes perfect as we follow him in the regeneration, till we take up the strain of the heavenly ritual, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

8.

REMEMBER that this is the very elixir, the very hell of hell to the damned spirits, that they had once a time wherein they might have procured everlasting rest and glory; but they foolishly and vainly misspent that time and season, which is now not to be recovered.

Be frugal of your time; it is one of the best jewels we have.

MY NIECE'S TROUBLE.

"OH Aunt Sarah! here you sit day after day, and the world does n't change with you one bit! I verily believe that you have n't moved those vases on the mantelpiece, except to dust them, for the past forty years. How can you endure such a life? For my part I am tired to death, and hurry from one amusement to another that I may get rid of the horrible feeling that life is all a mockery, and does n't amount to anything. Why, sometimes every man, woman, and child I meet seems to me a skeleton; and how they can grimace and appear happy, and make such humbugs of themselves, I can't imagine. If they think at all, of course they must see that nothing they do or say is of any real use; how can they help looking forward and wondering what the end will be? And here you live without anything to divert your mind, as if you were *really* happy. I don't believe that you are either stupid or deceitful, and I don't know what to make of you."

That was a long speech, but I was used to such greetings; for my niece often burst in upon me, and began at once to unburden her mind of the uppermost subject, without waiting to bid me good afternoon. So I was not at all surprised, only pleased to see her, for she did much to make my life less monotonous; and besides, I loved her for her own sake.

Her words brought freshly back to me the first troubled winter of my life,—when I began to see below the surface of everything, to cry, Peace, peace! when there was no peace, and to carry a heavy heart to my pleasures and my work. I longed to comfort my poor child at once, and save her the months, perhaps years, of groping which I foresaw for her, though I knew that her end would be peace without my aid; so I determined that, before she left me, she should have my sympathy at least, and what little advice I could give her from my own experience.

"This is something new, Lucy," I said, "you seem always as gay as a lark."

"It's only seeming," she replied, sadly; "at least, it has been only seeming for a long time now. I have n't told any one about it, but I've carried round with me everywhere just such a heartache as I could put away in a dark corner and have all to myself, and appear outside just the same as ever; but every morning the first thought, sitting waiting for me on my pillow, ready to take possession of me as I come to myself, (I'm taking great liberties with Emerson, Aunt Sarah,) is the same old grinding fancy, that nothing in this world amounts to anything. I groan and say, 'Another day to give account of!' And I go through the same routine of little duties from which I can't escape, and yet which amount to nothing, never go deeper than the surface, nor call out a single faculty. I long sometimes to stop strangers in the street, and ask them what they are living for. However, it would n't be of much use; they all have the same craving and dissatisfaction, I know. Why, look at your neighbors up and down this quiet street; what are they aiming at? which of them is happy?"

While she ran on with much more in the same strain, my thoughts wandered from house to house, that I might bring forward some example for Lucy's encouragement.

There is my neighbor A, the fair representative of a large class. He is out early in the morning, moving fast and looking neither to the right hand nor the left, like a man of business as he is. He says that he began life poor, and suffered mortifications and trials innumerable till he was convinced that money was a good thing, a great thing, and indeed everything (not that he wishes to say that religion is not first, of *course*). But look at the comforts money brings: education, — and is not knowledge power? Could not he now hold his head much higher among his friends had he been educated as well as Mr. this or that? Comforts, dress, amusements (not that he cares for these, but his children do), pleasures, fine houses. It commands respect, and he is not quite sure that it does not sometimes command love too. In short, it is to him the most desirable of all things. He

loves to make money, and he means to make it; and the question is pretty freely answered, — that is what *he* lives for.

B is a pretty little woman; her fingers sparkle with diamonds, her silks sweep the streets, her fan waves at the opera, her slippers dance at the gayest balls, — she lives for pleasure, and loves it best of all things. Everybody pets her and loves her, she is so kind-hearted. She plans all the morning for her evening's amusement, and gives herself little time to think. I wonder if the thought may not now and then rush over her, 'What are you doing it for? What does it all amount to?' Perhaps she has not thought of it definitely enough to give an answer, were she asked directly; but sometimes her face is very sober as she sits at the window, and I think that it is not entirely because her new dress did not fit, or Frank did not ask her to dance with him but once.

I never saw any one more industrious than C. She sits and sews the whole day long. In public her dress is faultless, with the only drawback that it leaves the impression that she has given her whole mind to it. She sews for fairs too, and for her friends, — beautiful bridal pincushions, and babies' sacks miraculously embroidered, — and no one could help admiring her neatness, skill, and patience. But I never heard of her reading, or caring for anything beyond what appertains to the body; and though she seems always placidly content, I sometimes suspect that there must be a yawning gulf in her heart which all the stitches of a lifetime could not close.

D evidently has a craving, but whether she rightly understands what it is, I cannot tell. Her eager desire seems to be for attention, and, in the street and at home, she is always either in a state of fluttering delight at the amount she receives, or laying plans to attract more. She has no more than her proper share, however, and a large part of her life is necessarily unfilled; then she is unsatisfied, if not positively unhappy.

E dearly loves his children, — carries them in his thoughts all day, drudges for them, plans for them, and sacrifices him-

self for them ; neither does he forget that they are immortal souls. He is to be envied in his enjoyment of them, as they climb over him like young opossums. They give him pain sometimes, but he loves them too judiciously for them to give him any permanent trouble, and, with all his cares, his life must be satisfactory to him through them, for through time and eternity he can look forward to his rich possessions. No ! Even with this rose there is a thorn, for almost as surely as they grow to be men and women will they choose to give to a stranger a love stronger than they have for him ; his old age may be comparatively lonely and desolate, and he can only truly enjoy his children while he blindly persists in looking upon them as immortal *children*.

F is an old maid, and it is wonderful how much she accomplishes in the world. She is ready for every call, besides the definite work laid out for her, which many conscientious people would make an excuse against further demands. She visits and receives her friends, and sews for herself and others, and works for fairs in the intervals of teaching school, and has a helping hand to offer for every benevolence which is brought before her. She is fresh and happy, and gives pleasure wherever she goes, and I more than suspect a secret of happiness to be hers, deeper than the secret of industry which brings so much of that desirable gift. F was the person I could quote, and I thought I knew her secret.

"Yes," Lucy answered, when I spoke of her, "she has always seemed very happy, but so do thousands of others ; how do you know, Aunt Sarah, that she has not lonely hours and terrible heart-sinkings ? You never suspected these feelings in me till I confided in you."

"None of us are perfectly happy, Lucy, and we never cease to have sorrows and troubles ; but underneath them there is either a basis of happiness or unhappiness, on which
• we build our houses, and these little, outward circumstances pass, as the world passes before our windows, — now a beggar, now a rich man, — now a painful, now a pleasant sight, — they

affect us for the moment, but do not shake the house. I think F's basis is happiness, and that I can help you to her secret."

Lucy seemed so ready to listen, I felt I could speak freely.

"You are troubled that your life amounts to nothing; which means that you have not found your right place in the world; for every one has a place, we may be sure, since God has seen fit to send us here. You never can be at ease till you find it and fill it. You mean to be conscientious, and live faithfully and nobly, so naturally you aim too high at first, and think these very little every-day duties which you say you cannot escape from, but which so take up your time, are eating up your life in vain."

"Now, Aunt Sarah, don't preach me that doctrine *again*! I *know* it by heart; I have thoroughly tried to do with my might whatever my hands found to do, however small the duty was; but when I look back upon a day so spent, it looks like child's patchwork, not fit for use, and I feel myself dwindling down daily, chained like a galley-slave to work I was not meant to do. I am not ambitious, but I am afraid of the account I shall have to give of such a wasted life, and I deepen the pit of my omissions every day, without knowing how to fill it up."

"Do you remember Milton's Sonnet on his Blindness?" I said. "God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts. We can get more food to grow strong upon out of little every-day duties faithfully performed, than from the profoundest studies or the most public deeds, when we step out of our own place for them. It's old and commonplace advice, I know; but the importance of little things can never be enough considered."

"God never allows all the doors to be thrown open, that we may look straight forward through our whole life; but I can open for you a little crack, and if you push through that, the door beyond will open gradually before you, but you must go on alone. F's secret is that she loves her neighbor as herself. Such love always brings happiness, and I think this

medicine will heal your disease, in proportion to the dose you take. Try it; do the first kind act which comes in your way, and watch the result. One from whom both you and I have had many a precious lesson, has said that the three classes of evil which are appointed for our trial are worldliness, sensuality, and selfishness; that from these he is least in danger who is most entirely occupied with thinking and caring for others, and if one could be wholly so occupied, like an angel, the danger would cease entirely. I think that is true; at any rate, prove it, and hold it fast if good. Never omit an opportunity of doing a kind act or speaking a kind word; and still further, take the remedy as you would an antidote against poison, and when you find the unsatisfied feeling stealing over you, seek out some object for your kindness. I am much mistaken if you do not soon learn to let God make what disposition of your life he chooses, without your caring to ask what it will amount to."

Here a visitor interrupted us, and I was not sorry, for I had said what I wanted most to say; and as I get old I have to check a tendency to prosiness, which I find grows upon me. Lucy went away without an opportunity to tell me whether she cared for my words or not; but in a moment a laughing face appeared at the parlor door, and she said, with a roguish enjoyment of her prompt application of my remedy, "Here is your evening's paper, Aunt Sarah; I thought I would save your poor, stiff old bones the trouble of picking it up."

While my neighbor E gave me a glowing account of his Benjamin's last accomplishment, I watched Lucy's light step down the street, and prayed that her's might not be one of those

"Restless and craving dissatisfied hearts,
Whence never the demon of hunger departs,"

and that I might in some measure save her young life from that cloud which darkens the days of so many young girls, and makes them such an easy prey to bodily and mental disease.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE MOB SPIRIT.

THE ferocious mob spirit breaks forth now and then at the North, for the purpose of putting down a stray Secessionist or some apologist for treason. Strange to say, respectable people sometimes wink at it, and respectable journalists rebuke it mildly. Why will they not see that the least concession to, or encouragement of, the mob spirit, though in a cause they may deem ever so just, is warming into life a serpent which may one day sting them to death? Let us beware how we teach these "bloody instructions." We may be in a minority some time, and they will come back to plague us. He who has committed no overt act against the civil order, though we may hate and condemn his opinions and his way of expressing them, has a right to all the power of the Commonwealth, if need be, to shield him from personal violence. Those who undertake to lynch Secessionists become themselves traitors to the good cause; for what are we fighting for but civil order and constitutional liberty? Though the minority be very small and very obnoxious, theirs becomes the case for which law is specially needed, and over which its protecting majesty should extend. Let every man watch in himself the first rising, and be ready to rebuke and bring to justice the first manifestation of this devilish spirit of intolerance and cruelty.

s.

HOW PEOPLE WALK.

I WAS confined to my room in a strange city, became sick of books and newspapers, and looked out of the window to study the people that kept streaming by. It was a raw morning, and the street was swept by a gusty wind. Good old Dr. Holt used to say he could tell a man's character by his walk, his tastes, his habits, his social standing, his culture, his force of character, and even whether there was any moral stamina in him. Let us see whether there is any truth in the Doctor's theories, for here are all sorts of characters and races in this Babel of a city, and I will observe whether they put themselves into their gait and bearing. First come the market-women, all Irish.

Every one of them leans forward, lifts the bottom of her dress with her heels, and keeps up a flapping of skirts in the gusty breeze. Not an Irishwoman passes but makes immense pedal demonstrations, as if at least one fifth of her was made up of foot and ankle. After this come the men, who are evidently from the lower strata of the population. Almost every one of them looks blue, leans forward, squeezes his lungs into the smallest compass he can, as if afraid of breathing too much of the cold air. They do not so much walk as creep, never having learned, evidently, that lungs were made to breathe with, and that the more air they take in, the more their blood will be oxygenized, and their brains sparkle with life and intelligence, and their bodies with manly energy. There is a corner at the end of the block where most of these people vanish, taking a turn out of sight. Curious it is to see them turn that corner. The women make a dead halt, and then take a new tack with a new setting of sails. The men look up from the pavement to find where the corner is, and then jerk themselves round it. But see! there comes a man up the street with a quick and easy motion, his chest fully expanded, his cheeks rosy red, cutting the wind with a commanding air. He turns the corner with a graceful curve and disappears. "Who is he?" "Col. H., who addressed the caucus last night." It is near nine o'clock, and now the upper stratum of the city are evidently finding their way into the streets. The ladies that pass now have no feet. You only see dresses sailing by with equable motion, and making a curve around the corner without any flapping in the wind. Now and then there is a dress lifted up by the heel, but it is pretty sure to be either slouchy, or flaring and gaudy. Observe how those men carry their hands. Those who lean forward and look blue, paw the air crosswise, as if trying to swim. Those who walk erect and breathe with their lungs as well as their windpipes, move their hands less, and always in nearly parallel planes. Some move brisk and in straight lines, like an arrow shot at a mark. These are the business men. Children bound along as if their feet were india-rubber balls. Students walk leisurely, and as if going nowhere in particular. One thing impresses you. How many one-sided, gaunt, homely, rickety, bow-bent, ambling, halting, cadaverous people there are in the world, verifying Dr. Bushnell's remark, that, in order to get one handsome person, you must select a feature here and a tint there from a hundred others, and imagine them put together in a new combination. There is not

comeliness and symmetry enough in a hundred men or women, taken at random, to make a single handsome one. I saw only one man decently built and well projected in all that day's study, — the aforesaid Col. H., who probably came from the drill of West Point. We verily believe that one reason of so much deformed and rickety manhood is, that people are afraid to breathe, or perhaps too lazy for it. Children in school do not learn to breathe, except with compressed lungs. People walk the earth, not as free denizens upon it, entitled to a full allowance of the ocean of air that lies about them, but as if tending earthward and stooping towards their graves before their time. Dr. Fitch says that, if all parts of the lungs are used and kept well oxygenized, they will seldom get diseased. Put them, or any part of them, on short allowance of room or of air, and the brain will lack ventilation, the cheek lose its beauty, the soul its courage, the lungs get diseased, and the man, instead of walking erect, like Adam in Paradise before he sinned, will bend down and creep towards his grave. Let us teach the children two other things besides the list of school studies, — how to walk and how to breathe. s.

THE following soul-stirring lines were written long ago, by the late W. B. O. Peabody, D.D. They are full of patriotic fire, and specially appropriate now.

THE ALARM.

Look there! the beacon's crimson light
Is blazing wide and far,
And sparkles in its towering height
The rocket's signal-star.
Rise! rise! the cannon rolls at last
Its deep and stern reply,
And heavier sleep is coming fast
Than seals the living eye.

And now the warning trumpet peals!
The battle's on the way;
The bravest heart that moment feels
The thrilling of dismay;
Around the loved in shrinking fear
Love's straining arms are cast;
The heart is in that single tear,
That parting is the last.

A thousand windows flash with fires
To light them through the gloom,
Before the taper's flame expires,
To glory or the tomb;
Far down the hollow street rebounds
The charger's rattling heel,
And, ringing o'er the pavement, sounds
The cannon's crushing wheel.

Then answers to the echoing drum
The bugle's stormy blast;
With crowded ranks the warriors come,
And bands are gathering fast;
Red on their arms the torch-light gleams,
As on their footsteps spring,
To perish ere the morning beams,
For death is on the wing.

The courier in his arrowy flight
Gives out the battle-cry:
And now march on with stern delight, —
To fall is not to die.
Already many a gallant name
Your country's story bears;
Go rival all your fathers' fame,
Or earn a death like theirs.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Macaulay's History of England. Vol. V. Edited by his Sister, LADY TREVELYAN, with Additional Notes to Vols. I., II., III., and IV., a Sketch of Lord Macaulay's Life and Writings, by S. AUSTIN ALIBONE, and a complete Index to the entire Work. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — This volume, the last which we are to have from the pen of the greatest of historians, closes with the death of King William, in 1701. The plan announced at the opening of the history was to bring it down within the memory of living men. The reader finishes this volume with a pang of sorrow that the narrative must stop here, and that the grave hath closed upon the knowledge and genius that were to illustrate the English history of the eighteenth

century. Just as he was coming to the reign of Anne, the Augustan age of English literature, in the knowledge of which, judging from his essays on Addison and Johnson, his memory was a mine of wealth, the pen drops from his hand.

The sketch of the life and writings of Lord Macaulay, prefixed to the present volume, takes up more than a hundred pages, and, though only a compilation, loosely thrown together, gives glimpses of his childhood, private life, and public career, which will be very eagerly read. He had an exceedingly retentive memory, and all its varied stores were at command. He is another instance confirming Sir William Hamilton's theory, and refuting the popular notion that a prodigious memory draws its nutriment from the other faculties and makes them weaker. His stores were not only vast, but his power of combination and masterly arrangement, his splendor of illustration, and what might be appropriately termed his word-magic, are without a rival in modern literature.

S.

Phenomena of the Four Seasons. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D. D., LL. D., late President of Amherst College, and now Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — We have revived with much pleasure our acquaintance with this little volume. It comprises the four lectures, published some twelve years ago, entitled, "The Resurrections of Spring," "The Triumphant Arch of Summer," "The Euthanasia of Autumn," and "The Coronation of Winter." It has, in addition, an exposition of 1 Cor. xv. 35-44, which defends the lectures against some criticisms made upon their teachings pertaining to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Dr. Hitchcock's theory is, that sameness of particles is not necessary to the idea of bodily identity; that since the portion of the seed that enters into the future plant or tree forms but an infinitesimal part of the tree itself, and finally, perhaps, none at all, so only an infinitesimal particle of the body laid in the grave may enter into the resurrection body. Why the Doctor should assume that any particle whatever must come up out of the grave to form the nucleus of a new body we cannot understand, since we do not find it in the Bible, and why we may not just as well leave the grave behind us altogether, when we have done with time. But as he comes within an infinitesimal particle of what we hold as truth, we read his theory with great interest. We think Dr. Hitchcock mistakes altogether the argument

in "Athanasia." The writer of that book by no means asserts that "there is no such thing as bodily identity" existing throughout nature. What he denies is that *bodily* identity is essential to *personal* identity, and therefore that there is any necessity that we should carry any part of our earthly bodies into the spiritual world to preserve our personal sameness. So far as we understand, there is a perfect agreement between Dr. Hitchcock and the writer of "Athanasia." If we shall be living a dozen years hence, no particle of our present bodily structure will enter into the bodies we shall then wear. Yet we shall be the same beings. Even so *philosophy* requires no atom of our present bodies to form a part of our future bodies in order to our personal identity. So far both writers are agreed. But Dr. Hitchcock thinks that the *Scriptures* assert that something is to come up out of the grave at the resurrection, hence his infinitesimal germ deposited there and guarded as the nucleus of the future spiritual body.

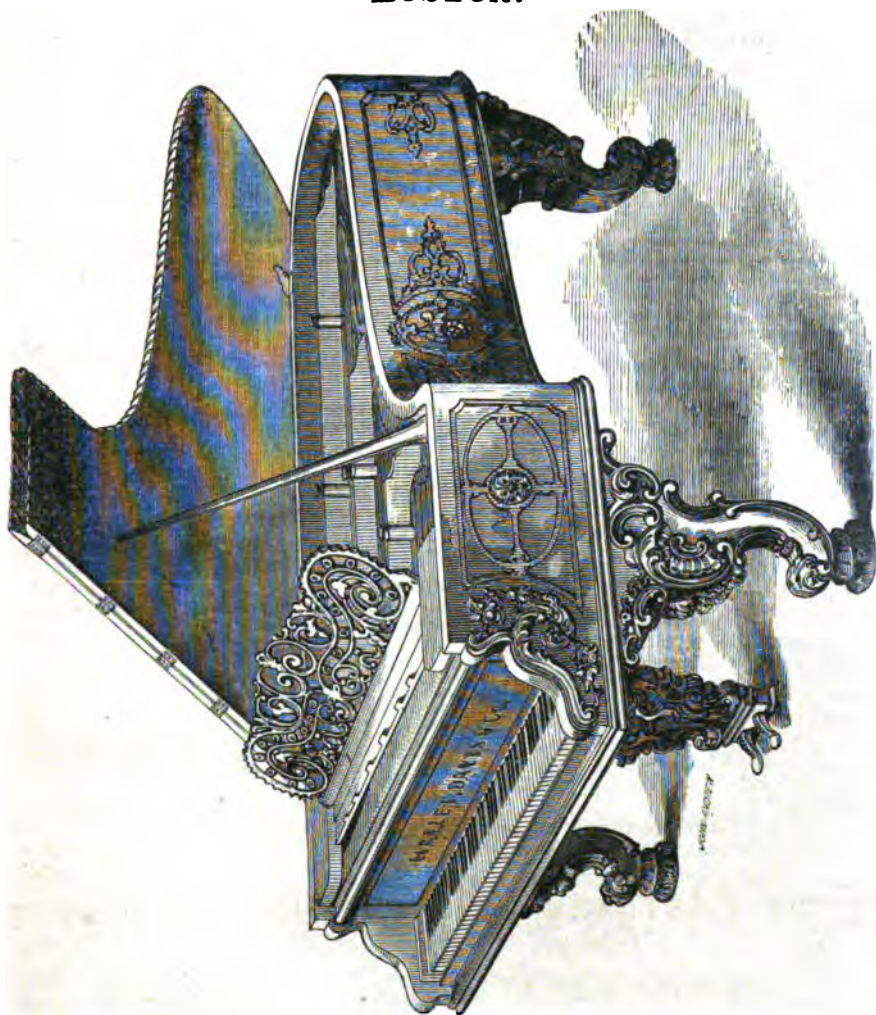
The present edition makes a neat volume of 176 pages, with the same illustrations as the former edition. It will be welcomed by all who love to read Dr. Hitchcock, — and who does not, that loves devotion and candor?

S.

The Boston Review for May finishes its criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. It certainly proves that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is not a Calvinist in any other sense than he once undertook to define his own Calvinism, — "I am a Calvinist," he said, "in this sense: I believe as Calvin *ought* to believe, if he were living at the present time." The reviewer, we think, is certainly mistaken in ascribing to Mr. Beecher any fixed and consistent system. A man who says to-day that Christ is the only God he worships, and that the Father is to him only a filmy idea, and avers to-morrow that he is a tritheist worshipping three Gods, only saying "one God" with the lips because the Bible tells him to, must hold his theology, we take it, in a somewhat loose and dishevelled condition, and so far he may be a hopeful catechumen under such kneading as that of the Boston Review. The Review, again, is trenchant, spicy, and frank-spoken for the old Calvinism, and evidently is to be one of the forces of theological literature. It will do valiant battle at the outposts of revealed religion where the danger is greatest from the subtle and enervating naturalism of the times, and for this it has our hearty God-speed.

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EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; but aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the Church; and would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

TERMS.

The Magazine is published on the first of every month, in numbers of 72 pages each, making, when bound, two volumes of about nine hundred royal octavo pages a year.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

QUESTIONS about the final destiny of those who die in their sins were never more urgent than now upon the minds of thoughtful men.* They involve a subject which has grown steadily upon the attention of the religious world for the last half-century, and it will not be likely to be put to rest till the old theology is essentially modified, and the Divine Revelation more completely apprehended. How steadily has the light grown upon the world, disclosing the unknown of the boundless hereafter! The early Hebrew hardly believed in a future life at all. His vision was confined mainly to this world, and the Jewish law was enforced only by temporal judgments. The Gospel lifted the veil, and assured to men the fact of immortality. But this was done by means of sensuous imagery, whose law of interpretation was not obvious at once. It only becomes obvious as the Christian consciousness is vivified, and the intelligence of men is lifted up into the light of the heavenly disclosures. So then there are

* See Love and Penalty, or Eternal Punishment consistent with the Fatherhood of God. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. — Evenings with the Doctrines. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Also, the Discussion between Dr. Adams and Rev. T. Starr King. — Human Destiny, a Critique on Universalism. By C. F. Hudson. — Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life. By the same Author.

three grand epochs of light and knowledge on this subject. There is the ante-Christian epoch, in which the whole future was veiled. There is the Christian epoch, when the veil was lifted and the wonderful fact disclosed. And there is the epoch of Christian interpretation, when the nature and the meaning of the fact are more perfectly apprehended, as the consciousness of the Church is more thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of the living Christ. The interpretations of the fact may be classified thus.

There is the interpretation which is Orthodox in name, and which abides strictly in the letter of Revelation. It *naturalizes* the imagery of the Bible on this subject, and thus teaches a localized heaven and a localized hell. Man can be introduced *ab extra* to the pleasures of the one or to the burnings and the tortures of the other. And these are fixed and endless. The wicked will be kept in being to satisfy the vengeful justice of God, and this requires that they should live only to be punished and made infinitely wretched as long as God shall exist.

Universalism is a revolt from this. Taking its stand in the prime truth of the Divine mercy, it contends that all men were made for ultimate holiness and happiness, and they will not fail of their destiny. God is good, and desires it; he is Omnipotent, and he will achieve it. It gradually developed a system of exegesis by which the Bible is made to conform throughout to this theory. Its teachings vary, — sometimes denying all punishment after death, sometimes asserting one of long and painful discipline; but these questions are now merged in the one essential of Universalism, that sin is sure of its punishment, — when and where is of minor importance, but that the punishment is corrective, and will not fail of its end, — the salvation of all men.

Another interpretation is this. The future life will be as the present, wherein will exist all shades of character, and therefore all shades of happiness and suffering. There can be no such thing as a separation into two classes, saints and

sinners. No one is all good or all evil. And as men will be free agents forever as here, the good may fall into evil, or the evil may become good; and this will be the everlasting law of retribution.

There is the interpretation of the believers in annihilation, recently advocated by the author of "Debt and Grace" with great acuteness and ability, and virtually revived in a new shape by Rev. T. L. Harris, the Christian spiritualist. It is the nature of sin to destroy, and therefore the existence of the radically bad must wane to its total extinguishment. A great number of passages of Scripture are made seemingly to assert this doctrine. Death is everywhere put over against life; and since spiritual life is the more vivid consciousness of being, spiritual death is the waning of that consciousness till it shall cease entirely.

There is the Swedenborgian interpretation, which makes heaven and hell, not *material*, but *substantial*, and asserts that evil will be eternal. It differs from the Orthodox doctrine mainly in the law which underlies the scenery of the spiritual world. Men are surrounded there with an external world; but it always answers to their spiritual condition, and is the outgoing and ultimatum of their own life. No Calvinist ever depicted a more terrible hell than some which Swedenborg opens in his "Arcana"; but the former was built by God, and man is plunged into it by external force; whereas the latter are created out of man, being the projections and circumstances of his own voluntary life. Even in the latter, however, the wicked are subjected to terrible punishments externally; but these are inflicted only to restrain them from doing evil to others. Swedenborg sometimes *appears* to teach that punishment will ultimately reform and restore the wicked; but unquestionably the prevailing impression from his writings is that he believed in the eternity of the hells.

Such is the general Christian enlightenment on this subject; and, diverse and imperfect as it is, it indicates a reaching after higher and better views. Some considerations of

vast practical importance, it seems to us, should be steadily kept in mind in the discussion of themes like these.

1. It will hardly be asserted by competent scholars that the doctrine of universal salvation is fairly made out as the teaching of sacred Scripture. Much of the Universalist exegesis must be, and is, abandoned as fantastic and absurd. The scholar must argue the doctrine, if at all, from the attributes of God, not from any word which God has spoken. This is conceded now by many of the most intelligent believers in Universalism. They argue it not from textual, but from general and philosophical grounds. On the other hand, it cannot be shown that the doctrine of endless misery is directly asserted by the word of God. The word *αἰών*, and its derivatives, rendered "eternal," "everlasting," do not mean endless time. They describe an economy complete in itself, and the *duration* must depend on the nature of the economy. What, then, do the Scriptures reveal to us? The results of this temporal economy in the one that lies next on beyond the limits of death in the spiritual world. They lift the curtain, and in the solemn porches of eternity they show us the human current parting divers ways, to the realms of light and the realms of darkness. The New Testament, if it reveals anything, reveals the *αἰών*, the dispensation that lies next to this, and gathers into it the momentous results of our probation in time. But what lies beyond *that*, in the endless cycles of a coming eternity, has not been revealed to us, and probably not to the highest angel. Think of that endless Beyond! If every atom of the globe were counted off, and every atom stood for a million years, still we have not begun to get a conception of endless duration. And yet men dogmatize, and affirm that their fellow-beings are to be given over to indescribable agonies through those millions of years thus repeated, and even then the clocks of eternity have only struck the morning hours! that the hells of pent-up agony are to streak eternity with blood, in lines parallel forever with the being of God! If Gabriel should come and

tell us that, we should have a right to believe that the infinite future wrapped up in the bosom of God had not been given to Gabriel.

2. The epoch of interpretation, while it has not and cannot tell what lies beyond the cycle which Scripture reveals, may and does give us clearer views of the *nature* of retribution. All the scenery of the spirit-world described in the Bible is to be understood in the light of a more rational pneumatology. Because it is not material scenery, it none the less sets forth the most august realities, the things contained already in human nature, and waiting to be disclosed. The future of man he bears within himself, — those white enrobing purities, or the fires and the ascending smoke of torment. It is a most instructive fact, that conceptions of the future retribution always tally exactly with one's intuitions of moral evil. Any man who thinks sin belongs only to the surface of human nature — is only a wrinkle of the outer rind — slides quickly into the baldest Universalism, and will see very little or no evil in prospect when this outward coil has been removed. Any man in whose consciousness moral evil has been awfully vivid, and its subtle and malignant nature understood, will believe that the lowest hells which the Scriptures describe can be no mere figures of speech, but the real apocalypse of an uncleansed human nature. He knows that since this tide of humanity is setting into the spiritual world continually, with only portions of it redeemed from evil, there must be in that world not only the heights of peace, but the noxious abysses which no plummet can fathom, and he will not try to hide the reality in shallow sentimentalism. For what is here concealed under temporal disguises must there be open and palpable where the disguises are swept away. Three stages of enlightenment on this subject may therefore be thus described. In the ante-Christian period there were faint gleams, or only guess-work. In the first Christian period the fact is disclosed, the imagery of heaven and hell are unveiled with awful distinctness, but understood

as localities of space. But in the stage of more rational interpretation, they are the symbolization of the things in man about to break forth in open manifestation.

3. It is generally assumed that endless misery, universal salvation, or ultimate annihilation, are the only three alternatives to be adopted in regard to the final destiny of wicked men. But any one may see on reflection that this is by no means the case. Suffering has no intrinsic *regenerating* power; but its power may be and is corrective and reformatory. It may break men down into external obedience, and make their evils quiescent. Bad men here, at least unregenerate men, have their enjoyments, provided their passions are held in check and they do no violence to the rights of others, but they cannot have the higher joys and the heavenly peace. The last results of punishment and suffering in the long future may be to bring evil beings into external conformity and such external privilege as they may be fitted to enjoy, while sin has forever closed the internal mind against the renewing grace and the bliss of angels. It may be one of the terrible results of confirmed and persevering wickedness, that the transgressor is degraded to a lower plane of existence, and can only live there forever. There, when the long-suffering and agony have broken the power of evil, he may enjoy the pleasures he has chosen, but not the heaven which he has rejected. All this is quite conceivable, while an impassable gulf yawns between those who have chosen to live for corruption and those who have chosen to live to the Divine glory.

4. In the absence of all revelation on the subject, and of any conclusions to which the reason is fairly entitled, the human mind will not fail to look forward to the final happiness and holiness of all rational beings as a consummation to be longed and prayed for. But it must ever be one of the glorious hopes of humanity, not one of the dogmas of religion. Even if there be such a consummation away in the depths of eternity, how clear must it be that it could not be made the subject of an external Divine revelation to a fallen

and sinful race! If it be a truth, it is the very one which the worst men would abuse and profane. If the Jew and Pagan could not even be told that there was any life after death; if it took two thousand years to educate the race up to a fitness for that disclosure; if, when the disclosure came, heaven and hell could only be received as localities, or not at all, and even then the graveyards must give up their dead bodies, or else all was unreal and shadowy; and if it took two thousand years more to educate the Church up to an understanding of the imagery of the spiritual world and the nature of retribution,—how long before sinful man will be fit to have the endless cycles of eternity written out and placed in his hands? Suppose the consummation away in the eternal depths were depicted to a man burning in his lusts, and he were told, “See, you are to have the happiness of angels!” How would the annunciation put that consummation farther off, or even render it impossible! How would the combat with evil be given over, in the supposed assurance that the result was established as God’s decree! In the very nature of things, therefore, the final salvation of all men can never become a fixed doctrine of the Church, but only as one of the hopes to lift up the aspirations of the heart.

But the believer has no harassing anxieties, and does not allow himself to be vexed by vain speculations. He knows that the everlasting future is the realm of God, and that he will rule it well. He knows what the issue of this probation is in the spirit-realm which we enter at death. He knows that the heaven and the hell of that realm are wrapped up within him, and that one must be purged away, and the other unfolded and perfected in the renewing grace and love. That is the end of this present probation, and if it be not wrought out, our probation here is a waste and a failure. What will be the result of the next *αἰών* or cycle of eternity, we shall know when we enter upon it, and get a new reach of vision into the endless depths of the future. Until then we should adore the Divine reserve, and strive to enter in at the strait gate.

NAZARETH.

LYING within a basin, sixty miles north of Jerusalem, "between fifteen gently rounded hills, which rise about it like the edge of a shell," was the unknown, insignificant village of Nazareth, beautiful for situation alone, so far as we may judge from the slighting manner in which it is once or twice spoken of. No legend or fact connects it any way with the earlier history of the Hebrews. It has none of that interest so many places have because of the long series of events which have marked and made them memorable or reverend. It is a new name in history, coming unheralded as we open the record of the life of the Saviour. Other places that become famous again we know something of, because of the fame of days long ago; but here is a name neither historian nor prophet nor poet has named. The neighbors and the people themselves are surprised that a prophet should come out of a place so wanting in historic repute.

A glance at a map will show you Galilee, separated by distance and the hostility of Samaria far from the centre of power and influence, Jerusalem. "Composed of the four tribes, Asher and Issachar, Naphthali and Zebulun, it held an unbroken communication with the promiscuous races who have always inhabited the heights of Lebanon, and had close and peaceful alliance with the most commercial and prosperous nation of antiquity,—the Phœnicians." It came gradually to be considered the frontier between the Holy Land and the outside world, and received the name of Galilee of the Gentiles. Its inhabitants were rough in speech and manner, independent in character, prosperous in their trade and their husbandry, and almost entirely isolated from the rest of the country,—the slender filament of hereditary faith seemingly the only tie which bound them together. The more polished inhabitant of Je-

rusalem detected and despised the tone, as the garb, of the Galilean. The Jew of Jerusalem and the Jew of Galilee had as little in common—as little mutual sympathy and respect—as the ultra man of the North and the ultra man of the South in our day.

To this petty village of this far-away province, Joseph, the descendant of kings, had found his way, and there followed, humbly, his calling. The carpenter at Nazareth had not much need of skill in his craft, the demands being probably confined to the simple necessities, hardly the conveniences of life, and the legend has it that he was an ordinary, even a bungling craftsman, indebted to the young child Jesus for a cunning of workmanship himself was unequal to. Here he had already advanced somewhat in life, and was known to his neighbors as "Joseph the Just," when he became betrothed to a maiden of the same village, whose name, so sweet to the ear, is the now dear household word at so many of our hearths, or the sanctified memory in our hearts, the synonyme of all that is lovely and pure. If the facts be as stated in the opening of Matthew, and Joseph had cause to think his betrothed had been unfaithful to him, we cannot but admire the tenderness with which he regarded what he supposed was her crime,—“not willing to make her a public example he was minded to put her away privily.” The chivalry of the nineteenth century, that heals its wounded honor by the meanest and most dastardly of murders, or the cruellest of public exposures in courts, might sit at the feet of the coarse old carpenter at Nazareth, and learn what a pure love would do when its best hopes lie faded and crushed. All honor to that true heart which, in its anguish, would not make a “public example” of Mary!

But Mary had found favor with God. To her, in Nazareth, God's messenger had come. The power of the Highest had overshadowed her, and she was told, “That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.” With

beautiful submission, Mary, who had feared and was troubled at first, replies, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." Perhaps it was when she was returned from her long journey to the city of Judah, to which her sympathy with her cousin Elizabeth had impelled her, that Joseph was minded to put her away. But the heavenly vision came to him, "while he thought on these things," telling him that she to whom he was betrothed was under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and should bear a child who should be named Jesus.

Not long after, we find Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem. There the young child is born; there the shepherd and the Magi pay their homage; and there the warning angel bids them fly to Egypt to avoid Herod's sword, — not, as it seems to us, a great and a tedious thing, but easy and simple, — a safe retreat, near at hand. It is not till Herod is dead that Joseph and Mary with their young child return to Nazareth. And the record says only, "The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him."

The years rolled quietly by in that simple home, with no incidents to break in upon its unvarying monotony. Other children clustered about Mary's knee, and childish voices and childish ways made glad the humble lot; yet I cannot but think that toward her first-born her heart went out with a strange and mysterious yearning. I think of her as drawing him aside at moments when the others were busy at play, and when she gathers them, as a true Jewish mother, about her, and tells them of the marvellous history and the departed glory of their country, it is his earnest face I see raised to hers, and in his eye I read the deep impression of the tale. And when she speaks of that one to come to the long hope of their country, her eyes rest in strange musing upon him, and it may be that a quick glance from him tells all to her mother-heart. There are no instructions there save hers, no letters learned. She is his all, — all that he learns

is from her, save that, when the Sabbath comes, reverently he takes his seat with her in the synagogue, and listens to what may be said by those who sit in Moses' seat,—listens and muses and communes with God and his heart, and is still.

Companion of his mother in her graver hours, and the thoughtful doer of many a gentle deed, no less was he the companion of his father in the hours of toil. Labor was the necessity of Joseph's home, and the child grew there no dreamer, no enthusiast, no solitary, but, one in the work of the home, his young hands learned to hold and ply the implements of his father's trade, and the painters of the Catholic Church, who have seized on every event of his life as the theme for their pencils, have in various ways pictured the child, either as working himself, or holding the lamp by which the father finishes a task carried into the night. I think there is a value in these, and such legends of their Church as do no violence to taste or to probabilities. They help us to fill up that void so trying to all believers who would fain know the *child* as the *man* Christ Jesus.

One little tradition gives us a pleasant and not improbable event in the early days of the Saviour. There is at the entrance to the present town of Nazareth a fountain which bears the name of the Fountain of the Virgin. A legend of the earlier part of the fourteenth century has it that this is the fountain from which the child Jesus brought water to his mother, and that once, the pitcher being broken, he conveyed it in his bosom, which, a recent traveller says, "If it mean anything, means that he carried it in the apron or dress of skin sometimes worn at that time." There can be little doubt that this fountain once supplied Joseph's family, and no doubt but the child Jesus stooped many times to drink, or carried obediently the full pitcher home.

As the child grew, there were other influences at work moulding and strengthening his character. Am I wrong in thinking, that in after life he shows the evidences of his early intercourse with nature? We say that localities and historic

associations have much to do with the make of men, — that the man of the plain, the man of the tropics, is not the man of the mountains or the icebergs. Undoubtedly the scenes amid which we spend our youth have large formative influence. What a region was that in which Jesus spent his early days! Nazareth had no repute, but it sat amid marvellous beauty, and with all that Jesus must have been conversant, and all that must have left its mark within him. It is spoken of now as a rich and beautiful field in the midst of green hills, abounding in gay flowers, hedges, and dense grass. Much the same was it probably then, and here Jesus learned to know and to love the lily; here he watched the flight and the fall of the sparrow, and here studied the lowering sky, or rejoiced in the glory of the clouds. Then, from the hills around, his eye would rest upon Tabor's rounded dome, close at hand, at the southeast; Hermon's white top in the distant north; and far in the west, behind Carmel, the blue waters of the Mediterranean; while nearer at hand, on the east, lay the sacred waters of Jordan and the Sea of Tiberias. On the south and southeast was the famous plain of Esdraelon, so rich in historic lore. Amid a combination of beauty and grandeur rare to any locality, among things which spoke to him of the great past, the child grew to the man, day by day fed from without as from within, increasing in wisdom as he increased in stature.

Twelve summers are past, and we get no glimpse of him for whom all wait. Spring puts on her lovely attire. The flowers grow bright upon the hill-sides at Nazareth, and the fig-tree throws out its promise of fruit. The harvest of barley is gathered, and the husbandman rests till the wheat harvest grows white for the sickle. The great feast of the nation draws nigh, and Nazareth sends out from her homes the first-born of her males, that they may go to the great feast at Jerusalem. Exempt, from her sex, Mary desires to join in the pilgrimage, and see once again that temple she probably had not seen since she presented her child there

to God. Did she know how closely that temple should be hereafter associated with her boy ?

And he, as he went his first journey from home, in the beauty and wonder of boyhood, looking first at the world that was to be the field of his toil and the scene of his sorrows, — did he see any shadowy cross uplifting its horrid arms and stretching itself out over his future ? I must think, with all my reverence for him, and my deep conviction that he was somehow more than man, that he journeyed as other boys, very much more thoughtful, mayhap, but boy-like, consorting with the children and with others who were journeying with them ; for I think he was fully participant in what belongs to our nature in every stage through which he passed. But as he draws near to the city, something that is not curiosity sets him keenly to watch for the first signs of the place of his thought ; and I can almost fancy him outstripping all others, that he may first, and alone, from Olivet gaze at the city of David and the Temple of God. You well know the history of the days he spent there, — the search and the finding and the answer. They do not belong to our history of Nazareth, only as they introduce us to the single fact, that from his high converse with the doctors he turned his obedient steps homeward, — as the Evangelist says, “ He went down with them to Nazareth, and was subject unto them, and increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.”

In that word “ subject ” what a world of meaning is condensed ! What images of filial obedience, thoughtfulness, and love — what daily beauty of life — rise up. What consideration of the rights of elders, what filling out of duties as they grew, — the lovely obedience of childhood running into the more perfect intercourse, yet still respectful subjection, of manhood. Toils with Joseph, talks with Mary, deep and yet deeper thought, and communion with God more earnest and more close as the days go by. These make up the life of Nazareth till thirty years are told. The things of the child are now put away, and Mary looks no longer on her beam-

ing, mysterious boy, but on the broad, clear brow, the full, deep eye, the yet more mysterious face, of the graceful man. He has not left her yet, and she would gladly keep him always.

But, one sharp word, that startles all Judæa, reaches, and is re-echoed by, the Galilean hills. Up from the wilderness by Jordan it comes, — one shrill, sustained, fearful cry, waking the Sadducee from his indifference, the Pharisee from his hypocrisy, the publican from his fraud, the soldier from his violence, the people from their sins, and sending the multitudes into the wilderness to find a man in camel's hair, whose food was locusts and wild honey. All things are changed at Nazareth. Jesus is gone. The voice is his signal for work. Mary is left alone to her cares and her thoughts. And her home shall never again be what it has been.

Through Galilee down into Judæa he goes, and then back again towards Nazareth, rousing the country by his words and deeds. Secluded and remote, his old home has not failed to hear what the world says of her son, and that he journeys again from Judæa, attended by crowds, and teaches in the synagogues amid universal applause. Nearer he comes, and more definite now are the tales that have excited the marvel or cavil of many. Men have been healed of all sorts of diseases, — the blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, the lepers are cleansed, the lame walk. The whole region round about is moved, and Nazareth shares in the marvel, asking if it can indeed be true that this is the Jesus whom they all knew, — the carpenter's son. At length — and perhaps with not unnatural reluctance — he enters his old home, sits at Mary's side, is welcomed by neighbors and friends, who hardly know what to think of, or how to approach, one who now appears under such strange circumstances. They had all loved him as a boy, — the older and younger, — for who could help that ; and many a tale had neighbor told to neighbor of his gentle goodness, and many a prophecy of a worthy manhood had no doubt been whispered about. But this ru-

mor that had preceded him far outran their prophecy ; and when again they saw him of whom all Judæa, and even Samaria, spoke, though they recognized their village boy, yet they felt that he was changed. Already was his mission setting its stamp upon him, and marking him out as separate from his fellows. There must have been much surmising in Nazareth, and many who had loved him shook their heads wisely, doubting if he were indeed what he pretended, — not expecting themselves, more than others, that any good thing should come out of her ; nor were they, rude as they were, likely to render overmuch honor to a prophet of their own. Hardly may a cultivated people bear the exaltation of one from among themselves, much less those whose untaught nature leads them to think each as good as the other.

The Sabbath is come ; and Jesus, as was his wont, is gone to the synagogue, — that old, familiar place, endeared to him by the memories of his boyhood and the many hearings of the Holy Word, and the many lessons of wisdom taught there by the elders. All through his childhood he had gone there with Mary ; and now she goes with him again, pondering in her heart silently. There, in their old places, are familiar looks of old and young, perhaps eagerly, curiously watching his advent, and wondering if he would repeat there to them the new and bold truths which had startled the land. There are none there but know him, and he knows them all. It is a strange meeting and a strange scene. The appointed synagogue service is begun. It was peculiar and formal and long, and ended with the reading of some passage of Scripture, followed by some exposition, either by the regular teacher, or any one of the audience whom the ruler might call upon. Perceiving Jesus in the assembly, and participating in the general anxiety to hear him, the ruler of the synagogue invites him to read the lesson of the day. Whether it were the regularly appointed passage, or by what we call accident, or by design, we cannot determine, but so it was that he turned to a portion of the prophecy of Isaiah,

which, in very striking language, describes the position in which he then was, as it also shadows forth his whole mission, — “The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” Rolling up the volume, — for, as you know, books were then written upon long strips of parchment, which were unrolled to the place desired, as a map, — he gives it again to the minister, — more properly, the servant of the synagogue, whose duty it was to keep the sacred books, and bring forward any one as it might be wanted. He then sits down, a sign to the audience that he had something to say. This is the hour of trial. Every ear is expectant. The old, the middle-aged, the young watch with eagerness the opening of his lips. Here is a playmate and there is a friend; here is one to whose wise lips his boyhood had listened, there one whose sin or whose folly himself had rebuked. When he had lived among them they had loved him; when the men of Capernaum told what he had done in their village, and the far country resounded with his name and gave him honor and welcome, they had felt a hearty pride in him, and could answer, “This Jesus we know, his brothers and sisters are they not with us?” It was different now. They were there to judge for themselves those pretensions of which they knew only vaguely from report. Upon them they looked with no favor. He sees it all, but he does not shrink. He opens his mouth to speak. Strange words those for their ears! In other places, where they did not know him, it might do; but here, where everybody knew that he was Joseph’s son, the carpenter, deliberately to say that it was of him that this venerated Scripture spoke, was too much. Was the Messiah to be such as he? No love, no pride, can stand against that. It has touched them where they cannot be touched. It is not arrogance merely, it is blasphemy. Every emotion of personal regard

is forgot. One wild whirlwind of rage sweeps over the assembly, possesses every heart. It flashes in the eye, it hisses from the tongue; quick glances are exchanged, smothered words uttered. The order and silence of the place are broken up. The excitement grows. Openly one and another speaks, and with contemptuous word and gesture they fan the flame, and howl their derision in his ears. Jesus watches the gathering storm,—only he unmoved. He speaks again, and it is to tell them that they are not worthy of his words and works; the things he has done elsewhere he shall not repeat there. He has no honor, they have no faith; and, as Elias went to the poor widow away in Sarepta, and Elijah to Naaman the Syrian, leaving guilty Israel to suffer, so should he turn elsewhere. The fury of the people is at its height. They will not be bearded by this stripling. As one man they rise, on that Sabbath-day, forgetful of the law, and hurry him to the brow of the hill, which modern travellers tell us rises behind and above the village, meaning to thrust him from its bold face sheer into the plain below. But in the tumult he finds it easy to escape. It is not necessary to suppose a supernatural deliverance. Perhaps he has helping friends, or makes his way out of the crowd in the narrow streets, and is soon found preaching and healing in Capernaum. And never, so far as we know, does he enter that village again—so long as he remains in the neighborhood. Capernaum is his home, his head-quarters always in Galilee, a village not far from Nazareth, jealousy of which, and the deeds before done there, have been surmised as among the reasons for the outbreak in the synagogue.

We are tempted to condemn the people of Nazareth. Before we do that, let us take the case home. We are a more civilized people than those rude Nazarenes, but I doubt if that would mend the matter. Let us suppose a similar case. A young man, who has been known to us all from the days of his birth; whom we have seen at his work, at his play, at the home, in the church; whose father and mother still live

among us,—quietly leaves his home, as many young men do. The next that we hear is a rumor from the distance of a wonderful development of character, an assumption of power backed by words and deeds. You hear of him in city and village, and still rumor brings marvellous tales. The people are leaving their work to hear and to follow him, the sick and the diseased are healed by him. He becomes the subject of common talk and surmise. Men recall the facts of his early life. They relate and re-relate all they have known of him. At every fresh report our hearts beat with a secret pride and exultation, and if there be some jealousy and suspicion, it is only what we might rightly expect. One man's success is full apt to wake another man's envy. Those who have liked us very well when we were on their level, begin not to like us so well if we get a little above them. By and by we hear that he is coming home. He comes; the same face, voice, manner, with only the change of maturer thought and a noble purpose. The Sunday comes, and he comes to the assembly with you. He rises and speaks, and tells you, who have held him upon your knee,—you who have labored or played with him,—you his seniors and his equals,—just the severest and closest truths that you need, that go stinging home to the very centre and core of your conviction. It is a Christian assembly, and you are a more civilized people, and you might take some more approved way of showing what you thought and felt than did those mad Nazarenes; but I think there is a good deal of human nature left, and that there would be such turmoil as would not be easily allayed, such as sometimes has disgraced Christian occasions and places when only the truth has been told. It is just as hard for people to hear the truth now as then. That was all they had against Jesus. He had spoken the truth. If he had been a stranger he might have escaped; but the fact that he was a townsman, a neighbor's son, gave that one screw to their conscience which turned their self-conviction into a burning passion. Still it behooves a prophet to be careful what he says and does among his own people.

So Nazareth passes ; the man who gives her a name in history, and makes her now, in many respects, the most interesting of all the cities of Palestine to the Mahometan and the Christian pilgrim, banished from it forever by the reckless fury of a mob, returns to her no more. " Not Bethlehem nor Jerusalem knew so much of Jesus, during the years of his social and early life, and the days of his early friendships, as Nazareth." Beside the fountain by the wall is shown the room where the angel appeared unto Mary, a room in which Joseph and Mary lived, the workshop of Joseph, and other places which tradition has connected with those once humble, now world-known dwellers there : of these one may doubt, while he gives himself up to the thoughts they suggest, and may realize in their presence more strongly the fact of the early life of the Saviour. But there can be no doubt that the same blue sky that arched over the little village then looks down upon the thrifty city now ; that the same guardian hills that lapped it in their beauty stand round about it still ; that the same mountains and waters that adorned the landscape and dotted the horizon stand and flow as then. These are the things that change not. Upon them a Saviour's eye has rested, with them a Saviour's thought was familiar. They were his companions and his teachers ; and here, under these hills, was his boyhood spent, and here his manhood had its home. Our eyes may never see these places. But let our ears fail not to receive the truths that he of Nazareth teaches.

J. F. W. W.

THE truth, nothing but the truth ! Come to us, you who are weary of a conventional and *a priori* history, exegesis, criticism : you are ours. Come and clear the ground ; come and cast down the walls which have been built around the Saviour ; let Christ appear before us in all his reality, in all his glory.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

JUNE 2D, ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A CHILD-ANGEL.

"THERE is no death!" I feel it in this clear, radiant morn,
While earth seems wrapt in beauty, and spirit wakes new-born :
The flowers of June breathe freshly, with music rings the wood,
While man looks forth rejoicing, and life is filled with good.

"There is no death," *she* whispers, who welcomes to her breast
Her first-born little treasure, of heavenly gifts the best ;
So like the pure and sinless who circle round the Throne,—
A blessing from the Father, enshrined in love alone.

"There is no death!" Faith listens, sublime in her repose,
When from the Home's fair garden doth fade her fragrant rose ;
When sinks upon the pillow that form so full of life,
And shadows gather thickly beneath the mortal strife.

"There is no death," though round us the earthly droop and fade,
And hope and love and beauty pass through that solemn shade ;
'Tis but the Life eternal that breaks upon our view ;
New *power*, new *being* given, through Him, the Strong, the True.

"There is no death!" O brightly the flitting hours go by !
Our wings are gathering plumage to waft us to the sky :
No darkness and no weariness can clog the spirit here,
While faith in Heaven upraises, and banishes our fear.

Thanks be to Thee, O Father, who now the victory gives :
Who seals this blest assurance, "All that is good still lives" ;
No death, no sin, no sorrow amid the heavenly throng !
Let earth and heaven, in union, breathe one full tide of song.

* * *

MAY A PEOPLE CHANGE THEIR GODS?

A SERMON BY REV. DEXTER CLAPP.

JER. II. 11 : — "Hath a nation changed their gods?"

NATIONS represent ideas, and their existence is a moral necessity. They have an early period that history calls heroic, because during that time they are true to the spiritual conditions that gave them birth. Departing from their cardinal ideas, or proving in any way false to them, is what the prophet means by *changing their gods*. All through the Jewish history there continually recurs the question of the text. As often as the chosen people were overtaken by calamity, — by devastating wars, by Egyptian slavery or Assyrian captivity, — so often they bowed down to Baal and the idols of the Gentiles. They suffered, were held in bondage, carried off captives into strange lands, put their prosperity, happiness, and nationality in peril because they "changed their gods." How these impressive and pregnant words are repeated again and again: "The Lord that brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage." How often this people are reminded of the hand that led them on their way, through the wilderness and the Red Sea, and gave them the land of promise, fashioned them into a commonwealth, and raised them into great dignity and power! These frequent and solemn reiterations are the leading and prominent lessons taught by every devout Hebrew, from Moses to Isaiah. They were all summed up in the grand first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Thus it was made the one perilous thing to the Hebrew race and nation, *to change their gods*.

But this truth of the text is not limited to any particular people or age. These Bible teachings, so quaint and vigorous, are the thoughts of God, — what he says to all the

nations through all the ages. In them we read the laws of prosperity and adversity, whether public or private,—the laws that govern society and also govern you and me,—the laws that build up kingdoms or blot them out. In all our relations, we must remember the first commandment, and keep to the one living and true God,—not change him for any other. So the truth expands over wide spaces of meaning, and is not more Judæan than American. It means that we shall be true to the ideas that God inspires; that we shall never depart from them or change them; that we shall be true souls wherever we are, true and loyal in business and friendships, be good parents or children, good citizens of the state, and good members of the body of Christ. Changing in any of these moral relations, we change our gods. It is a great vice that the prophet lays bare,—a vice in the heart and in society. Who is thoroughly consistent? what individual, what nation? To hold your way the same through good and evil report, and make men feel that they always know where to find you, is to live in the continual acknowledgment of Him “who is without any variableness or shadow of turning.” No man can go on living like that, and can change his gods, by which I intend and include his moral principles, his settled course of thought and action, his religious ideas and convictions. It is well for us to know that there is something which we cannot change and remain the same beings that we were before,—the same, I mean, in the sight of our consciences and in the sight of God. You may be driven from country and home, and keep all your love of both,—all your patriotism, and all your domestic affections. Banishment does not make the loyal citizen an alien or a foreigner. These sad exiles who seek our own country for protection or security are still men and citizens of Italy or Hungary or Poland. Wherever oppression may compel them to wander, there still burns within them all the old, unquenchable love of the fatherland. They have not changed their gods.

It is evident by my course of thought, as well as by the circumstances of the hour, what is the immediate application of the prophet's striking words. It is evident what is implied concerning ourselves as a people, that we may have departed from our original ideas, and so have changed our gods. Is it not too evident that we have been false to our inherited principles, false to the fathers who defined our rights, and fought for our liberties, and framed our Constitution? I do not imply any general depravity of the public morals, that all our citizens are unfaithful or mercenary, or that a majority is so, or that the common heart of the nation is unsound; but that there has been through these later years a decay of patriotic feeling; that feeble men, with no faculty for administration, have occupied our places of power; that the strict conscience and wise policy have been fading out together. The primitive integrity of the government has not been maintained. Deeper than the trouble that to-day agitates the surface of the country is the vice that has been growing upon us of moral degeneracy. We have been gradually departing from our original and better ideas. We have been losing sight of them, and letting them go in our eager and absorbing pursuit of material and lesser interests. And now, to put the old vigor into the government, we must do something besides enroll armies and fight battles and win victories, namely, revive the old ideas. These and only these can justify and hallow our warfare. In great sadness we must confess that a change has come over the spirit of the nation, dividing and alienating a people who are kindred in every material interest, as they are by blood. We began as a race of civic heroes and as a race of patriots, — two distinct features of our early history.

From the beginning of our national existence there has been a settled partiality for civil over military service. We have honored our civilians and suspected our soldiers. Partly, no doubt, from the history of the Old World, where

political dominion has depended on successful arms, and great captains have mercilessly trampled on popular rights and blotted out nations by a battle,—from such a history written in blood we were led to fear the military arm and a military despotism. Our idols have been our statesmen. In honoring them so greatly, so unduly and exclusively, have we not grown idolatrous, forsaking the true worship, and so changing our gods? Without escaping the military peril, we have fostered and fallen on another. Our civilians have become venal, and stained our civic record. That is one of the rocks on which our ship of state at last has struck.

The other peril, equally obvious, is the local or sectional interest, misnamed State rights, which has eaten up or dissipated our patriotism. Time was, and not long ago, when there was not a living man from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Western rivers, who was willing to “let the Union slide.” It relieves the present darkness to see such manifest signs that that time is coming round again. It is a spectacle as sublime as it is cheering, to behold twenty millions of our countrymen standing up together, of one mind and with one resolve. They have determined *not* to change their gods. But the mischief has been done. The heresy has been propagated and believed. In the confusion and strife which threaten and put in peril our prosperity, and even our political existence, we are seeing its bitter fruits. We are “a kingdom divided against itself.”

Believing that the men of the olden time, our fathers, were right, that their ideas were true, that the social progress and religious conscience of the civilized world have long ago fully vindicated what they did,—is there aught remaining for *us* in the way of present duty but to revive their noble heroism, and reaffirm their social and political creed? Shall not their gods be our gods? Then all the rest will come clear; their country shall be our country, standing up strong and beautiful in its original integrity. What were the ideas of the

fathers but these two, — an independent popular nationality, and social equality? They were worth a seven years' war once, while they were only unsolved problems of political economy. Are they not worth as much *now*, after we have had their satisfactory solution in the unrivalled progress of three quarters of a century, — a practical success such as the world never saw before? These ideas were first asserted in great sacrifice, and only in similar sacrifice can be preserved and perpetuated. Do we not know that it costs as much to maintain rights as it does to inaugurate them?

The task before us, therefore, is simply this, — to acknowledge, in our own hearts and before the world, that we have not changed our gods. Hence we are going to maintain both our national and social existence, and on the old basis, surrendering nothing that our patriot fathers won, accepting and incorporating into our political creed no questionable dogma or dangerous heresy.

I. That which is first menaced, and is first to be maintained, is our sacred nationality. This government is too good to be broken up. This people is too closely compacted in history and race to be rudely put asunder. This fair land, extended as it is, is yet too nearly joined by social ties, and business interchanges, and swift and easy intercourse, ever to be rent in twain without violence and mutual loss. The men, whether few or many, who desire to see this goodly inheritance so alienated and divided, must prepare for a calmer time soon to come and sure to overtake them, — while the loyal citizens who hold the issue in their own hands can afford to wait the decision of that approaching historic hour. But vigilant labor attends on faithful waiting; and meanwhile every true soul has something to do. It is to affirm with greater emphasis the value of this wide-spread and closely knit union, the great value of this integral nationality. There is a moral as well as political significance and grandeur in saying that *we are one*, from the Lakes to the Gulf, from ocean to ocean. The heart of man triumphing over diversi-

ties of climate and opposing industries, over the most antagonistic of all social economies, over the individual developments of different natural influences, binding our sterile Atlantic coast to the luxuriant savannahs of the South and the fertile and boundless prairies of the West, making the government flexible to so great varieties, and cherishing sympathies large enough to embrace them all and work off all inherited evils by a brave and pacific policy, — this is a moral task, once begun, not easily to be despaired of or renounced, certainly not without a struggle as costly as that which first made it possible, and woke the civilized world with the renewed hope that it might all come true, and finally a nation arise whose God should be the Lord, and whose prosperity and progress should never turn back. You and I have dreamed such a dream as *that*, and have believed that, sooner or later, the Muse of history would record its fulfilment. A nationality containing such promise and inspiring such hope, having achieved already no small part of the greatness that we claim for its future destiny, ought to bring the courage that we need in its perfect vindication. Let us calculate its worth, and from that learn what we shall do, and in what spirit we shall strive, whether we go ourselves into the conflict, or send our sons and our brothers. An Apostle's word fits the time and suggests the practical duty: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

II. Again, society itself is menaced. That which we call, in the tender and beautiful language of our religion, the brotherhood of the human race, is charged with unsoundness, and reproached as a dogma to be swept away. But it is on this radical truth of Christ that our nationality rests. Deny it, and the tie that binds our States and people is only what these political heretics maintain, — a rope of sand. Here, then, is our chief peril, one that threatens our social rights and existence. And yet I am ready to grant, that only by a denial of this doctrine of Christ, which is also the cornerstone of the Republic, can you justify the dissolution of our

national union. But just here, I repeat, we detect the deepest vice of the present crisis, that which menaces our firesides and our altars. Society itself is invaded when men say, as Southern extremists are saying now, that equality before the law and before God is false doctrine, and a moral barrier in the way of the best and highest civilization. I have read nothing more monstrous in the history of human opinion. Slavery puts forth in its extremity this new dogma of two forms of society,—the true form including an inferior and subject race. It denies equally the democratic ideas of modern civilization and Christ's doctrine of brotherhood between all peoples and races. It builds again the old wall of partition, which Paul says Christianity broke down forever. Steadily the world has been gravitating towards the great Apostolic truth, the divine equality of men,—a truth clearly announced in the Gospel, implied in all our republican institutions, and gradually softening, by its humane influence, all the harsh features of the unenlightened and barbaric ages. Why, therefore, do we fear, or even combat, so preposterous a dogma? It is in vain for desperate politicians to resist the inevitable tendencies of human thought, and try to reconstruct human society after an impracticable theory, having slavery, and not prophets and apostles, for its chief cornerstone. It is in vain to try to turn back all the course of social progress, a tide that never set so strong as to-day, pressing as hard upon Eastern caste and serfdom as upon Western servitude. Society exists behind government, and is quite independent of it. Political constitutions cannot create it, or reconstruct it, and politicians who attempt such a work attempt a forlorn experiment. To the misguided men who have recklessly committed themselves to this hopeless as well as vicious task, we have a warning word: "Cut yourselves off from this nation, and from the sympathies of the best part of the world, make your own laws, vote in the dogma of the inequality of races, and vote out Christ's truth of the equality of all men before God, and what have you done but put back

your own progress, and brought your own ruin nearer." No! God never allows his great designs towards mankind to be thwarted. Those who refuse to accept these designs, Infinite Providence passes by, and leaves forever behind in the race. So the Apostles turned away from the Jews when they rejected the Divine Son, leaving them to look age after age, as they were looking then, for the Messiah that was to come. The Gentiles received the new message, and ever since have been marching on before the Jews. The lesson has its meaning now. To leave this sturdy, progressive nation, and have part no longer in its grand onward movement, is to be left behind, to faint by the way, to lose the race. No political power, no force of arms, can arrest the mighty tendencies of modern society. It is fast becoming settled in philosophy and politics, as well as in religion, that social equality and freedom are the sure inheritance of all races and all men.

The time comes, I hope it has already come to us as a people, when this nation, through the word and deed of her loyal, Christian citizens, will refuse to change her gods.

This is my final thought and exhortation. Let us maintain our national and social existence, and work out our destiny like Christian men, meeting one another in the spirit of Christian love, and bearing one another's burdens. Let our hope be greatest in our trial, and while we bravely vindicate our rights, let our sympathy embrace our enemies. The hour calls for calm souls, who can keep their passions down. Let it find such souls in us. Let us use free speech, but not reckless speech; honest criticism, but not personal recrimination. Let our resolves be strong and deep, not fiery and superficial, so that, in true heroism and faith, we can conquer and forgive, or serenely meet our fate. Above all, let us not, through any lack of true fortitude, or any defilement of passion, or any disloyalty to the union or to the fathers or to our holy religion, allow this nation, so dear to our hearts and so consecrated in our memories, ever to change her gods!

HYMN.

O THOU whose smile is life and peace,
Whose love folds all, from flower to star!
Bid thou these inward tumults cease,
Still thou these bitter tides of war.

O for a more harmonious life,
Whose prayers and acts, from discord free,
Out from the heart of alien strife
Shall rise in anthems unto thee!

O for a humbler, deeper faith,
Whose fragrance up to Heaven shall roll,
Whose roots, secure from drought and death,
Sink to the centre of the soul!

Each selfish purpose bring to naught,
Each budding sin in mercy blight;
And cleanse the buried springs of thought,
That crystal streams may gush to light.

Bend, O my Father, pitying bend,
And stanch these bleeding wounds of sin;
Give of thy life, dear Heavenly Friend,
And bid in me new life begin.

F. E. A.

GOD'S SILENCE AND RESERVE.

IN the moral and religious, as in the physical universe, there are boundaries, sacredly established, which cannot be safely removed or passed over. In the action even of the most beneficent agencies there are limitations which cannot be disregarded without disturbing the severe but benignant order and harmony of the universe. Man's moral freedom, his virtue as an act of voluntary allegiance to the right, requires that even the incentives to righteousness and the warnings against sin should not be of such overwhelming force as to put it out of his power to resist. There is a point beyond which the very weight of the motives to a virtuous and holy life may only crush and destroy our moral natures. To be obliged always to do right by motives so urgent that only a madman would dare to resist, would be to take away the beauty of holiness, by making that a necessity which borrows all its glory from being a free and voluntary act. "Why," it is sometimes impatiently asked, "does God allow the possibility of such crimes?" Why, we might ask in reply, does God allow the opportunity for such virtues, since the virtues borrow their lustre from the same moral freedom which leaves the way open to the outrages that mar the moral features of the world. The liability to sin is necessary in order to the possibility of virtue. Even in the action of beneficent agencies there are limitations which cannot be passed over without disturbing the equilibrium of the universe. The laws of gravitation, through which the distant stars and every plant that grows upon the earth are so exactly poised and governed, are not more nicely adjusted than the influences and laws which act upon our moral natures. There are limitations even in the actions of the Almighty. God does not put forth all his strength at once to crush violence and wrong, or to enforce and vindicate the right.

He acts by ten thousand gentler influences. He leaves men free to rebel against him if they will; for only thus can they be free to serve and obey him.

And, as there are limitations in the operations of the Divine power, so also there is a reserve in the disclosures of Divine truth,—a deeper silence underneath the fullest revelations of the Divine will. There are secrets of nature, hidden from the foundation of the world, which are revealing themselves to us now, and others, hidden from us, to be revealed in ages yet to come, each in the fitting time and order of its appearing. So there are spiritual truths,—some revealed by nature, some hidden by nature and revealed through the ancient prophets, some unknown to them and revealed by the Son of God, some still concealed from us and hereafter to be disclosed to us by a deeper insight into the words of Jesus, under the renewing and enlightening influences of the Spirit, and others, either not needful or dangerous for us to know, over which the laws of nature and the supernatural dispensations of Divine mercy alike have thrown their impenetrable veil of silence and reserve. The very condition of our moral being in this preparatory and probationary stage of our existence requires it. If the dead were permitted to have free and sensible access to us, to make known to us with earnest and passionate emotion all the secrets of that eternal state on which they have entered, the whole economy of life would be subverted. Motives to virtue, warnings against sin, would be too strong for our moral natures, and the religious discipline here, so beautifully ordained by mild incentives and dissuasives to promote our moral and religious advancement, would be destroyed. Amid the full disclosures thus made from that other world, what interest could we take in our duties here?

All has been revealed that it is needful or safe for us to know. If we are willing to hear, we shall be persuaded now. If we are willing to obey, we shall obey now. And if not,

more cannot be told to us ; motives much more urgent cannot be presented to us without disturbing the exquisite balance through which our moral freedom is preserved.

This reserve, these limitations in the exercise of the Divine attributes and the disclosure of Divine truths, lest they should overpower our intellectual and moral natures, mark all God's dealings with his creatures. Our bodily senses, while they reveal to us whatever it is most needful for us to know in this outward universe, are mercifully drawn around our souls as curtains to veil them from the too intense glories of the Divine kingdom and God's spiritual nature. These are limits too awful for mortal man to be allowed to pass, or even to look beyond, unless through some darkened medium, as children look upon the sun. The enclosures which bound our mortal existence, and through which are the passages that lead on to the loftier temples of God's worship, are holy ground ; and not till we put off every vestment of mortality can we take one step over them, or look for a moment into the unclouded brightness that lies beyond. Nature here, by God's command, has interposed bars which neither the strength of the mighty, nor the insight of the wise, nor the prayers of the devout, nor the cries and desperate strugglings of the bereaved and heart-broken, can remove. We follow the spirit of our friend to the very borders of that land. We cheer it by our affections. We extend to it every office of kindness. We offer up our prayers in its behalf. And there we stand, in awe and in tears, till the silver cord that bound it here is loosed, and it has vanished from our sight. Where is it gone ? How does it live ? or does it live at all ? Is there no way left by which we may still have some intercourse, however slight and shadowy, some communication with it ?

Here nature gives no distinct reply. But God has taken pity upon us. The silence of the tomb has been broken, and a voice from beyond its portals has announced to us the words of eternal life. Still the instructions of Jesus, while

revealing to us all that it can be essential for us to know, are marked by the same reserve which nature preserves on these subjects with such sacred care. He has told enough, if we are only faithful to what we have; enough to insure our peace now, and our well-being hereafter. Through what he has made known to us we may stand now, with other feelings, by our friends as they approach the last confines of life. The hope of a purer world may throw something of its joy over the sufferings and failing splendors of this. God, we know, is there. Christ is there. The spirits of dear ones whom we long to meet are there. By such thoughts as these the loneliness of the passage is relieved. The chill with which we otherwise should have entered the valley of the shadow of death melts away in the warmth of our love for Jesus and the sweetness of our trust in him. Thus, down to the last moment of life, we may commune with one another by the way, in the blessed consciousness of God's presence, and of our own immortality. And when we part, we know that it is well with them. With a tearful but peaceful trust, and in the joyful hope of meeting them again, we give them up to their Saviour and their God.

But even then a sense of loneliness and desolation comes over us. We do so miss them! We do so long to see them, to open to them our burdened hearts! It seems at times as if we must — must have some access to them. Is there no way in which we can hear from them? no way of calling them before us, and learning from them how and where they are? Can there be no messages of love and tenderness, no cheering hopes or solemn admonitions, with which they may comfort or instruct us? If only for a moment they could be allowed to visit us, to make themselves known, and point out to us what they would have us do! But no. The bounds of their habitation may not be passed. They may be very near to us, breathing into our unconscious souls something of their peace. But there is no voice or vision. The same awful silence and reserve hide them from us. In the sweet

and majestic hopes of the Gospel of Christ, by faith and not by sight, we must be content to walk. "But if only one should rise from the dead, then we should believe." No. We have Moses and the Prophets. We have Christ and the Apostles. If we hear not them, neither would we be persuaded though one rose from the dead.

This stern, unbroken reserve on matters which it is not essential, or which it might not be safe for us to know, marks all our Saviour's instructions. There is nothing to excite or gratify the curiosity even on the greatest of all subjects. When asked whether there are few that be saved, he made no reply to the question, except to urge them who put it to strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, he assured them, would seek to enter in, and would not be able. On another occasion, when his disciples asked another question of this sort, he gently rebuked them by the reply, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Lazarus was raised from the dead, and over his tomb blessed assurances of immortality were given. But no word do the sacred writings contain relating to his experience during the three days when his body lay in death. What were his sensations then? Where was his spirit? In a state of unconsciousness or of bliss? What secrets of that undiscovered bourn did he bring back? Not one word to gratify our curiosity on these subjects has been recorded for us. Moses and Elias, who had been for centuries inhabitants of the unseen world, mingling there with the people of God, admitted into its joys and its glories, appeared to our Saviour and his three chosen disciples in a cloud of light; but no word of theirs remains to let us into a knowledge of the particulars relating to the inhabitants of that kingdom, their feelings, their enjoyments, or their mode of life.

Nor has Jesus told us anything of his experience among the dead. The legends of the Church are full of these things. But no word, no allusion to the subject in the Scriptures,

breaks the silence and reserve in which they found it. He rose from the dead, bringing life and immortality to light. He declared, with words of terrible distinctness, the retributions of eternity. But of all the particulars relating to that life, no word has been spoken. They belong to a realm too far removed from our present experience — too glorious in their brightness or too appalling in their darkness — to be permitted to cross our earthly path or present themselves here to our imagination.

We would gladly know more of some things. We long for more exact representations and more solemn, direct, and awful exhibitions of the Divine judgments. If only one could rise from the dead! How natural the feeling of the rich man in torment, the earnestness of his desire that through him his brothers might be warned! But the reply that was made to him and to us is marked by a deeper insight into human nature, and a more perfect knowledge of its liabilities and its wants. There are limits which even the mercy of God cannot pass; because to go beyond them would either be of no mortal use to us, or it would unsettle the reason and crush the freedom of our moral nature. If we hear not Christ, with all his tender and solemn appeals, if the universal experience of mankind, if the example of those who have lived in faith and died in peace, if our own steady approach towards the shadows of eternity, with the light of its joys and the darkness of its woes lying behind them, cannot move us freely to renounce all and follow Christ, no disclosures of God's judgments could ever move us.

Man could not be acted upon by sanctions and warnings much more urgent than those now pressing upon him, without danger of losing his intellectual or moral sanity. We see this in the numerous cases of mental derangement caused, as at the time of the Miller delusion a few years ago, by protracted meetings, in which the nerves, the imagination, the moral and religious feelings, are long and constantly wrought upon by powerful and exciting impressions. How much

more terrible and overpowering would these things be, if the spirits of the dead should come into these public meetings, to add from their experience to the terrific images and awful excitement of the scene? How would the service of God, from a reasonable and voluntary offering, sink down into a slavish office of fear and sanctimonious selfishness?

We have spoken of the reserve which runs through the works of God and the revelation of his will. This reserve of the Scriptures, so in harmony with what we know of God's workings in nature, so in harmony with our moral constitution and with the simplicity and majesty of Divine truth, is in itself a remarkable evidence of the Divine authority of Christ. When men once go beyond the bounds of truth, especially on these subjects, there is no end to their fabrications. The apocryphal Gospels are filled with wonders of this sort. The legends of the Church of Rome lay open to us secrets of the grave which Christ left hidden from the living in its eternal silence. The creeds and theological formulas of a later and inferior age have undertaken to disclose to us mysteries of the Divine nature which Christ never revealed, and our assent to them is demanded as an indispensable condition of salvation. Any modern church-creed will undertake to give us more precise knowledge on these subjects than has been given by all that Christ and the ancient Prophets have spoken, and all that the Evangelists and Apostles have written. How unlike all this to the severe and beautiful simplicity, the majestic and divine reserve, which the Scriptures steadfastly maintain on these and kindred subjects!

Let us obey even the slightest indication which God has given us of his will. Let us thankfully accept whatever he has seen fit to reveal, and by our fidelity bring it home with a living, sanctifying power to our hearts. Let our minds be open to yet further revelations, if he shall see fit to make them. But let us also respect the silence and reserve of the Almighty, and not seek importunately to

wrench from him knowledge which he would keep to himself, nor seek to violate the repose of the tomb, and, like the voluptuous Dives, call up the dead to enforce those laws which we have foolishly and wickedly refused to obey.

But, in every age, men, in their impatience to know more, have sought to break through the silence in which God has left the particular circumstances of our being hereafter, and to extort from the dead some more minute knowledge of their condition. The true prophets of God among the Hebrews never lent their countenance to such proceedings. But weird women were consulted, like her whom Saul, in a fit of desperation and self-abandonment, employed at Endor to disquiet and bring up the mighty prophet from his grave. Witches, mysterious incantations, soothsaying, and fortune-telling among heathen nations, dreams and trances and spirit-rappings now, when sought for this purpose, all belong to the same ghastly household. Where they are not impositions, they are impatient and importunate assaults on the citadel of the dead, which God has guarded from the living by an almost eternal silence. And these efforts are in vain. We may go with our rites and charms. We may call, in bitterness and agony of soul, and the echo of our own voices is all the answer that comes back. But suppose that we *could* call up the dead; suppose that we could constrain pure spirits to leave the bliss of heaven, and come before us clothed in their immortal garments; suppose that we could gain for some poor Dives a brief respite from his torments, that he might warn us by the example of his intolerable anguish to flee from the wrath to come,—how should we be overawed, how would our nerves be unstrung, our reason overthrown, by such manifestations from the world of souls! The imagination of such a presence, the simple thought and belief, on the part of those who practise for such ends, that they are in the presence of the dead, and actually holding

intercourse with them, is often more than they can bear. The brain is overpowered, the nice adjustment of the faculties which is essential to a reasonable being is deranged, and a mournful ruin has in many cases been the consequence of this unwarranted intrusion into realms which God has wisely forbidden us to enter.

We believe in the presence and guardian care of God's ministering spirits. We believe that our friends, when they leave the body, may still be not only very dear, but very near to us. We believe that they may still watch over us; that they may mingle their prayers with ours; that, by an influence infinitely more gentle and unobtrusive than that by which the perfume of spring violets diffuses itself through the air, they may refresh our souls by the sweetness of their heavenly affections, and guide or cheer us on through the dark and rugged paths of life. But they come mercifully veiled from us by forms too fine, and in motions too gentle, to make any impression on our sense of sight or touch. For while we are in the flesh, it is not well that we should be exposed to too severe a light from the world that lies above us. In this tender infancy of our being, God is mercifully shielding us from too intense a blaze. No mortal man can see him and live. We must put on immortality before we can stand in open vision before him. Enough of truth has been given. How meagre are all the revelations purporting to come from heaven in other ways, compared with those which speak to us in the Gospel of Christ with such transcendent dignity and power? Those calm and holy utterances, so gentle and yet so powerful, come out from the silence of the heavens with the Divine sweetness and authority of the Son of God. Let us be true to them. Let us receive them into our hearts. They will bear fruit in our lives, — peace and joy here, — an eternity of joy and peace hereafter. ,

J. H. M.

WHAT WE FIND IN THE BIBLE.*

FROM T. COLANI.

THE heart of man is so constituted that he is incapable of tasting happiness outside of God. By the uneasiness which accompanies enjoyment, by the ennui which results from all distraction, by the disquietude which is born in the very midst of repose, we are forced to turn away our eyes from this world in crying out, *Vanity of vanities!* A life higher than this life is necessary for us. We need the Infinite to fill our hearts. But the God whom we thus cry out for, our eyes behold him not. He cannot be felt, cannot be touched, whilst the world is here in its reality, forcing itself upon us through the five senses, taking possession of the soul by the body. However much the soul may protest, knowing beforehand how utterly miserable the slaves of the world are, she will suffer herself to be subdued, unless God become for her more than an idea, a desire, a sigh. Now Nature, with her beauty, by turns sublime and peaceful, shows us indeed an admirable order in the universe; she awakes in us, indeed, a mysterious echo, which we call poetry: but she does not give us God. The contemplation of human destiny and the study of our hearts enable us to understand, without doubt, that if virtue, remorse, conscience are not vain words, it is necessary that God should exist, and that he should be the supreme disposer of all things. But still that is not enough. Reduced to consult only nature and reason, we should feel ourselves terribly isolated. We should be like navigators, who, having neither helm nor compass, should suddenly perceive that the current was drawing them towards a shoreless ocean. They know that their country exists, that it is a

* After we had secured and sent to press this translation from Colani, we found that the same work had been done by the compiler of "*Essays and Reviews*," a collection from French writers, corresponding in some measure to the famous English work under the same title. (See Book Notices.)

magnificent country, that their families and their friends cherish them,—they know it, and that certainty fills them neither with joy nor with strength. So if no real ties were attaching us to heaven, if we could not go beyond philosophical deductions as positive as memories, but not less hollow, we should be the most unhappy of beings, — not clear-sighted enough to perceive God through opaque matter, and not blind enough not to know that matter is vile. Yet God has not abandoned us to ourselves; we are not condemned to try to discover him, to guess about him. He is manifested to us in the Bible. Everywhere else, however little you may sound the earth before placing your foot upon it, you will discover a moving ground, you will perceive opinions of man, and beneath, prejudices of man, and at the bottom, illusions of man. When, on the contrary, you sound the Bible, you soon bring to light the Eternal Rock, — God. But it is necessary to know how to find him there. The Pharisees were reading the Bible, they were scrutinizing it; and the Lord Jesus, whilst approving their so doing, declares to them that that study will not conduct them to the truth. We should be but little surprised if they had treated the Old Testament as a book purely human, containing the works of some pious thinkers of antiquity. But no, — Jesus affirms it, — they thought they had in the Scriptures eternal life, the sovereign good, a Divine revelation; and we know besides, by history, that they surrounded them with a boundless respect. Each phrase of Moses or the prophets seemed to them an oracle, come as directly from God as if God himself had pronounced it. Nevertheless, the Scripture remains for them a closed book. They read it, and they do not see that it witnesses for Jesus; they study it, and they find there the promise of quite another Messiah; they examine it, and they end by understanding that it commands them to put him to death.

What blindness, is it not? Nevertheless, ask yourselves whether, in reading the Bible as the Jews read it, and as, perhaps, you read it yourself also, one must not necessarily arrive

at a similar result. Jesus, a poor man and without instruction, consecrating his time to journeying, preaching, healing; Jesus, who comes without any other witness than the adhesion of John the Baptist and a few miracles, wishes to make himself recognized for the Messiah. But the Jews, versed in the prophecies,—can they believe in him? They consult the most recent prophetic writing, and at once the most explicit, that of Daniel, and they see there that, at the advent of the Messiah, God himself, the Ancient of Days, will appear at first in person, having for a throne a devouring flame. Judgment will be held, the books will be opened. Then will come the Son of Man, borne by the clouds of heaven, and he will receive from Jehovah the dominion over all people. In truth the Jews must have said to themselves, Jesus is not this Son of Man.

If that page of Daniel stood alone! But in many other passages, when the prophets describe the salvation to come, they employ similar colors. The distinctive trait of the Saviour whom they predict is strength; and they expect from him that he shall bruise the enemies of Israel, whether they be the Babylonians, or the Syrians, or the Edomites. “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me, and my fury it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury,

and I will bring down their strength to the earth." Is there not here a complete opposition between the work of the Saviour, who tramples the people as one tramples the fruit of the vine, and the work of Christ, who pours out his own blood upon the cross? Must not the teaching of Jesus have appeared to the Jews in contradiction with the Scriptures? "Love your enemies," said he; and the Psalmist in captivity upon the borders of the Euphrates was crying out, "O daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you"; and in the Old Testament we read: "Let his prayer become sin. . . . As he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment, so let it come into his bowels like water, and like oil into his bones. Let it be unto him as the garment which covereth him, and for a girdle wherewith he is girded continually."

How can Jesus say that the Scriptures testify of him? He comes to change the law, to add to it, to take from it; and the law had said formally, "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it." He declares all external things unimportant, able neither to defile nor to purify man, whilst the Old Testament seemed to make the moral condition depend principally upon the observation and the violation of liturgical prescriptions. Yes. But by the side of the passages which I have just recalled there are others very different. If Jehovah ordains a whole collection of sacrifices and ceremonies, he declares also, "For I desired mercy, and not sacrifice." And the Psalmist, whose conscience is charged with a murder, is not ignorant that victims are incapable of reconciling him with the Eternal. "My sin," cried he, "is continually before me. Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and

a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." You see it, salvation by repentance, by faith, salvation by grace, which is the entire Gospel, is found taught, or at least desired, in the Old Testament. The prophets also now and then comprehend that there is a virtue greater than force, and that the most worthy fate of the servant of God is not triumph, but grief,—grief undergone for others, consecration. The same prophet who shows us the Saviour travelling in the greatness of his strength, and treading the people in the wine-press, depicts the servant of God more wasted in visage than any other. "He hath no form nor comeliness. . . . He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, . . . and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. . . . He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." If, during the punishment of the Lord, one had happened to read that page of Isaiah to the Pharisees who were insulting those arms thus bound, would they have been able not to recognize in the crucified the veritable servant of God?

In fine, the Jews were finding in their Scriptures elements of disparity, some favorable, others opposed, to the person and to the doctrine of the Lord Jesus. By the side of pages entirely evangelical they found those which were stamped with an exclusive patriotism. It was absolutely necessary to discern those which, expressing an eternal truth, must be taken literally, and it was on account of not having made this selection that the Pharisees ended by rejecting the true Messiah. But this choice, indispensable and of so great importance, was it very difficult? It was necessary "to be willing." It was not a question of a learned, erudite criticism; it was

not a question, moreover, of taking that which pleased, and of leaving that which displeased ; it was necessary to place themselves in the very face of the Scripture like a child, his eyes fixed upon his father's face, with the ardent desire of comprehending God, and they would have comprehended him. Is there any one in the world who can refuse his assent to the utterance, "I desire mercy, and not sacrifice"? Even by your very manhood are you not equally forced to assent to the Psalmist when he says : "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit ; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." These are ideas which, once announced, subdue us, whatever we may do. To any one who should pretend not to be convinced of their perfect truth, I should answer without hesitation by a flat contradiction, not less than to one who should happen to doubt that two and two make four. One either is a man, or one is not ; now each man is morally constituted in such a way that he would not know how in conscience to put matter before mind, nor to imagine that God should prefer blood poured out, even should it be in torrents, to the slightest movement of charity and humility. In these two passages alone, not to speak of others, the Jews had the key of all their Scriptures, for these two passages contain an incontestable truth, and nothing which could contradict them could be true. If they had been willing, they would then have understood that it is more beautiful to bless one's enemies than to curse them, and that it is consequently more worthy of the Messiah to come without majesty, overwhelmed with poverty and contempt, than to descend upon the clouds of heaven surrounded with angels and devouring flames. If they had been willing, they would have understood the confused testimony that the Old Testament gives to Jesus of Nazareth, and they would have seized with faith and love his helping hand, instead of nailing it to the cross.

Our position is much more advantageous than that of the Jews. They had in some sort to guess at the Man-God, and their mind was not recognizing him in the prophecies as if

their heart were already beating for him. We on the contrary see the Man-God unveiled. His august figure occupies the centre of the Scriptures, so that infallibly our eyes are turned upon him. Thanks to that light, we should no longer know how to go astray in reading the Bible to the same extent as the Pharisees, and I am sure there is no one who would consent to repeat the malediction against Babylon which I have just now cited. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the penetrating light of the revelation of God in Christ, the Bible can remain for us also a book whence we may draw error rather than truth. As soon as you cease to read it exclusively with the intention of finding in it eternal life, you seek there something beside that which it offers you. You enter into a false and pernicious way.

Eternal life, which is the question here, is not only the life to come ; it is the complete, perfect, Divine life,—it is at once absolute virtue and felicity. The sacred books present that eternal life to you,—nothing more, nothing less ; they present it to you in showing you the image of Christ, in whom it is fully manifested. We possess no real, or rather personal, knowledge of God, except through Christ, and we know Christ only through the Bible. The only object of the Bible is to testify of the Saviour, and thus to open to us the inexhaustible source of divine life. All you who labor and are heavy laden, come hither. You who are thirsty for affection, and who have found until now only indifference or the most cruel mistakes, come, contemplate that Man abandoned by all, betrayed by his own, and who declares that the happy are those who weep, for they shall be comforted. You, who, bravely contending for the truth, obtain in exchange for your labors only opprobrium and calumny, regard that head crowned with thorns, listen to the Man of sorrows when he declares you happy, rejoice and leap for joy. You, who are overwhelmed by the knowledge of your sins, and who under that heavy burden are incapable of taking a single step toward good, see how he raises up the sinner because she has

loved much. Whatever your trouble may be,—and can there be among us one who has not a secret wound?—you will find in the Bible strength and consolation, for you will find there Christ. But yet once more, do not seek there anything beside. That would be as foolish as to use your bread in the construction of an edifice, instead of stone, under the pretext that bread, having more value than stone, must be able to take its place. Many Christians fall into a profound error relative to the Holy Scriptures, seeking life in them much less than science. From all time it has unfortunately been thus. You recollect, for example, that theologians, building upon certain passages of the Old Testament, pretended to know beforehand that the earth could not be a globe, and wished to prevent an audacious navigator from going to discover the New World. Even in our own days, we see religious men collecting with much pains in the Bible ideas of natural history or of comparative grammar. Of what use will these ideas be for our salvation? Will they make us better acquainted with God, or our own hearts, or the Christ? The Eternal has not drawn up in order for us a manual of natural history or astronomy, for the simple reason that he has placed us in a condition to study these sciences for ourselves. And if he had judged it well to give them to us entirely perfected, be sure that he would not have presented them as enigmas, in obscure passages, where one finds to-day one interpretation and to-morrow another. Do not degrade the Bible to that point. It speaks to us of things infinitely more important than all the sciences combined; it speaks to us of our destiny; it unveils our state of sin; it reveals to us the Saviour. The Bible has so little in view intellectual teaching, that it occupies itself only very indirectly with theological instruction. O, so long as the questions are religious, so long as they are found in an intimate relation with life, the Scriptures are perfectly clear and deeply profound; but they abandon you as soon as you touch the ground of speculation.

They say to us very clearly that God is our Father, and the Father of the Lord Jesus ; that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself ; that God is a spirit, and that he dwells in our hearts ;—for these three truths are necessary to the peace of our souls. But when you begin to discourse upon the persons of the Trinity, know that you leave the Bible, and that you speak another language than its own. If the teaching of a dogma were the end of the Scripture, do you not feel that it would have set it forth methodically, as we do in our catechisms ? We should have a discourse upon God, another upon sin, a third upon redemption. Now the Lord never treats these great questions in an abstract manner ; he speaks of them without ceasing, but from a point of view the most directly practical. And the Apostles do the same. I am mistaken ; one of the Epistles of St. Paul is a veritable treatise of theology, — the Epistle to the Romans, — in which he expounds the doctrine of salvation by grace, in which he develops the thesis that man is justified by faith and not by works, and in which he cites for his support the example of Abraham. Ah well ! as if in order to demonstrate to us that every formula is too narrow, and that religious truth transcends all dogma, the same spirit which was in St. Paul makes St. James write that man is justified not by faith only, but by works, and that it was thus with Abraham, whose history St. Paul was appealing to as an illustration.

What ! Is there contradiction between the two Apostles of the Lord, and upon a point of such gravity ? Yes, in the terms, in the formula, the contradiction is patent ; nevertheless, beyond the terms and the formula there is a unity of spirit. Man is saved by faith, that is to say, by that supreme act in which we cast off our own righteousness, and give ourselves to God ; but faith is then a work, the greatest, the most fruitful of works, and it is equally true that God saves us, and that we save ourselves. You see it, the Bible does not intend to furnish us with formulas, since in that case, in having given one by the mouth of one Apostle, it condemns it,

that is to say, it completes it, by the mouth of another Apostle. Besides, evangelical truth is so simple, that all dogmatical exposition is useless. To tell you to come to Christ, (and the Bible does nothing else,) is a scaffolding of doctrines then necessary, a system? The publican Zaccheus, the sinner Mary Magdalene, the thief upon the cross,—was it necessary for them to understand their misery, and to see in Jesus the shining splendor of the Saviour God? His presence was sufficient. Now the Bible actually takes the place of his presence; in the Gospels, it recounts to us his acts and his words; in the Epistles, it makes us know him by the love which he has inspired in his disciples. These are deeds, not abstract doctrines.

Do not even take the Scripture for a manual of morals, which in every circumstance would dictate to you your conduct by a command as brief and decisive as a military order. If God had wished to deliver to you such a manual, he would have put it into a different shape, for he does everything in wisdom. Instead of recitals and fragmentary exhortations, which fill our Bible, he would have divided his orders after a regular plan, according to different duties, and, finally, he would have determined the cases where those duties are found modified and suspended by others. Such books exist: they are called books of casuistry. Nothing more convenient for the faithful. As soon as he hesitates between two commandments, he seeks them in the table of contents, and immediately finds the examination of his particular case. Do you believe that this process is in conformity with the spirit of Christianity? Do you believe that Jesus intended to take the place of the voice of your conscience by his decisions,—to spare you the trouble of reflecting and the responsibility of choosing? Listen to the manner in which he describes his morality, and then say if the Bible is given for a code of laws. “And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.” “Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right

cheek, turn to him the other also." A code does not use figurative language; then either the Gospel is not one, or it is necessary to take this commandment to the letter. "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." You understand Christ commands you to tread under foot the most sacred duties; yes, as he orders you to pluck out your eye, and to cut off your hand, as soon as they make you to offend; yes, as he promises you that with a grain of faith you should be able to say to a sycamine-tree, "Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you." Do you not see that the Lord designedly gives to his thoughts an evident exaggeration, in order to make us distinguish in his discourse the substance from the form, the spirit from the letter? Knowing too well that man is prone to a blind and stupid submission, he uses true paradoxes to rouse our indolence. The passages cited are not true if you take them in a literal sense, but they open to your conscience a new aspect, making it perceive a virtue superior to ordinary virtue. And the whole Bible has for its end thus to awake the slumbering ideal, to give us wings to soar into the heavens. In a word, Christianity attaches little importance to our doing this or that isolated act; but it wishes to make us virtuous, perfect. Even as the doctrine consists only in the portrait which it gives us of the person of Christ, so its morality consists in transforming us into the image of our Divine Saviour, for there is eternal life. If you could only read the Bible as it would be read, not as a collection of curious documents upon heaven and earth, upon angels and demons, upon the origin of the world and its final destiny,—not as a collection of maxims and advice, indicating the path to pursue to gain a comfortable place in this life and in the other! Demand from it satisfaction for your highest needs,—peace, joy, confidence, strength, virtue,—in a word, God; and for the rest, be well assured that it is a form, more or less

unimportant, of which the Holy Spirit has been obliged to make use in order to be understood of men. Do not confound, with the Jews, the essential with the accessory ; do not lose, by a servile attachment to the letter, all the benefit of Divine revelation. It is necessary that we should make a selection in the Scriptures. But that does not mean that we have the right to make an arbitrary choice, to select that which suits our prejudices, our tastes, and turn over those leaves where we meet with disagreeable subjects. The great benefit that we should draw from such a reading of the Scriptures, from bringing into them our infirmities, our little-nesses, our evil inclinations, our illusions, and finding there ourselves ! The Bible cannot be useful, and conduct us to life, save as it differs from us, goes beyond us, is superior to us, and raises us above our natural level. To lower it to this level, to fashion it after our image, that is to take from the salt its savor. Behold what rule must guide your choice in the Scriptures : accept, as coming directly from God, the words which at once humble and strengthen you. In other words, devote yourself to the recitals, to the exhortations, to the teachings, which either reveal to you the state of your own heart, with its numberless miseries, or make you better comprehend the character of Jesus, with its perfect holiness and its infinite compassion. All is there ; for religious knowledge comprehends these two things,—knowing one's self, and knowing the Saviour. When Luther, wishing to give to the Reformation a divine basis, published his translation of the Bible, he preceded it with an excellent Preface, which I regret to see no more re-presented, at least in part, at the head of the sacred volume. I confine myself, said he, to the books which present Christ to me clearly and purely ; and he designates them. The Gospel of John, the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, and the First of Peter, are the books which show Christ to thee, and teach thee all that it is necessary and blessed to know. Whether the choice of Luther be the most evangelical or not,

it does not matter ; but if our Christianity would recover a little vigor, it is necessary that we should put ourselves to the reading of the Scriptures in the spirit of the great Reformer, literally seeking there only the Christ and our eternal felicity. Then those sectarian tendencies which undermine the Protestant Church will disappear. A ridiculous importance will cease to be attached to particular opinions, which are pretended to be drawn from the Bible, but which at the end of the computation prove to be reveries born within the brains of their adherents, and for which the infinite variety of the Bible has only furnished a costume, a formula. Because the formulas are Biblical, they have thought they could condemn as an enemy of God any one who should refuse to accept them. When we shall have learned to distinguish the spirit from the letter, these reveries will lose their venerable mask, public conscience will recognize them for what they are, and should their authors still be able to preach them with conviction, they will no longer dare to enjoin them with authority. Then, also, the piety of the humble and the poor in spirit will be truly simple and touching. How often have we not seen a servant, a workman, who, awakened by the preaching of the Gospel, suddenly became thoughtful, and began to read the Bible assiduously,—but he did not know how to read. Drawn along by the pernicious example of those about him, he was soon seeking in the Scriptures, not edification, but science,—he was confounding everything, mingling the Old and the New Testament, the word of the Apostles and the word of the Lord himself, the teachings of the Book and those of the leaders of his party, and he was fabricating for himself a kind of system of theology, very narrow, very absurd, very Antichristian, which he was defending to the utmost, running with avidity after discussions and quarrels, hurling right and left his excommunications, thus showing himself ten times more proud, ten times more irreligious, than before his conversion. Such, such too often is the piety of the simple,—and do not think that such examples are found only among servants and workmen. At

every step of the social ladder you will find these miserable, petty theologians, men and women, who pervert the Word of God, and transform it into an arsenal of arguments and anathemas. There is more than one drawing-room where frivolous conversations are intermingled with stupid dissertations upon grace, redemption, inspiration. There is many a great lady who has no other occupation than to dazzle at the same time by the splendor of her ornaments and by the stainless purity of her orthodoxy. Ah, how sad it is! how miserable it is! But you who are more serious, you who open the Bible really to be edified, is your only object in reading it to become better? Do you study it with enough simplicity? It is easy to know if you do. You have only to ask yourself if your faith in the Bible is joyous, serene, free from all fear. An affection gives happiness only when accompanied by full and entire confidence.

The day on which you doubt your friend, on which you fear to find him in fault, a sharp grief pierces your heart and takes away your energy. Ah well! never fear to see the splendor of the Scriptures tarnished. When geologists rake up the surface of the globe, when bold explorers go to unearth the ruins of Nineveh, when historians re-make the calculation of every date, when the learned examine with a magnifying-glass each page of the sacred volume to see if all is in its place, if anything has been taken away, anything added afterward, — say, do you not follow these labors with a sort of uneasiness, as if they could arrive at results disastrous to the Bible? In this case your faith is not the true faith, and through your fault the Bible, far from sustaining you through this life's pilgrimage, is for you a reed which will bend and break whilst piercing your hand. For me, the word of God contained in the Bible is above all attack. Whatever one day may be the progress of the sciences, I know that until the end of time this volume will contain the source of eternal life. No one will ever prove that the Spirit which flows there so abundantly is not superior to anything that man could possibly conceive, — most beautiful, most true, most divine.

Everywhere else I feel myself the equal of authority, — of intellectual, religious, social authority; here I am in the presence of God himself; so much holiness humbles and overwhelms me, so much love at once uplifts and humiliates me. O Divine Word! it is by thee that I am judged, by thee that I am conducted to my Saviour. Pass into my heart, transform my conscience to thy image, to the image of Christ. Amen.

THE DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

REST, with the wreath of fame
In mournful beauty on thy marble brow,
O early called to seal thy patriot vow,
And gain a deathless name!

'T was but this morn thy tread
Was firm, thy warriors gathered at thy call.
An hour had passed, and, by a traitor's ball,
Thy place was with the dead.

Yes, thou art with the band
Of whom successive ages love to tell;
Who for the sacred cause of Freedom fell,
Freedom and Fatherland.

Hampden, of steadfast will,
Young Körner, minstrel of the warrior strain,
And our own Warren, dying not in vain
On yon embattled hill: —

Thy name shall be with theirs;
In all their glory thou shalt bear a part,
Theme of the poet's lay, the painter's art,
The people's grateful prayers.

EACH DAY A PROPHECY.

The fame that thou hast won
 Cannot restrain the voice of bitter weeping,
 Of those above thy bier their vigil keeping,
 For thy bright promise gone.

Yet may the frequent tear,
 This day to beauty's eye and valor's rushing,
 The tribute from a people's full heart gushing,
 Perchance their spirit cheer.

And he, our nation's chief,
 With all his care for our afflicted land,
 Shares, as he gently lifts thy lifeless hand,
 In friendship's nearer grief.

But let no thought rebel;
 Thy God hath called thee from thy task well done.
 In reverent faith before His clouded throne
 We bend, and say, 'T is well.

S. G. B.

May 24th, 1861.

EACH DAY A PROPHECY.

WHAT image of a higher, holier day
 Does each returning sun earth's children bring?
 Bright as o'er land and sea he takes his way,
 He seems the herald of the Heavenly King!
 Before him fly the murky shades of night,
 Which veil from sight earth's plains and mountains high;
 The sea's thick, rolling vapors take their flight,
 And upward vanish in the kindling sky.
 I gaze upon the scene, and from within
 A light too streams upon the suffering earth;
 I see the promised day of God begin,
 And all earth's children share the second birth;
 And to my mind the image doth unfold
 Of Life, and Joy, and Peace so long foretold.

J. V.

RANDOM READINGS.

A WEEK'S VACATION

Is a matter of no great moment to one who can take a vacation whenever he pleases, and could not have been worth much in days when a hundred miles in twenty-four hours was an exhausting journey; but it is a matter of no little significance to a busy man, and may be made to yield much entertainment, if not profit, when one can travel in the twenty-four hours from Boston to Washington. But alas! how much of the significance depends upon the traveller! Horace proceeds from Rome to Brundisium, and the world gains a classic which promises to plague school-boys and gladden scholars to the end of time. Smith "does" the same distance, to express one's self in Smith's vocabulary, and the world gains nothing.—Smith himself nothing to speak of. My week's vacation was a great deal to me,—accepted almost reluctantly, not to say angrily, as wheels may be supposed to groan when they are lifted out of the ruts, or to utter a last vigorous squeal when the grease is at length to be applied. The leather bag is at last lifted, you find that you are still too early, are told, somewhat curtly, by the weary official, who can hardly choose but hate travellers, though he gains his bread by them, that the cars for New York are not ready, and that you must fall back for a time into the crowd, holding your luggage in one hand, pressing your watch with the other, keeping guard over your pocket-book pocket with one eye, whilst the other stares gloomily at the friendly caution which reminds you that the man next to you may be a thief, and may provide himself with means for his own journey by making it impossible for you to pursue yours. But you are not robbed. There is virtue remaining even in railroad stations.

I have done my share in laughing at the American haste, which cannot spare even the night for sleep; now I take back all that, and maintain that one can make no better use of a fine night than to step on board a Fall River boat,—the Metropolis if he can,—for New York, especially if he will indulge in the luxury of a clean state-room with a window for ventilation. The evening and morning on the water during the warm season are delightfully refreshing, and

the sleep may be quiet and sweet. There is a great objection to the common cabin, with its very common air, — a most serious objection to the wash-bowls where late slumberers bespatter themselves in a row; but with a state-room the run is very pleasant. Avoid too, if you are not very hungry, the tea-table, so called, where the animals are fed, — where you must sit down with some with whom you would never consent to share your meals at home. The “sweetening” was in demand in my neighborhood, and I did not enjoy the company.

If you have forgotten it in the course of the night, the troops on the islands and on the Battery remind you that it is war time. The quantities of idle ships tell the same story. Presently the barracks in the Park emphasize the fact. I found a company of Massachusetts men breakfasting at the Astor House, by invitation, it is said, of Henry Ward Beecher, who, it would seem, would make sure that they should have a stomach for the fight. The reverend man all but fires the guns himself. I lost some two hours at least waiting to see the much talked of Seventh Regiment returning from its bloodless campaign. They came too late for me; but I managed to reach the beautiful grounds, set apart with so much wisdom and true benevolence by the New-Yorkers as a *rus in urbe* for rich and poor, and styled, with an audacity that the future will undoubtedly justify, Central Park. It is six miles in circumference, and contains a lake of twenty acres. Why don't we Bostonians take in, if they will only come, Roxbury, Dorchester, Brookline, Cambridge, and the rest? Then we should be still an American and Protestant city, and might have our Central Park somewhere in West Roxbury. In the course of my wanderings, I dropped in for a moment at Trinity Church, and, if I had understood the language of the musicians, could tell the reader what music was performed in honor of our Lord God in that sacred edifice on the 2d day of June, 1861, for the bulletin made due announcement of the same. Must one come prepared, in order to profit by the musical part of Divine service?

Brooklyn is a charming place to pass Sunday in, especially if you have time for a drive through quiet Greenwood on the Saturday previous. It is a pity that our Liberal churches in that city cannot so dispose their services as to enable the minister to listen, if he will, to the great Brooklyn preacher, who must be accepted, whether by admirers or critics, as one of the notable men of America. We

are not surprised that Orthodox Calvinism is not content with him ; but he is a power in our world, nevertheless. The disasters of the times have prevented so far the erection of his promised church, and gave me a bit of green to look out upon, with a grazing cow, even so near crowded, feverish New York, as I sat at the window in the pleasant home of a most hospitable friend, dear to me on his own account, and not less as the son of one of the truest Christian gentlemen that ever adorned and influenced for the highest and best ends one of our New England villages, the crown and pride thereof for scores of years.

Can any believe that a New-Englander had lived forty years without having even passed through Philadelphia ? But not all the Yankees, as we are called by those who do not love us, wander over the face of the earth. What interested me most in this charming city was not Independence Hall, nor the Mint, nor the Penitentiary, nor the Refuge, nor the Water-Works, nor the Academy of Paintings, nor even Laurel Hill, where the remains of the explorer Kane repose peacefully on the river's bank, — not these, interesting as they all were, so much as a man with a healthy mind, a clear, calm, and thoroughly manly face, who knows how to be an Episcopalian priest, and at the same time a Christian preacher, prophet, and missionary, deeply interested in his own denomination, but perfectly catholic in his sympathies with all who are within the estate of grace, and earnest in his prayers and abounding and most successful in his labors to enlarge this estate of grace, — a man whose own views are Evangelical without being narrowly Calvinistic, and who yet is able to speak kindly, though not without amazement, of the High-Churchism which offers a bit of bread to the impenitent sinner upon his death-bed, as if so nourished he could better go to meet God. It was delightful, in going about with this kind friend to places of interest, to observe the friendly greetings which met him from persons in humble life, respectable laborers of both sexes, who seemed to have been connected with his very large and flourishing Sunday School, and to have retained the pleasantest remembrance of him. This is the type of Christianity which bath the promise of the future, and such a plain, straightforward laborer is worth more than scores of brilliant essayists to bring in the Church of the future, which has been talked about until some of us have grown a little weary with hearing. I should

have liked at least an unbroken week in Philadelphia; but Washington, in these exciting times, was too tempting to be resisted.

If you wish to go there from Philadelphia, you have only to pay your four dollars and seventy-five cents, (I mean so long as Maryland continues in the Union,) and bestow yourself comfortably in a sleeping car, which is well ventilated and duly trundled over the ferris and the famous Pratt's Bridge, without any disturbance of the passengers save what may be caused by the jarring of the fresh starts when from time to time horses are attached. They have added some straps to the berths in these cars since I last tried one of them, so that the sleeper is not obliged to lie awake whilst he sleeps and hold on, and the chances are not very great that any one in the car will steal your watch and purse whilst you repose. As the day begins to break, the little white tents scattered along the line of the road begin to appear, and a somewhat dreary and very damp soldier stares at the rushing train, but does not think it necessary to fire his gun.

So I have passed safely, and whilst I slept (after a fashion), over the ground that proved so fatal to our brave Massachusetts men, and so much of which was so painfully won from disloyal Marylanders. I could hardly realize that I had "neither flown over nor dived under, but had gone *through* Baltimore," and was safely in a city about which some weeks since we were all so anxious,—anxious with abundant reason, for an intelligent naval officer on the spot told me, that with five hundred men he could easily have taken Washington from the government.

I have no conversations with dignitaries to report. I cannot speak very enthusiastically of Washington seen through omnibus windows and from under an umbrella during a tremendous northeast rain-storm; but the day was well spent, nevertheless, at the Departments; in the Capitol, where the traces of alleged Vandalism were not apparent; in the hospital; under the great building where the bakers were still baking bread for the soldiers, and the huge teams were discharging barrels of coffee to be stored with the large supplies of flour; in the Patent Office, where one might pass days to good purpose; in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institute; in Willard's Hotel,—as little as possible, for human nature does not appear to advantage in that hostelry. The soldiers that I fell in with were mostly regulars, some of them lately from Texas, where very unwillingly they left their library behind them. A proposed military

movement made it necessary to refuse passes to Arlington Heights, so I was not able to turn up any of the "sacred soil" of Virginia, as an enthusiastic Professor from Harvard College had done the day before; and if Washington remains intact, as I have no doubt it will, it will not be through any help of mine.

Very unwillingly I turned my face homeward in the gray dawn, whilst the rain still descended. If you wish to start in the earliest train, Willard (to his everlasting credit be it gratefully set down) will have you called at 3 A. M., give you an excellent cup of coffee and bread and butter without charge, (they did not call *that* a breakfast, the clerk said,) and you have only to step leisurely into the omnibus and go your way. The guard at the station, seeing that you can do no harm if you wish, and are most unmistakably a man of peace, allows you to take a seat in the train, and what you did not see before because of the darkness you can see now by daylight, and you find, as is apt to be the case, that it was not very much after all. Dripping soldiers emerge from their tents and gather about the camp-fires. Your car is full of German volunteers, who speak only German and might be cleaner. They tell you at Perryville that a guard was fired upon during the night. You see the places over which the sleeping car was trundled, and wonder how you could have slept so much. You are surprised that Pratt Street looks like every other street, and conclude that the Plug-Uglies, having been up late the night before, are still in bed, or wherever they may dispose themselves for slumber, which is necessary even for Plug-Uglies. You are not sorry when you have left Baltimore behind. You are unable to tell an inquisitive fellow-passenger what has become of the steamer which the Secessionists sunk at Havre de Grace, and wonder why your ignorance should be any more surprising to him than his own ignorance; and at last, before the forenoon is exhausted, reach Philadelphia, *not* having been in Washington at the fight, as a sanguine friend predicted you would be when you were on the eve of your departure. The excursion was well worth the little trouble and few dollars which paid for it, were it only because it produced a wholesome distrust of the military vaticinations of journalists, who, as one told me that knew, are wholly uninformed as to government movements, — knew about them just what you and I know, reader, and nothing more. I heard of one excellent Episcopal preacher in Washington whose church had been well-nigh depopulated by the

departure of Secessionists and by his own earnest Unionism. We who live where the whole world is of one mind can hardly realize the difficulties of such a position. I have met no more enthusiastic advocate of the war than my friend in the Episcopal ministry of Philadelphia. He preaches it on Sundays, prays it during the week, superintends the various industrial operations which the ladies of his society are carrying forward in behalf of the soldiers, and, as he walks up and down within the chancel in familiar discourse to the worshippers, suggests "Havelocks" as the articles upon which they had better go to work on the morrow, — a man not to be safely trusted with a musket, a chaplain who should go unarmed, if at all, to the field of battle!

One word more. If you wish to come in the most delightful way from Philadelphia to New York, cross New Jersey and take the steamer; nothing can be more charming than the sail in the pleasant boat. At the end of your week you will be ready and willing to begin your journey, and will wonder why you stay at home so much.

E.

WE think all theological disputes tend to this, and are to be merged in the one grand question, — whether Christianity is a revelation to man from above, coming down to him as his Master and Guide, or whether it is a normal development *out of* man, and the product of his own genius. If the former, Christianity will shape the believer, and elevate him to a higher plane of existence; if the latter, man will shape Christianity, bring it down to his own level, and adapt it to his own corruptions. If the former, Christianity creates and moulds him, a power out of and above him, but ever shaping him anew in the image of Christ; if the latter, he creates and moulds Christianity, and ever shapes it into the image of himself. Our Brother Young put this neatly and clearly in his remarks at the last Anniversary Meeting of the American Unitarian Association. Some one sends them to us printed in pamphlet form. We copy them to diffuse them yet further.

THE PRESENT BATTLE OF CHRISTIANITY AND THE CHURCH.

BY REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Amid the excitement of the war, it is well to remember that there is another battle to be fought, not in defence of liberty, but of Christianity,

not for the country, but for the Church. Infidelity has never presented a fixed and coherent system, but has changed with each successive age. Twenty years ago, it eulogized the Christianity of Christ, in distinction from that of the Church, as "the highest ideal ever presented to the eyes of man"; and it extolled his character as "so beautiful, so divine, that no human genius could have conceived, as none has fully comprehended it." Now, however, it is maintained that Christianity was the product of the age, that Christ's character is a romance, and that the Gospels are not history, but mythology. As Rationalism had reduced Christianity to a miraculously confirmed deism, and an aid extraordinary of the police, so Spiritualism resolves it into the spirit of the age and the moral development of mankind.

This theory, that the Church made its founder, represents Christianity as an effect without a cause. For it was not even understood at the time, and it was opposed to the leading sentiments of the age. As well might creation have naturally emerged from chaos, or light from darkness. The spontaneous generation and transmutation of species is far more plausible than this. This law of progressive development, — that great men receive, but do not create the influence they possess, and that those who lived in an earlier age were necessarily inferior to the men of our generation, — excludes the element of personality, and is not true either in science, literature, or religion. With Jesus began an entirely new order of society. There were reformers before the Reformation, but there were no Christians before Christ. His character, his Church, the success of his religion, the new life that now animates the Christian world, are entirely inexplicable if the Gospels are myths and fables.

This is not a critical and historical, but a philosophical movement; and the stream which bubbles up and sparkles before us has its source beyond the sea; and, like the fabled Arethusa, whatever is thrown into the river there, rises, sooner or later, in the fountain here. The authenticity of these books was never denied till recently. There is little evidence that they were written to defend or to reconcile the two great parties in the Apostolic Church. The controversy between Peter and Paul has been exaggerated. The Gospel of John could have proceeded only from an intimate friend of Jesus. The different portraits of the Saviour would have been much more dissimilar, if they had not been copied from real life. There is but one circumstance in these narratives which does not admit of a satisfactory explanation. There are passages in Matthew as mystical as in John, and parables in John as characteristic as in Matthew. The sayings of Jesus are so original, that they cannot be counterfeited; but they are recognized even when reported by Paul, or found in the Cambridge Manuscript, though not recorded by the Evangelists. No ancient writings

can be received, if these are not. It is unjust to compare the historical age of Christianity with the mythical ages of early Greece and Rome. The existence of Homer has been denied, and his poems have been ascribed to many ballad-singers; but modern scholarship has reaffirmed the testimony of the ancients, and has in like manner confirmed that of the Fathers in regard to the Gospels. Strauss has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the publication of his "Life of Jesus" literally *alone*.

Experience has shown that this theory is not calculated to awaken or advance the religious life. What knowledge of God, what assurance of pardon, what certainty of immortality, do nature and conscience give to us more than they gave to Socrates and Plato? "He that drinketh of this water shall thirst again." It is not ideas, but persons, that mould the religious character and life. Spirituality has never been the fruit of deism or natural religion. Christianity is not a doctrine, but a divine life, centred in and flowing forth from the person of its founder. The advocates of neo-Christianity are indebted for their highest ideas and principles to the very records which they ignore. They thrust away the ladder by which they have climbed to their high ascent, and then bid others rise to their plane without it. Sin being, in their view, only imperfection, the absence of goodness an inevitable step in human progress, there is no need of repentance and new moral motives, but only of self-reformation and self-culture. But true religion begins with self-abasement, not with self-exaltation. That is a spiritual disease, akin to color-blindness, which prevents men from seeing the Divine in Christ, and from appreciating that Gospel which is the Holy of holies of the New Testament, and of which it has been said that the hand of an angel had written it. All the great reformations in the Church and in the world have sprung from faith in historical Christianity. If we cut the root of this tree, and lop off its branches, its leaves will not be for the healing of the nations. What then shall be read in our pulpits, or taught in our Sunday schools, or spoken to the poor, the sick, and the dying, or pronounced over the graves of our beloved? Why should any desire to be called Christians who will not acknowledge the authority of Christ? If all the negative tendencies of the day are carried out, — if the Church is dissolved into the congregation, and the Scriptures are regarded as the Apocrypha, and the Lord's Day is converted into a holiday, — what will be the faith of the next generation? With no Church, no Bible, no Sabbath, no Christ, how long will it be before there is no prayer and no God? Germany is a warning to us; and lately a voice has come to us from France, who is seeking to regain what we would thoughtlessly abandon.

As a remedy for these evils, some have recommended a liturgy, others a creed, and others a restriction of our religious liberty. But Ritualism is not a cure for Rationalism. We may restore the forms, without re-estab-

lishing the faith ; and, where the latter exists, the former will not be wanted. A creed may be valuable to those who already believe ; but it is the product, and not the cause, of conviction. Neither must we restrict the honest utterance of doubts and denials out of the pulpit, by substituting abuse for argument and condemnation for refutation. Many a sceptical look which is now forgotten has proved of great service to Christianity, by eliciting the most powerful vindications of it. The Church must have its well-trained soldiers as well as the State, and be prepared to meet every new issue. The neglect of theology, and the exclusion of doctrine from our preaching, are among the saddest signs of the times. We must abandon our negative position. We must walk about Zion, and mark well her bulwarks, and strengthen her towers and battlements, not being ashamed of the Gospel, and showing that we prize, not only our freedom, but our faith ; that we hold the possession of truth to be more valuable than the search for truth ; and that, in calling ourselves Liberal Christians, we think quite as much of our Christianity as of our Liberty. Let us not throw away the old Gospel,—at least, until we have been furnished with a new one ; but let us resolve, that, by the help of God, we will transmit our religious *with* our civil institutions, undepreciated and unimpaired, to those who shall come after us.

WHETHER YANKEES WILL MAKE HEROES.

IN September, 1856, a body of "Border ruffians" from Missouri, variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to three thousand, came up towards Lawrence, having taken an oath to burn it to the ground. "At about four o'clock in the afternoon," says an actor and an eye-witness, "we were compelled to give credence to these rumors, for we saw the smoke of Franklin, a little town five miles southeast of Lawrence, curling up towards heaven and mingling with the clouds. Lawrence had not forty armed men to defend it." How they defended it, one of the defenders has described in these trumpet tones. They were written by Richard Realf.

"THE DEFENCE OF LAWRENCE.

" ALL night, upon the guarded hill,
 Until the stars were low,
 Wrapped round as with Jehovah's will,
 We waited for the foe ;
 All night the silent sentinels
 Moved by like gliding ghosts ;
 All night the fancied warning-bells
 Held all men to their posts.

- " We heard the sleeping prairies breathe,
The forest's human moans,
The hungry gnashing of the teeth
Of wolves on bleaching bones ;
We marked the roar of rushing fires,
The neigh of frightened steeds,
And voices as of far-off lyres
Among the river reeds.
- " We were but thirty-nine who lay
Beside our rifles then ;
We were but thirty-nine, and they
Were twenty hundred men.
Our lean limbs shook and reeled about,
Our feet were gashed and bare,
And all the breezes shredded out
Our garments in the air.
- " Sick, sick at all the woes which spring
Where falls the Southron's rod,
Our very souls had learned to cling
To Freedom as to God ;
And so we never thought of fear
In all those stormy hours,
For every mother's son stood near
The awful, unseen powers.
- " And twenty hundred men had met,
And sworn an oath of hell,
That ere the morrow's sun had set
Our smoking homes should tell
A tale of ruin and of wrath,
And damning hate in store,
To bar the freeman's western path
Against him evermore.
- " They came ; the blessed Sabbath-day,
That soothed our swollen veins,
Like God's sweet benediction lay
On all the singing plains ;
The valleys shouted to the sun,
The great woods clapped their hands,
And joy and glory seemed to run
Like rivers through the lands.
- " They came : our daughters and our wives,
And men whose heads were white,
Rose sudden into kingly lives,
And walked forth to the fight ;
And we drew aim along our guns,
And calmed our quickening breath ;
Then, as is meet for Freedom's sons,
Shook loving hands with Death.
- " And when three hundred of the foe
Rode up in scorn and pride,
Whoso had watched us then might know
That God was on our side ;

For all at once, a mighty thrill
Of grandeur through us swept,
And strong and swiftly down the hill
Like Gideons we leapt.

“And all throughout that Sabbath-day
A wall of fire we stood,
And held the baffled foe at bay,
And streaked the ground with blood;
And when the sun was very low,
They wheeled their stricken ranks,
And passed on wearily and slow,
Beyond the river banks.

“Beneath the everlasting stars
We bended childlike knees,
And thanked God for the shining scars
Of his large victories;
And some who lingered said they heard
Such wondrous music pass,
As though a seraph's voice had stirred
The pulses of the grass.”

IS “THE MONTHLY” CALVINISTIC?

THIS seems to be the opinion of the writer of the following letter, who, we hope, will pardon our alteration of the spelling of some half-dozen words, which are not found as he has written them either in Worcester or in Webster. We are at a loss to gather his meaning, but perhaps our readers will be more fortunate than we have been.

E.

MESSRS. EDITORS, —

The year for which I subscribed for your periodical has expired, and I wish for my subscription to expire with the year. It may seem strange to you that I should be satisfied with one year. I cannot assign a better reason than to say, I am a progressionist. I was reared and received my early instruction at the feet of Calvin, and for fourteen years of mature life I was a disciple and a communicant in the church of the strictest sense Calvinistic. When I left the camp of superstition and wilful perversion of the character of our loving Heavenly Father, I had hopes of finding a resting-place for the soles of my feet. In the waste of waters which surrounded me I had essayed to pluck a leaf from the olive-branch and rest amidst the boughs of Unitarianism.

When I look back upon the camp of Calvin and his marshals, from which I have so recently fled, I behold its fires kindling with renewed brilliancy, flashing upon the very battlements of heaven; its lurid glare increased by the sudden multiplicity of its victims, of helpless infancy, virgin purity, and gray-headed maturity, with which it is soon to be fed by Southern carnage of our own kindred blood, to appease the Puritanical fanaticism of Abolitionism, long fostered and engendered in the land of the Pilgrims.

When I read your last number, I could not but exclaim, in the language of Cæsar, “Et tu, Brute?”

Yours with respect,

WHAT THE STARS AND STRIPES MEAN.

THE enmity between England and Scotland did not begin with "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled." As far back as the tenth century, Athelstan, king of England, sought to subdue Achaius, king of Scotland. Not very far from the year 950 a decisive battle took place between these two kings. On the evening before the battle, the Scotch king saw in the heavens the cross of St. Andrew (X) emblazed in white light on the deep blue sky. He hailed it as the presage of victory, and the manifest token that the saint was watching over his fortunes; and hence St. Andrew became the patron saint of Scotland, and St. Andrew's white cross, displayed on a blue field, became the national emblem.

Saint George is a more apocryphal character than Saint Andrew, and is probably a myth of the Middle Ages. But they believed that he was a dragon-slayer, and in the Middle Ages the dragon symbolized the Mohammedan power which had overrun and conquered nearly half of Christendom, thus drawing a third part of the stars from heaven. Therefore, in the crusades, Saint George's cross (+) was displayed on the banners of the Christian emperors, and it was adopted as the ensign of English chivalry, so that the patron saint of England was Saint George the dragon-killer, and the national emblem Saint George's red cross displayed on a white field.

Scotland and England in process of time became one nation, and the two crosses, in 1706, were united, by royal proclamation, on the banner of Great Britain. Put them together, and they make a splendid star with rays of alternate white and red, — thus *. And these alternate white and red bars were displayed on a field of blue. White symbolizes purity, red symbolizes valor and victory, and the blue is the deep serene heaven out of which the saint came down to display his sign; so that the united colors represent the purity of the cause, the sacrifice and victory that make it prevail, and the eternal Providence that watches it and guides it from the bending sky.

In 1775 Washington took command of the American army at Cambridge. They had only a red flag, which meant death to the British invader. But towards the close of the year, a committee was appointed by Congress, with Franklin at the head of it, who repaired to Cambridge to confer with Washington on the reorganization of the army. On the 2d of January, 1776, the people of Boston looked out and saw on Prospect Hill, where the American army was encamped, a new ensign displayed in the breeze. It had thirteen horizontal bars of alternate white and red, and the united cross of Saint Andrew and Saint

George displayed in the upper corner towards the flagstaff, on a field of blue, saying to the world: "We are thirteen united colonies of Great Britain fighting in a just cause."

July 4th of the same year, the Colonies declared themselves independent, and the emblem of Great Britain became no longer appropriate. Accordingly, June 16th of the following year, by resolve of the Congress, the crosses were expunged, and in their place thirteen stars were displayed in a blue field. Professor Rankin tells us that it was the beautiful conception of John Adams that the stars shall be arranged as the constellation *Lyra*, — the harp of Orpheus, the old bard of Greece, who charmed the rocks and the trees, and calmed the storms and the whirlwinds, with his music, and whose harp was hung in the heavens after his death. Thus in the star-spangled banner it represented the thirteen Colonies harmonized in one, "keeping step to the music of the Union."

So the thirteen stars and thirteen stripes became, with their symbolic colors, the ensign of the republic. Our heroes died beneath it, or achieved their glorious victories.

On the 17th day of October, 1777, the army of General Burgoyne, originally of 10,000 men, surrendered to the American arms, under the star-spangled banner, on the plains of Saratoga. This virtually broke the British power in the Northern Colonies. But it was still unbroken in the Southern Colonies; and Virginia, North Carolina, and South Carolina were prostrate beneath it. The sky brightened in the North, but the thunder-clouds hung down dark and heavy upon the South. South Carolina was full of Tories, and the spirit of liberty seemed quenched forever there. At this most gloomy hour, General Nathaniel Greene was sent to take command of the Southern department. General Greene was a native of Rhode Island, a genuine son of New England, a man of splendid military genius, of vast resources, and indomitable energy. He repaired to his Southern command. He found scarcely more than 500 effective men. But he breathed all his fire into the cause, and it soon revived. "I will recover South Carolina," said he, "or I will die in the attempt!" He did recover her. After a series of struggles and partial successes, he met the British forces at Eutaw Springs, September 8, 1781, and conquered them, and thereby prostrated completely the power of the enemy in South Carolina. Thus, under the star-spangled banner, and through the great genius of a New England general, the independence of South

Carolina was achieved. And this is the banner which South Carolina tore from the walls of Sumter, and dragged through the streets of Charleston, cursing the name of New England! S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Semi-attached Couple. By the Author of "The Semi-detached House." Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1861.—A pleasant summer-day book, which will amuse without greatly exciting the reader. It is written in a very agreeable style, not without a dash of humor. That it is not tragic we are very thankful, inasmuch as the life we are all living just now offers enough of that, and we were much relieved when we found that everything was coming out nicely,—the great feud to be harmonized and the semi-attached to be made thoroughly one. The three hundred and sixty pages may help to divert and rest many overstrained minds. E.

The Progress of Religious Thought, as illustrated in the Protestant Church of France; being Essays and Reviews, bearing on the chief Religious Questions of the Day. Translated from the French; with an Introductory Essay on the Oxford Essays and Reviews by the Editor, JOHN R. BEARD, D. D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Boston, U. S.: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861.—We have read three or four of the papers of which this volume is made up, and shall open to the remainder with great interest, hoping soon to find space for a somewhat extended account of the contents. We have been much impressed thus far with both the manner and the matter of the Essays. One of them, as the readers of this number of our journal will observe, had already arrested our attention, as at once most reverent and most discriminating, in a volume of Colani. We bespeak for it a careful perusal. So far as our examination has extended, these Essays are more constructive than the English book under the same name. The translation of the Essay "Religion and Science reconciled on the Ground of History" might be revised to advantage. E.

Christ in the Will, the Heart, and the Life. Discourses by A. B. MUZZEY. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1861.—We always wonder at the courage which sends a volume of sermons into the world, for sermons are prepared for the voice of the speaker and the ear of the hearer, rather than for the eye of the reader; nevertheless, those who are willing to make the venture will receive the thanks of the good serious people who are no more content with what they can get in this way on Sundays than one would be content with dining once a week. These sermons are positive in their statement of Christian truth, earnest and high-toned in their spirit, and written in a clear simple style, with a wide range of topic and illustration. E.

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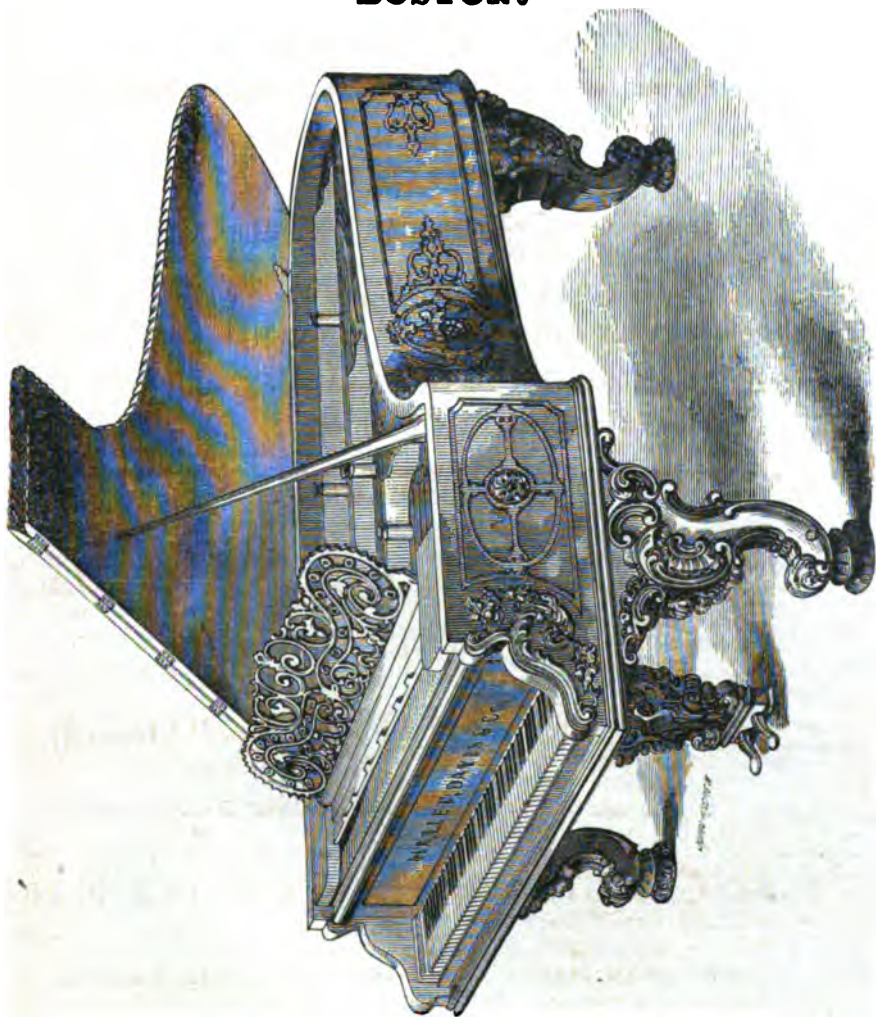
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AUGUST, 1861.

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AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

AUGUST, 1861.

No. 2.

COSMOGONY.*

CHAPTER I.

THE ORIGIN OF MATTER AND OF WORLDS.

How, and of what, was the earth made, and what were the laws of its creation? These are questions that have rarely been answered to the satisfaction of the thoughtful mind. Over ground so little trod we propose to step with careful feet, and inquire *whence* the earth came, and *how* it came in accordance with laws and principles unchanging and eternal. We most sincerely wish not to awaken any theologic prejudice, or to wound the feelings of the most timid believer. Indeed, the question, in its scientific aspect, has no more to do with any religious belief — with any system of faith — than astrology or astronomy has.

And for what we may say we do not claim infallibility, or dogmatic assurance, or even originality; but, merely presenting the various facts which research has elicited, and the inferences which seem to grow out of them, we

* To avoid the need of separate notes and references, the writer expresses, once for all, his obligations for facts and suggestions received from the writings of Agassiz, Owen, Carpenter, Darwin, Nichol, Nott and Gliddon, Field, Poe, Fishbough, Haydon, Emmet, and, especially in the closing chapter, to the late work of Tuttle. — W.

shall be content if, upon so rich and high a theme, we are able to dissipate a single error, or cast a single ray of light.

The most ancient ideas respecting the origin of the earth that are extant in history originated among a race dwelling on the Upper Nile, and known to after times as the ancient Chaldæan nation. They taught, substantially, as follows.

Many thousands of years ago, there appeared on the shores of Chaldæa an animal formed like a fish, having a human head under his fish's head, and human legs projecting from under his fish's fins. This animal was called "Oan." He had the voice and language of men, and appeared from time to time before the people, teaching them letters, the mechanic arts and trades, and the various sciences. After they became civilized and happy, Oan gave them a book. He then retired to the sea, and was neither seen nor heard of more.

The book left by Oan relates, that in the beginning all was water and darkness, — unlimited spaces filled with formless being. At length *light* dawned upon this mass of unindividualized vitality ; and then sentient beings, under various strange forms, appeared. Some showed human bodies with two, others with four wings. Some, with but one body, had two heads and faces, man's and woman's. Others again had at one time the head, at another time the body, of the horse. There were also cattle with human heads, and many other fantastical combinations of the heads, bodies, and tails of various animals, reptiles, and fishes (the figures of which are still seen on their temples).

Presiding over these things, continues the fish's book, was the woman "Omoraka," holding her commission of the God "Belus." Then Belus, in order to secure a firmer dwelling-place for his subjects, divided the woman into two halves ; of one he made the earth, of the other the heavens. This done, he next orders some of the inferior deities to cut off their heads, that their blood, by mixing with the soil, might for-

ward the growth of a race of beings having symmetry, grace, and orderly shape, like himself, who should at last supplant the uncouth monsters then existing. He next made the sun, moon, planets, &c., arranged them in good working order, and put things right generally.

Such was the substance of this wonderful book, left by this kind of o-fish-iating providence, to the people of old Chaldæa.

Next in order of age may come, perhaps, the Booddhists' version of creation. According to their sacred history, the Deity eliminated from himself the matter of the universe. Having generated the four elements, he condensed them into the form of an egg; he next breathed upon them, when they at once expanded, like a huge bubble, and, unfolding, became the vault of heaven, enclosing the world.

He next produced the differing forms of vegetation; and ended by creating the bodies of men and animals,—animating them with a ray of his own vital essence. The *soul* of each thing, being a portion of the Universal Soul, cannot perish; it can only continue to exchange its outward form, until again absorbed by the Infinite.

Next comes the famous Etrurian cosmogony. It states that the Architect of the universe is to employ twelve thousand years in the creative work; which time is divided into twelve periods of a thousand years each, and is distributed among the twelve signs of the zodiac. During the first period, he produced the heavens and the earth; during the second, he made the firmament; during the third, the waters; during the fourth, the sun and moon; during the fifth, the various fish, birds, reptiles, quadrupeds, &c.; during the sixth, he created man.

The first six thousand years having thus been occupied in the ushering in of man, together with the inferior orders which preceded him, the second six thousand are devoted to his perfection; and then cometh the end.

Next we have the Magian account of the creation. According to their sacred writings, light and darkness were

originally blended ; constituting one single mass. Afterwards, being separated by Time, they acquired a species of personality, and became two all-powerful deities, — Ormuzd, god of light, and Ahriman, god of darkness. Ormuzd, by virtue of his more potent essences, as a being composed of light, gained the ascendant, and began the work of creating material nature. His first work was the forming of heaven ; his second, water ; his third, the earth ; his fourth, vegetation ; his fifth, animals ; his sixth, man.

Passing out of the more remote antiquity, we reach the Parsee cosmogony of the Zend-Avesta. This version was promulgated by Zoroaster more than three thousand years before the Christian era. It was probably the original from which was compiled at a later age, by the great Hebrew leader, what is now termed “the Mosaic account of the creation.” Each gives the process and order of the different stages of creation in the same way, — the garden watered by four rivers, the formation of woman from the ribs of man, the introduction of evil through a serpent, &c.

Now, perhaps we shall all agree that, whatever *religious* value justly attaches to these various sacred writings of the early East, they throw but little light upon this question considered in its *secular* or *scientific* aspect. One scientific truth they have in common. They all unite in affirming that the primeval state of matter was that of *chaotic and nebulous diffusion* ; and this teaching all natural science confirms.

With regard to the origin of matter, there are two prevalent theories, which stand in extreme opposition to each other and to the truth.

The materialist discards the agency of Deity, and declares matter to be the only real God. He affirms that physical substance had no beginning, — that it is uncreated, self-existent, and eternal. While the theologian endows the Deity with an absolute omnipotence which acts in violation of sense and law, creating a universe from *nothing*, and speaking into life all the worlds from an empty void.

The truth, as usual, lies midway between these sharp extremes. The theory of the eternity of matter has quite an ancient origin, and may be traced through most of the schools of Greece. It is an hypothesis very natural to materialistic minds. Viewing physical substance as comprising the entire realm of existence, and having no idea of a substance finer and more ethereal than the coarse atoms of which matter is built, they were forced to regard that as eternal which they could not trace to a higher source.

As the mind ascends to a loftier plane of thought, the difficulties which beset such a theory are easily seen. All philosophers agree in ascribing to matter inertia, that is, no tendency to move except on impulsion, and no disposition to stop when impelled. Chemistry has reduced the various forms of matter in the world to about fifty-four elementary substances, and teaches that even these are *compounds*, made up of the same kind of atoms, — that all the amazing variety of substances in the earth, water, and air result only from the different *arrangement* of the same kind of atoms, — that, whatever infinite variety the forms of nature present to the senses, they are in reality made up of the same particles, only differently arranged and combined.

Thus the same atoms of carbon, combining in one way, form the chaste and lucid diamond; in another, the coarse and common charcoal; in still another, the white and fleecy cotton. How different the properties of diamond, charcoal, and cotton; how very different the impressions they make on our senses; yet are they all three built up from the same atoms. Take the substance termed ice. By applying heat, this solid is changed into a liquid, known as water. By a further application of heat, this liquid is resolved into the vapory element, steam. Then, by yet closer chemical agencies, this vapor is changed into gases. How different the properties of ice, water, steam, gas; how differently they impress us; the gases would stifle us, the steam burn, the

water drown, and the ice freeze us. Yet is each substance made up of the same particles, only differently combined. Therefore the great difference of properties in the various forms of matter is due to a difference in the atomic arrangement.

But all arrangement involves the idea of an *arranging force*. Inertia forbids the idea that such force is intrinsic in matter. It is therefore extrinsic. Unless, then, the materialist would deny the connection between cause and effect, he must admit a formative force, prior, superior to, and beyond this mass of inert matter.

But if matter cannot *move* itself, much less could it *create itself*.

Again, the various kingdoms of matter can be traced *backward*, from higher to lower, from the animal kingdom to the vegetable, from the vegetable to the mineral, from the mineral to the uncrystallized rocks, and thence downward through more and more primitive geological conditions, till we touch the great common mass of original chaotic matter. Nor need we stop there.

Analogy would seem to indicate that there is still a prior point of attenuation and refinement, at which matter loses its character *as* matter or physical substance; and thus that it originates *as* matter from that prior source. For example, as the whole animal kingdom necessarily rests upon the basis of the prior kingdom of vegetation, so the whole *universal kingdom of matter* necessarily rests upon the basis of a prior kingdom, which differs as much from the realm of matter or physical substance, as the vegetable kingdom differs from the animal. Now, unless we suppose this prior kingdom to be a kingdom of *spirituality*, we cannot conceive what it is, and then it is to the mind a *nothing*, and cannot be an object of thought.

But it may be asked, "If the physical creation originated in spirituality, whence did *that* originate?" If we should answer that it sprang from a higher spirituality, and that

that originated in a still higher, and *that* in a still higher; if we could prolong our quest to eternity, in search of the origin of origins,—we should still have only *spirituality*,—an infinite realm of spirituality, beyond the idea of which our thought cannot possibly go. We conclude, then, *not* that matter is eternal, but that analogy affirms, and reason does not deny, that this whole realm of matter originated in the prior realm of spirituality.

Now spirituality possesses the properties of affection, thought, and will, and these, again, are the attributes of *personality*. This infinite realm of spirituality, therefore, involves the idea which we mean to convey by the term God.

If this reasoning is correct, then the conclusion is obvious, that all physical substance, of whatever kind, must have had an ultimate origin in spirit,—IN GOD.

From the things that are seen, we can look through the long line of ages, into the inconceivable depths of the past eternity, even to the period when no external creations are perceived, not even a form or substance which sense could comprehend. There the mind can recognize, as the source of all material creations, the *Divine Soul*. This was “the beginning.” On this point the soaring thought may rest. *God is the Beginning of time and the Centre of nature.*

The beautiful chain of truth leads straight back to the Supreme Spirit, as the infinite source of being, the creative life of nature,—the divine and eternal *Reality*, of which creation itself is but a visible outbirth. He is the only REAL BEING in the universe. He is the indwelling and impalpable Life of which all material formations are but the *crust*, and from his heart flow out the streams of life and light and beauty through all the arteries of Creation.

But let me not, for a moment, be understood as arguing that the matter of this universe was created by God out of *nothing*. I dismiss the idea as being itself a mental nothing. But if we suppose that spirit is a substance, an *essence*,

and that matter was created out of this essence, there will at least be in this no violation of the laws of thought, and the reasons will more distinctly appear as we proceed. I know that a popular opinion prevails that God produced the world out of "nothing"; and, like many other popular opinions, this is generally supposed to be a truth expressly revealed in Scripture.

Perhaps many of my readers, who have hitherto taken this for granted, will be surprised to learn that the Scriptures give no such statement, and afford no warrant for it. The Mosaic record simply reads; "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." "Created," says the text, and goes no further. It gives us not the slightest intimation as to what they were created out of. The theologian, without the least semblance of warrant, attempts to fill this gap with—*nothing*. He might as well have taken any other word in Webster's Dictionary. "But," some one may say, "to create signifies to make out of nothing,—that is the proper meaning of the word." Not at all. Such a definition throws the context, where this same word is used in the Scriptures, into confusion and contradiction. Thus we read, "So God *created* man in his own image, male and female, created he them." But they were not made out of "nothing," for we are told that the "Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground," and that woman was made "of one of the ribs of the man." Again we read, "But now thus saith the Lord that *created* thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel"; and again, "Even every one that is called by my name; for I have *created* him for my glory." It will scarcely be thought that Jacob was made out of nothing, or that every one who is called by the Lord's name is produced out of nothing.

Out of many such illustrations that might be given, these will suffice to show that the Scriptures give no such meaning to the word "create." On the contrary, they clearly show that all creation is *an emanation from the Creator*. As

smoke is evolved from flame, clouds from water, and fire from friction, so the creation from the Creator.

The primary and proper idea of creation is that of a *going forth*,—a *going forth of the material from the spiritual*; thus, the universe is a going forth from God, “from whom are all things”; or, as written in another place, all things are *ex Deo*, i. e. out of God; for, “Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created.” This is the only Scriptural meaning of the word “create.”

This is the only rational and common-sense meaning, likewise; for certainly nothing can be more true than the ancient apothegm, “From nothing nothing can come.” We can form no conception of a something which is made of nothing, any more than we can determine *how much* of nothing was needed for the job; whether there was nothing left; and if there was, whether it amounted to “nothing of any consequence.”

This theory asserts (and it is the prevalent theological hypothesis in our land to-day) that all the various forms of the visible universe have been evolved by the Divine Being from absolute *nothing*. That, previous to the “creation of the heavens and the earth,” the illimitable expanse was simply an empty and unbroken void, which held not the least atom of any substance whatever; and that from this very unsubstantial source the Divine Will, in its great omnipotence, brought forth the innumerable forms that fill immensity.

Now this proposition is contrary to the first principles of reason; nay, it overthrows the very basis on which reason begins to act, and hence it is known to be absurd, in the same way as the affirmation that two and two make six would be known to be so. If the science of numbers be rightly rendered, then nought multiplied by itself, or by any given number, will produce nought, and this process might be carried to infinity with the same result. Nothing, multiplied by Infinite Power, would still be nothing.

We may safely infer, then, that a whole infinitude of nothing would be insufficient for the production of a single form of matter.

It may be said, indeed, that Deity is omnipotent, hence can produce any results, without reference to earthly impossibilities. But there is a fallacy here. God is not absolutely omnipotent. His power is controlled by his wisdom, and guided by his love. There are whole classes of results which Deity cannot produce. He is not, for instance, *wick- edly* omnipotent. He cannot do a single wrong act. One act of wrong committed by Deity would destroy his whole universe; yea, it would destroy himself,—God would no longer be God.

He is not *absurdly* omnipotent. He cannot do an unwise act, nor go counter to the law of his wisdom. But to create a universe from nothing would be an act of absurd omnipotence, for it would be an act in violation of those laws of thought, and those principles of being, which were ordained by the Divine Wisdom itself. Therefore the power of God might be exercised on nothing through eternity, and, because it acts on no object, it would produce no effect. The Divine Spirit, being a substance in itself, must have *some- thing* on which to act, or its powers cannot be exercised.

It is still further evident that no substance can originate from nothing, because in this there are no elements, essences, or forces from which matter can be derived. All substances must be formed, of necessity, from some pre-existent germ, in which their latent powers are embosomed. All forms in nature are thus produced. The plant, the flower, the tree, the animal, thus grow from the life-forces existing in the seed. And without some germ from which to spring, these forms could never have been created.

So the law of growth and production shows that every form of matter must be derived from some prior substance. But in absolute nonentity there is no germ of being from which anything could be created; and hence, where there

are no elements, essences, forces, or germs, it is clear that there can be nothing produced.

According to that which *is*, and eternally *must be*, it is even impossible for "nothing" to exist. The highest intelligence in the universe cannot comprehend nothing, for no mind can even begin to act without selecting *something* as the object of its action; and it is plain that what the highest intelligence cannot conceive has, and can have, no real existence. Therefore, if *nothing* could not exist, *something* must have existed from eternity. And this primitive something was obviously that substance from which all visible matter was formed, — or, in other terms, a spiritual essence.

Again, matter, as we see it, can be subjected to the intensest heat, the most powerful reagents, the most corrosive compounds; it may be sublimated into elementary states so simple as to be neither seen nor felt by the senses. But go as far as we may into the depths of ethereality, matter can never be traced to absolute *nothing*; its elements still exist, and no particle of any substance whatever, though dissolved and evaporated and sublimated to infinity, in the fiercest chemical processes, can ever be forced backward to nothingness. It is obviously absurd, therefore, to suppose that the universe was created from nothing, because it clearly can never be resolved back to this; and no substance can be derived from that to which it may not return.

We are thus led to reject both the theory of the materialist and the theory of the theologian; to deny the eternity and the self-existence of matter; to deny, as well, its creation from nothing; and to trace backward its origin to the *Infinity of Spirit*, to that Deity "who is not far from every one of us," whose Divine nature must connect itself with materiality, in an essentially near relation, and whose substance is the original basis from which it was derived.

We end with a sharp moral syllogism. If truth is that which *is*, untruth, error, or falsehood is that which *is not*, nonentity, or *nothing*. To say, then, that God created all

things "out of nothing," is to refer the origin of all things to error, and hence to evil.

In our conception of the Divine Being, let us not, by regarding him as a mere force, lose sight of the real — the *most intensely real* — substantiality of his nature. Though God is a spirit, he must be likewise a substance, else could he have no positive personal being.

The Divine constitution must include not merely infinite power, — the power by which the process of creation was carried on, — but *substance* likewise, on which this power could operate, through which it could manifest and express itself, and from which the universal system of nature was evolved.

This, then, was the origin of matter. As the chemist condenses an ether to less active conditions by the abstraction of its heat, so Deity may be supposed to have withdrawn, from the most exterior portion of his own substance, his spiritual heat and life. *Matter* would be the result, — matter in its most ethereal and attenuated state, the primitive matter of the natural universe.

Then, by the different arrangements, affinities, and condensations of the atoms of this primeval matter, the various substances and differing forms of nature successively took their rise; — the infinite realm of spirituality shading off into the kingdom of materiality, by the same fine steps of gradation by which the mineral kingdom ascends into the vegetable, the vegetable kingdom into the animal, and the animal into the sphere of humanity.

We turn now from this general inquiry to the more special, and perhaps more interesting, theme of the origin of the planetary orbs.

There was a time when no man dwelt on any portion of this globe; anterior to this, there was a time when no animal lived on its surface; and more remote still, there was a period when as yet no foliage had waved, or flower had blushed upon the desolate landscape. There was a time

when oceans had not filled their beds, nor water-courses their channels,—a time when the earth was one vast molten mass. Preceding this fluid state, there was a time when the globe was no globe, but a rotating bubble of luminous vapor and flaming gas.

We know this ; for the present hard and rocky earth, the fluid atmosphere, are composed substantially of four viewless gases,—oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic-acid gas. These, with a few subordinate gases, united in different proportions, form not only air, water, and earth, but fruits and flowers, flesh and blood, animals and men. Thus we may see that the gaseous form of the earth preceded the fluid and the solid. But whence the gases ? *They* are ponderable ; they have density and extension, and can be weighed and measured and felt. There are forms of matter more sublimated still, which by their ethereality refuse the test of the crucible or the scales, and only indicate their presence by their effects.

The subtle elements, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, are found in each form of matter, and can be evolved from each. All matter is charged with them, and is an outbirth from them. Take these imponderable substances away from matter, and what is left ? Gravitation would be destroyed, for gravitation is but the dynamic virtue of these subtle elements. There would be no cohesion of particles ; therefore *no form, no color, no weight*,—nothing visible, tangible, or audible ; matter would be annihilated. Hence we conclude that the imponderable ethers, heat and light, are the basis of all grosser substances, and that their different combinations produce the gases, as truly as the respective combinations of the gases produce air and water, mineral, vegetable, and animal forms.

But whence came the heat and light of our globe ? Surely from the *solar fountain*,—from the great sun of pure elemental fire. The sun is the mother of the earth. She formed it of her substance, she carried it in her bosom,

she invested it with her laws. Our artificial heat and light are but those sun-brought potentialities stored up in gross earthly substances, and unlocked by the industry of man. Should those oceanic waves of imponderable ether, which so unceasingly flow forth from the solar orb, be fully intercepted from our atmosphere for a single day, growth would cease, life would stand frozen, every living form would decompose, and the earth rotate backward into chaos, night, and death. If the sun gave out no rays, the animal kingdom would perish, the vegetable kingdom congeal, the human race cease to exist, and the planet itself would be but a blind and blackened mote upon the disk of nature.

The earth was born from the sun, — conceived, generated, and incubated within the solar bosom, in accordance with the laws and conditions of planetary birth. The dark spots often seen in the sun, at times gathering, increasing, and conglobating, then rapidly revolving, or vanishing from sight to reappear in a different part of the sun's disk, — these spots are the germs of earths and planets, in their various stages of condensation. Nothing comes into being but by birth. The general law is, the production of *secretions* in an ovum, uterus, capsule, or other maternal vessel, and the progressive formation of the foetal birth, in whatever kingdom of nature it may be. This law applies as truly to mineral or planetary life as to human or animal. And our earth came forth from its maternal chamber by generation and birth, in obedience to the same laws by which every plant and every living creature ever burst the barriers of their incipient state of being.

The sun, we repeat, is pure fire; not such fire as in our denser planet feeds upon grosser food, but more nearly like the electric flame, though purer and rarer still. It has been computed that the surface of this intense torrent of ethereal fire, this inconceivable ocean of radiating and rotating caloric, has a heat five thousand times greater than that of molten iron.

The conjunction of the heat and light ethers of this purest flame would, as we have already shown, produce gases which, combining and condensing, would form every variety of matter. These are the solar spots, the first germ in the generation of an earth.

These spots would spread, thicken, enlarge, and condense, till the whole surface of the sun was crusted over, to be afterwards dislodged as a planetary ring, and condensed into a globe. Or if, by any means, the encrusting process was retarded, the centrifugal force of the sun would impel this vapory or gaseous nucleus towards the barriers of the solar orb; till, passing through the doors of its prison-house, its parturition is accomplished, and as a new-born earth it enters upon its pathway in the sky.

Launched out like a stone from a catapult into the wide regions of space, its watery elements reduced to vapor, and encircling its flamy nucleus, like a cloud,—with an elongated and flowing train, like redundant tresses streaming wildly in the wind,—it soon becomes visible to the spectator as a gleaming comet in its elliptical orbit. From its farthest distance it successively returns in haste to the maternal breast, there to imbibe fresh streams from its solar parent, till, warmed and fed, it departs again. In this way the comet is a world in its *nascent* and *infant* state,—a wisp of aroal substance hurled spinning through an hyperbola for many million years.

What is vulgarly called the *tail* of this monster happens to be just the opposite to a tail, being in fact a *snout*, or trunk, or siphon, similar in action to the proboscis of a bee, which this insect plunges into the depths of a flower, pumping up the honey. Through this magnetic fire-spout, or sucking-straw, which is, as every one knows, *in a line from the sun*, it imbibes the sustenance required. When the sun darts its rays through the lens of this diaphanous drinker, we can *see* the process of suction.

After then some millions of years, it must needs happen

that this swift body has gathered so much volume as no longer to allow of these sweeping ellipses through the heavens. During these erratic wanderings many changes are taking place ; its surface is gradually cooling ; its form becoming more spherical ; its pathway more nearly approaching the circular. That grand pendulum movement, which at one beat swept through a whole solar system, is reduced to a small action round its solar tether ; till, at last, having sown its celestial wild-oats, it learns to walk in the line of its true orbit, and becomes a staid and respectable citizen of the great planetary family.

And creation is perpetually going on ; new worlds are as much in process of formation as new vegetables and new animals ; for the same laws by which a world was formed a million of ages ago are active now ; and so long as these activities exist, so long will creation and re-creation, generation and regeneration go on.

And what a boundless field of space is opened for their reception ! Allowing a million of miles for the range of each planet, between us and the sun there would be room for nearly a hundred ; between the sun and Neptune for nearly four thousand, and for more than as many beyond this orbit. There is no lack of planetary space, — all of which will yet be filled, and every earth with human beings.

And still this immensity which wearies the mind — this solar system, in all its plenitude — is but a speck, a point, in the universe of stars. Well may we exclaim, "Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty !"

WE call around us those who, dissatisfied with the forms of an antiquated system of dogma, and fully admitting salvation by Christ alone, desire to labor in raising the new edifice which is to be built on the solid basis of Him who is at once the Son of man and the Son of God.

A PSALM OF FREEDOM.

STILL wave our streamer's glorious folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Though ten dim stars have turned to blood
On yonder field of blue.

It is our nation's judgment-day
That makes her stars to fall ;
And all the dead start from their graves
At Freedom's trumpet-call.

Lo, on the thunders of the storm
She rides, — an angel strong :
“ Now my swift day of reckoning comes,
Now ends the slaver's wrong.

“ Lift up your heads, ye faithful ones,
For now your prayers prevail ;
Ye faithless, hear the tramp of Doom,
And dread the iron hail !

“ God's last Messiah comes apace
In Freedom's awful name ;
He parts the tribes to right and left,
To glory or to shame.”

Then wave the streamer's gallant folds
O'er all the brave and true,
Till all the stars shine out again
On yonder field of blue.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

THERE is not a gift of God to man which has been so universally misunderstood and abused as the gift of the Sabbath day,—misunderstood and abused quite as much by the religious as by the irreligious. Handed from generation to generation,—always found in our homes and accepted there,—we have grown up thinking that woe remained for those who should depart by one jot or one tittle from the accustomed method of keeping it. The sanction of years has had with us the weight of authority, and wherever the New-Englander has gone, has gone with him, as a peculiar institution, the New England Sunday. I would not speak lightly of a day about which clusters so much that is sacred. I would not deny influences of good that have gone out from it. Stern, harsh, repulsive, exacting, we owe to it much of that which distinguishes New England character, and wins for it confidence and respect. I honor the day. I believe in its capacity for good. I respect the memory of those grim old men who fashioned and transmitted it to us, while I long to see a more thoroughly Christian spirit pervading it. Ours has been too long rather the Jew's Sabbath than the Christian's Sunday. I would still wish to remember the Sabbath to keep it holy; but it should be with the holiness of the spirit of the religion of Jesus, not with that of the letter of Moses.

Nothing can be clearer than the abrogation of the Jewish Sabbath. The Saviour more than once showed that its ceremonies and forms, and its idea of rest, had no place under his religion. He said that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Man was not to conform to it, but it was to conform to man, changing its methods and modes as the changing circumstances of man required. He was not to be the slave, but the lord of the Sabbath. It may have all been very well that the Jew should keep the day as

he did. It was, perhaps, the best way for him. It may be that the Puritan kept it in the best way for himself and his age; but that Puritan strictness and narrowness are desirable, or can be efficacious, in our day, were it not for the power of education and prejudice, no one would allow, and the persistent attempts to force an observance upon a generation every way unlike those going before, is producing pernicious and lasting, if not fatal, results. Many, both of the older and younger, are repelled from the day, or observe it only in form, to whom it would be holiest and welcomest if it came in the broad and liberal spirit of the Gospel; while others, frowned upon by those who take to themselves the exclusive spirit of sanctity, are using it to truest advantage. Another generation will not pass without a radical change in the keeping of holy time. There are signs which make that sure. How shall I best spend the Sunday is the anxious question of many, and the patent answer less and less suffices. Not the indifferent and the scoffer, but the man of serious faith and devout life, begins to doubt of so much church-going, of such exclusive religious and public use of the day. I am free to confess that I believe the Sunday will only be safely and sacredly used when it shall be made to minister to a man's domestic and social needs quite as much as his religious.

One of the gravest objections to the popular method of keeping Sunday—I mean the popular religious method—is that it leaves nothing to the home, or, more truly, requires nothing of the home. Before the domestic duties of the day have fairly subsided, the bell proclaims that the hour of morning service has come. An early dinner hardly gives time for a prompt appearance at the Sunday School, and the close of the afternoon service finds old and young pretty thoroughly weary, and longing for some little relaxing. If now the Sunday-school lesson for the next Sunday is to be learned, and after tea the evening meeting of some sort attended, where is the room for the home? And what

has the home to do with and what does the home for hundreds and thousands of families in our land, with whom God's blessed day of peace and joy and rest is a series of public exhortations, to the excitements or instructions of which the whole Sabbath duty is narrowed? We have no warrant for such a state of things in revelation or reason or common sense; and yet thousands of reasonable and common-sense people "drag this dead weight" of the Sabbath with them through life, supposing that so they do God service. Do we not do a better service when we keep a proper equilibrium among our duties and employments,—when we let the overgrowth of no one overshadow or destroy any other? If the Sabbath was made for man, it was made for man in the home, just as surely as for man in the church, and he who, through devotedness to his church, leaves the home to itself, does not remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

The Jewish day was reckoned from sunset to sunset. The Jewish Sabbath, consequently, began with the setting sun of the day previous,—if such an expression be allowable. The Puritans, who were rather Jewish than Christian in their faith and their forms, imitated this custom, and, as it was called, "kept" Saturday night as a sort of preparation. There was an element of truth and value in that, though carried by them to an extreme. It chanced that a part of my boyhood was passed upon the Connecticut River, where then lingered, in all its force, the old Puritan rigor of faith and conduct and form. The sinking of the Saturday's sun was a thing of dread to us children, for it ushered in the long, weary, monotonous Sabbath, born, as we thought, out of due time. In the short winter days, how soon that setting came, and then woe to that luckless youngster whom the desire for one coast more, or one more skate over the pond, prevented from reaching home before the stars came out. My own was a harder case than most,—for those under whose charge I was had brought with

them from their homes the habit of observing the Sunday evening, while the community in which they resided demanded as scrupulous observance of Saturday evening; so that I, instead of escaping both, as I ought, was compelled to keep both. I can see now those Sunday suns sinking in the west. Anxious eyes, through the village and at the farm-house windows, wait for the last ray, and then, as the cautious father decides that Sunday is really past, the doors fly open, boys and girls rush out to play, and upon the still evening air resound the blows of the farmer's axe as he prepares the wood for the Monday washing. All of this I saw,—I, too, longed to be free,—but alas! the inexorable Sabbath held me till the morrow.

This was the extreme, and it is thus that in the end all extremes caricature the truth. The idea of preparing for Sunday was a good one, but the loosening of all restraint upon the Sunday evening—a virtual compensation for the thrall of the evening previous—was an inconsistency unworthy of the day, ludicrous in many respects at the time, and injurious in its influence. At school, in other places, I encountered, in a mitigated form, the use of the Saturday evening as a preparation for the ensuing day, and I have seen something of it in homes, and I pronounce it good. Many a little household duty may just as well be attended to on Saturday evening as left to worry and harass a morning, the most pressed and anxious of all the week—if the truth were told—in many a home. It would be a great wisdom in the head of the home to insist that a certain class of Sunday necessities should be attended to on Saturday, and a greater wisdom still if a later portion of the evening should be used for such reading and thought as will gradually bring the mind away from its world-life, and prepare it to enter upon the higher duties and privileges of the morrow. Largely the Sunday fails of accomplishing what it should, because it finds us unprepared. We break sharply and reluctantly and but half away from the routine of

ordinary life, rather at the compulsions of a regular hour than from the impellings of the heart. We need a gradual *toning down* of thought and life. We cannot really enjoy and improve Sunday without it. The great gulf we fix between our weeks and our Sabbaths, between our world-life and our soul-life, we cannot jump or bridge, but must pass quietly and deliberately over. Saturday evening should be for the subsiding of the things of the world, that the dawn of the morrow may be the right dawning for the first day of the week. It should be as the porch to the temple of the Sabbath.

I have brought with me from childhood a reminiscence of Saturday afternoons, which I enjoy vastly as a reminiscence, but in vain strive to produce again as a fact. I cannot make Saturday afternoon seem as Saturday afternoon used. All things about them wore a peculiar aspect. All sounds and silence even were unlike what they were at other times. It was as if all Nature were preparing for the Sabbath,—as if her unpolluted ear caught from far the first signal of the approaching of one of the days of the Son of man, and reverently prepared to meet it. Other nights shut down around us as calm and still,—just as sweet and cheerful were the evening songs of the birds, just as content the loitering cows coming from the pasture, just as long and silent the shadows upon the fields and away off upon the hills, each night as then ; but there was a something ineffable of peace, content, rest, that no other evening had,—a foreshadowing of the Sabbath,—which must have been caught unconsciously from those preparatory duties always associated with the last evening of the week. It was a feeling of childhood, perhaps, and like childhood has passed away forever ; but as David longed for the water of the well by the gate of Bethlehem, so have I longed to feel as I once did on the evening of the day preceding the Sabbath.

The Sabbath comes. How perfect and how grateful is

its silence! Dumb is labor and hushed all tumult and care. Even the great marts of trade are deserted, and cities rest. The very birds sing a new song,—and a certain delicious soothing greets you at your waking, and murmurs to you gratefully: "This is the day the Lord has made." Dull and dead must he be beyond the dulness and deadness of the mere sluggard, who does not feel some awakening of the better man within him at the hallowed advent of the Sabbath morning.

At the very threshold of the day, we meet with that which has much to do with the character of our home Sundays. I mean that general habit of self-indulgence which permits one, two, three, or more hours of sleep on Sunday. I do not believe there is any one thing introduces so much trouble and vexation into the home, tends to so much Sabbath-breaking, and gives rise to more and more various disturbance, than this habit, which ought to be honored only in the breach. What a record would the Sunday mornings at home of a village or city be, and what varied unhappiness should we find beginning there and dragging its troubled trail through the livelong day, "from morn till dewy eve." The day has not started right, and it cannot go on right. Something is lost that cannot be found; something escaped that cannot be recaptured. Squandered at the drowsy importunacy of the body is time that was not yours to squander. Your home had a claim upon it,—made a direct demand of it. Your selfishness clogged or stopped the domestic wheels. The day long it suffers because of you. Something is omitted, or is imperfect, or postponed. I grant that there are sometimes those upon whom labor lays so heavy a hand that the Sunday demands some longer indulgence in sleep; but in the vast majority of cases the plea for the necessity is simply the plea of our indolence. It is the sluggard's plea. You do not take special interest in Sunday. You have got nothing to do. Sunday is a day of rest, and so you turn again to slumber. Is there not something of self-reproach when at last you

fairly rouse yourself, and feel that it is late,—when you hurry yourself and hurry others and are hurried by them, and when all your hurrying will not bring things as they ought to be? Your domestics have taken their cue from you, and they are late. Your breakfast is late. Things that ought to have been done yesterday,—shoes that ought to have been blacked, hats and gloves that ought to have been found, buttons that ought to have been sewed on, all come at the last impossible moment to be done,—all importunate,—making of the Sunday morning at home clatter and confusion, and worry,—destroying its peace, unsettling the mind, unstringing the nerves, and the second bell calls perturbed and every way illy prepared spirits to the sacred solemnities of worship, hurries you late into church, or keeps you in vexation at home. Ah! the wretchedness every week entailed upon homes, every week repeated, because of the needless extra sleep of the Sunday morning!

It is a wretched mistake men make when they take it for granted that the prime purpose of the Sabbath is physical rest, and that so they have the right to use its hours in a dull animal torpor. Inordinate lying in bed is not the sort of rest that even the animal economy demands. Idleness does not rest the mind, laziness cannot rest the body. No good comes of it. The truest rest is that which comes, not of lethargy, but of simple change of work; and the father, mother, son, daughter, who will rise as early on Sunday as on any other day, and set about the Sunday's duties, will find themselves as truly refreshed when Monday comes as those who loitered long in bed, while they will have gained a day in which everything had its proper place and time. It is a grave mistake of the home to allow the earlier hours of its Sundays to be spent in sleep.

To consecrate and complete the home, there must be religion in it; and, as the world and life are, Sunday must be looked to mainly for the giving that consecration and completeness. In itself the home is a sacred place. Its founder

is God. Its gifts, its possibilities are his. The things sacred to the soul and life are of it. It is the place of birth, of growth, of death,—and these three great mysteries, these processes in our being, sanctify it unto us. Distinctively religious then should the home be made by us, and every father and mother be known as the priest and priestess of the domestic altar. The old Levitical law should be revived among us, and every man “sanctify his house to be holy unto the Lord.”

But here we are in the midst of difficulties various and great,—which many seem to think they escape by avoiding altogether,—which are only to be escaped by being met. What is to be the religion of home, and by what means is it to be established?

The religion of home should be broad and genial as religion in itself is, not confined to seasons and to tasks, not to catechisms and articles of faith, not to set acts and forms, not to the Bible and devotion, but liberal and complete, enfolding and touching everything, everybody, every position, relation, act,—joys as well as sorrows,—the least, the common, as well as the greatest and the exceptional. It should have all the reverence of the first commandment, and all the scope of the second,—and this secured by word and work, by precept, by influence direct and indirect,—not by causing to know and do, but by leading the way in knowing and doing. The thing most to be apprehended, most to guard against, is disgusting the members of the home with the subject of religion,—a thing many well-meaning homes have done.

I presume that nearly every child in what would commonly be called a Christian home has been taught to pray. That is, in its early childhood it was taught the Lord's Prayer, or some simple petition which it nightly repeated to its mother. But this habit would seem to be put away with other childish things, and the parent really knows nothing about the devotional habits of the growing boys and girls, who probably have long ago discontinued a practice whose spir-

itual meaning and importance they never knew anything about. Of the religious habits of their parents children are left very much in the dark, save as a suspicion may grow in their minds that they talk of, and perhaps demand of them, that of which in themselves they give no evidence. A child will sometimes be so simple as to turn upon a parent and ask him if he prays, or believes, or does this or that, to the parental confusion, perhaps, though scarcely to his reformation. This is wrong. No child should ever be left to doubt or suspect a parent's faith. There should be a free and true communion on this first and greatest of subjects,—an interchange of thought and feeling, purpose and hope. Home was made for the soul, and the parent is parent of it as well as of the body,—and he has but skimmed the surface of his duty who has fed and fashioned the body, stored and disciplined the mind, but done nothing for the soul. I do not believe in talk about one's inner life for talk's sake, but how it would hallow the relation of parent and child, help them both, if the interior of each heart were laid bare, as it many times may be in the confidential intercourse of home,—and how it would speed a child onward in its work could it but know that through just these experiences and struggles father and mother have passed before.

I do not believe much in children's going to church. I do not understand upon what grounds any one can reasonably expect a child, the very incarnation of unrest, to sit all dressed and prim, with his feet dangling in the air, for a mortal hour or more, when he cannot be kept still five minutes at home. It is an idea that had better be exploded, that there is any good to come from such a martyrdom. Between the sufferings of the child, the anxiety of the mother, and the general disturbance in the neighborhood if anything goes wrong, an amount of wretchedness results from the experiment not to be compensated by any advantage supposed to be derived from the early

formation of a habit. The child can get no instruction from the church services,—the subjects treated and the mode of treatment are alike beyond his grasp. You do not take him to Lyceum lectures, you do not read to him dry essays of morality, or expect him to comprehend or delight in many of the topics of your own discourse; and how can you expect that the constrained attitude and enforced decorum of the pew should be anything short of a penance, endangering rather than securing an after habit or after love of attendance. I do not believe the church is any place for children under ten years of age, unless they go willingly, and require no oversight. There is an amount of misery growing out of this custom that would amaze us if we could become cognizant of it. The place for the child on the Sunday is at home, and his earlier religious culture should be exclusively of it.

I say this not forgetting that there is such an institution as the Sunday school. Much as I think it capable of accomplishing, there grows in me the conviction that it has had a direct and largely injurious effect upon religious training in our homes, and, from being a supplement, has ended in supplanting the teaching of home. The home should be the Sunday school of the child. It used to be so; but no one can doubt that, since the prevalence of this institution, there has been a marked decay in the religious instruction of home,—even very conscientious and careful parents delegating this delicate task. I think it a pity that the Sunday school ever departed from its original mission to the poor, the ignorant, and degraded. It has a work and a place among them; it supplies what they could not otherwise obtain. It is not so with us. We are capable of teaching our children,—any one of us. That is one of the things we ought not to allow any other to do for us; that is one of the things for which Sunday was given to the home; virtually, that is one of the things we engaged to do when God intrusted to our keeping the immortal spirits of our

children ; and through all discouragement, defeat, and failure, we are to toil at it, till, by experiment and the blessing of God, we have arrived at the ability to meet and discharge our obligation. Above and before all others ought the parent to be the religious teacher of the child. In the days before the Sunday school it was so. There was a general catechizing now and then by the minister, but the work was done in the home, and any one who knows anything about it knows that we of the present generation are much better versed in Scripture, in doctrine and duty, than are they of the rising generation. And yet we had no advantage of Sunday schools, — no teachers, no libraries, no general lessons, — but only the humble efforts, often of humble parents, teaching from the one book, and enforcing by example what they taught. The best, the truest, the deepest lessons we have learned have been from the simple, but earnest teachings of our homes. The fault of to-day's degeneracy lies with *our* homes ; — not that they have deliberately and of set purpose given up their duty ; but, finding the Sunday school recognized, and the custom of sending children established, unconsciously they have surrendered a duty they ought sacredly to have kept. Go through the Sunday schools and question the classes, and you will be amazed at the universal ignorance of things which ought to have been taught by mothers in the nursery. Go into homes, and you will find parents satisfied with seeing that the lessons are got, — not all doing even that, — while about the lesson or about any serious topic there is no conversation and no interest. The Bible is a sealed book in our homes, — a *show* book merely, sometimes, — and all the religious knowledge the child receives comes from the Sunday school, from a teacher oftentimes wholly inadequate to the task, — or, however adequate to the mere work of instruction, never able to take the place or discharge the duties of a parent. I know there is a semblance of treason in this ; but while I own all the Sunday school has done, and see more that it

may do, I believe it has, unwittingly, inflicted an injury upon our homes, nor do I see any good reason for supposing they will return to their duty so long as the Sunday school shall occupy the position and offer to do the work that it does. If I could carry out my idea, instead of the Sunday school as it is, I would have a children's service, and leave the direct teaching of the day to the homes. Perhaps this will be, when homes are what they should be.

I say that every parent is solemnly bound to give his children religious instruction, and to secure to himself for it a portion of the Sunday. Many men say to me, as an excuse for attending church but a half of the day, "I want a part of the day with my children," — and I feel that that is all very well, and I sympathize with it, provided it be not a mere get-off, — or if they do something more than merely amuse themselves with them. I say that is just what every man does want, — a part of the Sunday with his children, in which he shall be, not their playmate, not their companion, but their religious teacher; and you may depend upon it we are neglecting one of our first duties when we neglect to secure and to use a part of Sunday for just that thing. And the man who goes to church all day and in the evening, and sends his children to the Sunday school, cannot very well do it if he want to. First of all, we need some abridgment of this much church-going. It is little better than a profanation of a day which God intended should be consecrated to the best good of the whole man, not to the cramming of one part and the starving of the rest.

The instruction of the home should not be merely formal, from the book, nor of the character of a school task, but every way genial. There is no fear that in making the subject interesting you shall destroy its vitality, as some seem to think, while "you do a very dangerous thing when you make that wearisome which you wish to be most loved." I can recall the days when I had no home, — when the Sabbath was long, monotonous, wearisome, and I used to be shut up

by myself through the long summer morning, with Watts's hymns in my hand, and the craving for outdoors in my heart. I can hear now the very buzzing of the flies in that my Sabbath prison. I am afraid I profited poorly by those weekly incarcerations, for I never could master Watts's hymns. When I went home, it was early summer, and my father's house was just beneath the old Christ Church, and our Sunday lessons were with our mother, on the grass plot in the yard,—less a lesson of books than of talk,—while old Christ-Church bells poured all their sweetness out upon the gathering stillness of the Sabbath evening. "Those evening bells!" They are a part of many fragrant memories and blessed influences! That is the way home should teach,—so as to leave a joy behind,—not so much by the book as from what the book has already taught the parent heart,—not from the Bible merely, but from the page of that other revelation nature makes,—not from these only, but from history, from your and your children's experience, from all the myriad suggestions that come from time to time, and that flow from you in the confidence of Sunday intercourse. This will not be easy. Nothing of real benefit is. No item of parental responsibility is to be met off-hand. This is a thing for thought, for prayer, for preparation, for experiment. Yet it is a thing that every father and every mother can and ought to do. Deliberately should the Sunday teaching of the children be prepared for. It should have some plan, and be thoroughly done. How you shall best reach your children patience and time and your parent tact will show. All have not the same gift, but all have some gift. Some will succeed best in one way, some in another. One parent has this gift, and another has that; one child has this want, and the other that. Never weary with the sameness of your teaching, or the length of your exercise, but consult the limits and the laws of the child-nature in all things.

Do you say that this is demanding too much,—that which is possible only to the few of leisure, of ability, or of wealth?

I reply, that the facts, as they may be gathered from many a New England home, are against you. I ask only what every parent may do,—has the time and means, and ought to have the ability and the willingness, to do. If you do not know anything about religion, and do not care anything about it, or if you care so little as to be unwilling to make the sacrifice and the exertion necessary, that is one thing ; but you never heard of a poor, simple-minded man or woman, whose heart was right, and who followed the simple leadings of nature, who failed to make truth pleasant and palatable and profitable. There is not in all the range of all the libraries such a series of narrative as crowds the pages of the Bible, and narrative is the craving of the youngest child, and no narratives so much interest children as those of the Old and New Testament. You may not succeed the first time or the second, nor do you in anything ; but you will soon find that your children come to you, saying, “ Tell us something more from the Bible,” and you will find that the *telling* is better for them than the *reading*, relieving the narrative of its antiquated forms of speech, and giving a certain air of reality to the circumstances, as well as a feeling of greater liberty to question. This is for the younger a fertile and inexhaustible field, opening up treasures of wisdom and wonder. Advancing years may require other culture ; but for that your own advancing experience qualifies. Keeping step with your children’s progress, you may always be companion and fellow-pupil at least ; indeed, the wisest of us always finds himself these ; and so these home talks with the children react upon ourselves, and redound to our own good. There are beside a multitude of topics for the home Sunday. There are matters of outside interest and benevolence ;—no dearth at all, but a myriad subjects and a myriad helps starting up always about those in earnest, unknown, unguessed by the indifferent ; a Divine hand ever leading the way and pointing to the parent heart the manner of leading the tender spirit on. Never fear but God will show you how, when you earnestly undertake.

The home Sunday, however, is not to be spent exclusively in religious employments, nor ever to the extent of wearying. It must have relaxing. Why must every toy be put away, every pleasant book be shut, every expression of glee repressed, and the whole child subdued to an uneasy quietude, simply because it is Sunday? Does not God let the birds sing their week-day songs, the waters wear their week-day sparkle, the flowers exhale their week-day perfume, and shall the child be rudely kept from all week-day exuberance, and fretted or crushed into obedience by the perpetual reminder that it is Sunday? What wonder that the Sunday grows to be a thing of horror and of hate? I believe it is well to teach and establish some difference,—that some things should be put aside till Monday,—but I more than pity the unhappy ones tortured into a silence as unnatural as it is absolute. The houses that the week long resound with all the various revelry of childhood, but on Sunday are pervaded as with the hush of death,—in which you long painfully for some outbreak of hearty, honest noise,—are not truly homes, and do not leave on the mind the holiest and happiest impressions of home. How many there are to whom the memory of the home Sunday comes up as the one dark and unpleasant shadow on a fair vision; how many owe to it their aversion to the day, and their present neglect of its duties and opportunities; and how many homes are growing up now without wholesome restraint,—the one extreme the inevitable consequence of the other! The Sabbath was made for the child as well as for the man. It must not override the nature of the one or the other. The child is greater than the Sabbath, not to be tyrannized over by it, but to be ministered unto. Its duty is to serve and not to reign; and our duty is that it be taught to serve wisely.

There is one thing which comes under the head of the home Sunday, which requires a moment's thought. I mean Sunday recreation. Many of us probably recollect that all our homes allowed to us was a short walk after sunset, and

many of us could probably say that the going down of the Sabbath sun was the most welcome fact of the week. "Of all the painful inflictions of boyhood, I know hardly any worse than that of wading through the slough of Sunday." This was another injustice the ingenuity of our fathers contrived for us. I do not want to see the Sunday made into a holiday. I do not want to see riot and noise taking the place of its proper decorum, but I should like to see that it is considered no violation of the day for a family either to walk or to ride together quietly as it draws toward the evening. "Let it have the duty of our devotion; but when that is satisfied, let it also have the gratitude of our gladness." I welcome it as one of the pleasantest harbingers of spring when by my house the family groups come strolling leisurely, enjoying the evening of the day God made, and seeking that refreshing body and spirit need, — to many the only opportunity absorbed life allows for this wholesome recreation. Welcome the baby's wagon, and the children's voices, and the manly stride, and the matronly serenity, and a blessing on each home-group as it passes. The day is the better day for their walk. They have seen God's evening, and God's trees and flowers. Nature has spoken to them, and they will go home happier and sleep more sweetly. For them the flowers blossom, for them the elm-trees bend, for them the evening clouds are painted, for them the stars are lighted, and from all, it may be unconsciously, they and theirs are receiving impressions to hallow and lighten a week of toil. Alas that the street should be the only place for these Sunday walks! Wisely has an English writer said, "An open space near a town is one of Nature's churches, and it is an imperative duty to provide such things." What a blessing is Boston Common, — not an ornament, not the city's lungs, not the place for holidays, not a playground in the week or a promenade for the Sabbath, but one of "Nature's churches"; and if you can see that well-ordered host of families there of a Sunday afternoon, while the western clouds, and the green leaves, and the murmuring fountain

preach, and not feel that there is some better, sanctifying influence from it all, I pity your blindness or your bigotry. God speaks not from pulpits only, or from places of man's consecrating, but he hath put a tongue in every living thing, and a spirit in all nature, to which he gives no Sabbath rest. Not as a sanitary measure should public grounds be opened in every crowded town, but as a great educator of the soul in humanity and virtue, as affording to those of narrow means and narrow homes and over-busy lives a Sunday opportunity of seeing and enjoying with their children the sun and air and works of God.

And what will you prove to me to be the objection to a quiet family drive, where there are the means for driving? That young man who wastes his whole Sabbath, whose soul has starved all day long, whose cigar and dress are his main claims to the name of gentleman, who drives with fury and with yells, half drunk, through your streets, or that other, who, with a more seeming decency, spends the after part of a day he has otherwise wasted or but listlessly observed in a more sober and quiet ride, get no aid and comfort from your example. That is the way the world is ever whipping in those who leave her old ruts. If I go noisy and drunk through the streets, or if I outrage a very proper sentiment by starting on my drive while my neighbors are on their way to church, I may be justly said to set an example of just that thing; but no license can cloak itself under my quiet riding with my family when the worship of the day is over. We have been too long cowed by the fear of setting bad examples, — the convenient cry of the timid, the narrow, and the sinful. I set an example only of that which I actually do. He who does something else does not follow my example, but does a separate and a different thing. If my neighbor or I myself drive quietly to Mount Auburn, or elsewhere, on the Sunday, I do not doubt that some will say we must not be surprised if young men urge as a palliation of their day's riot our example. The absurdity of the plea is only not palpable because of the long habit of allowing it.

The crowning of the Sunday at home is the repeating and singing of hymns. One has grave questions and perplexities about what is commonly called domestic worship, and I sincerely sympathize with the man who honestly and frankly says he does not know what to do. Such a service should be less for the adults than the children, and the prayer that shall engage the attention, enlist the sympathy, instruct the heart, and express the wants of childhood, is the rarest of all utterances. Many a man may be able to pray for himself and for others who wholly fails in his attempts with children. Candidly I think that many of our domestic services are only a weariness to our households, and leave any but the best impression. But about a hymn, that has become a sort of household word, there is something different. It is a rhymed prayer, and the child loves and comprehends it. It is the thing never forgotten. Years, distance, change, death, do not separate us from it. You may have forgotten every maternal precept, the tones of the voice you first loved, the very features of your mother may have become effaced, but with you still, and fresh as at first, is the hymn she taught or sung to you in the Sunday evening twilight of the dear old home,—a presence and an influence forever. Grateful to me at the close of the Sabbath the chorus of childish voices singing their evening hymn, helped out, it may be, by the fingers of the mother and the voice of the father, that so stirs the memories of that dear old home of mine, broken and gone forever! Never mind the music, the want of harmony and time. It is the child-service, and by and by, when weary years separate him from the time and place, or the dark hour draws near, there will come pleasantly, sadly, blessedly, over life's dreary interval and waste, these "sounds from home,"—the evening worship and the closing act of childhood's Sabbath.

With the home lies the religious shaping of the young soul, and from all the week this day is separate for that special work. A mistaken piety demands a rigid and exclusive observance, impossible, in reality, to most men and to all chil-

dren ; indolent self-indulgence leaves it to run wholly waste. In some homes it is all restraint, in some, all license. What we want is the safe and wise middle ground which shall make it pleasant and profitable, neither a gloom for the heart nor a weariness to the body. Then most truly the Sabbath day shall be kept and holy, when, disregarding the limitations of the past, we seek to make it minister to the largest good of all, mindful of Nature's laws and limits, and not expecting of the young, or striving for in ourselves, that which we shall only possess by outraging Divine decrees. To this end have I written, adopting for myself the sentiment of an English writer of the seventeenth century : " I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other ; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day, and according to my care of this is my blessing on the rest. I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censures of the wise and holy, my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God."

J. F. W. W.

THE FLORAL OFFERING.

SWEET flowers, the gift of love from one so dear,
A boy of bounding step and buoyant heart,
I consecrate you to the love unseen
That watches me from heaven ; thus in my thought
Linking in one bright band the youthful heart
And those long-tried, long-trusted friends whom Death,
The beauteous angel, from my sight has borne.
Look down, dear spirits, from your radiant home,
And smile upon your daughter's offering.
Ye know that love entwines each petal fair,
And memories, fragrant as the flowers' own breath,
Give added perfume to each graceful form.

This pink Azalea,* with its odorous breath
 Making the air all perfume, shall be thine,
 My father, as it was on earth thy choice ;
 And its rich fragrance to my loving thought
 Shall typify thy virtues, shedding round
 Their sweet alluring influence far and wide.
 This Mountain Daisy, — 't was a flower *thou* lovedst,
 My gentle mother, and thy type it is,
 Modest as thy own deep humility ;
 And, blooming through all seasons,† fresh and fair,
 Like thy enduring love, — a mother's love.
 And Aquilegia,‡ too, on slender stem
 Swinging in every passing vernal breeze, —
 Thou lovedst it well, from memories of the days
 When thou, a child, didst sport with its light form.

The seasons thus shall bring their floral wealth
 To grace my lonely room, and be a link
 Between my loving heart and that bright sphere
 Where you, ye blessed ones, now dwell, 'mid joys
 Which eye hath never seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor highest thought of mortal hath conceived.

And thou hast plucked for me, my darling boy,
 The pure, white Iris from the cherished flowers
 That deck thy garden-bed. This, then, shall be
 A symbol of the true, unselfish love
 That lights my earthly home. For this sweet love,
 The earthly and the heavenly linked in one,
 My grateful heart its song of praise shall pour
 To Him, the Giver of each "perfect gift,"
 The Holy One, whose dearest name is Love.

†

* Wild Honeysuckle or Swamp Pink.

† "It smiles upon the lap of May,
 To sultry August lends its charms,
 Lights pale October on his way,
 And twines December's arms." — MONTGOMERY.

‡ Columbine ; in this instance Wild Columbine.

PALISSY THE POTTER; OR, WORKING AND TRUSTING.

A SERMON FOR THE CHILDREN BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

PSALM XXXVII. 3: — "Trust in the Lord and do good."

THIS sermon, according to my promise, is intended especially for the children of the congregation, and I hope that, if they will listen attentively, they will be able to understand it. I wish to remind you that you can all do something for yourselves, and that, whilst you ought to do what you can for yourselves, you must ask your Father in heaven to help you. Work and Prayer, — these are the two words that I wish to have you keep in mind whilst I am speaking. If you wish to be good Christian men and women, you must work and you must pray. It is not enough to do one of these things and not do the other. It is not enough to work without praying; it is not enough to pray without working. God loves to have you do something for yourselves, and so he sets you tasks. God loves to help you, and so he tells you to do things which cannot be done as they ought to be done unless you ask him to aid you. God is our Father, and he treats us as wise and kind earthly fathers treat their children, only with infinitely more wisdom and kindness than any human parents can show. Now you know that there are two things which fathers and mothers wish to see in their children; one of these is a willingness to do what they can for themselves, and the other is a willingness to come for help when it is really needed; and a good parent might well assign a hard task to a child in order to make him do his best first, and then come and ask to be aided. If you have a book to study, or a lesson to learn, the teacher begins with giving you some general instruction about the matter, — he is ready to do so much just so soon as you ask him, if he has not (as is very often the case) done so before he was asked; then you must go by yourselves and work,

and if, after trying to master the task, you find some difficulties, some hard places that you cannot get over, he will be willing to do more for you, until the work is finished. You might think that it would be more kind of him to do the whole for you ; but there are many things that no one can do for us, and it would not be good for us to have all our work done by another. Would you not choose to learn to walk rather than be carried in the arms of a strong man, or rolled about in a chair all your lifetime ? Or you might think that it would be more manly and more agreeable not to receive any assistance at all ; but if a little help will enable us to do a great deal more than we can do alone, it is very childish to refuse it. Children, and not men, undertake more than they can do, and in their conceit and self-sufficiency spoil what they might have finished very nicely if they had been willing to receive advice. The best and most diligent scholars are always those for whom a teacher can do, and needs to do, the most ; they keep him constantly employed in answering their questions. The more you try to do your best, the more you will find to do, and the more help to be asked for. And, on the other hand, the child who realizes that his father or teacher is ready and glad and able to help him, will not, after a patient trial, waste time in attempting what is too hard for him, but will ask for the needful explanation, and so will be able to make great progress. When you come to be men and women, you will find some persons who work a great deal, but do not pray, and other persons who pray a great deal, but do not work ; if you wish to be complete, all that God desires you to be, you will unceasingly work and unceasingly pray.

Some years ago, I read the life of a man who was very diligent and very religious, who made the best use of his talents, and at the same time trusted in God with all his heart, and I have been glad to find that some one who knows how to write for young people has told the story for children. It is worth all the more for them because it is

true ; and let me say, that more wonderful things than any which can be made up have actually happened in our world, and that, instead of spending so much time as many do in reading fictitious stories, it would be better to read true stories, histories, and biographies. I have put the little book of which I speak into the Sunday-school library, and I hope that after what I shall say you will wish to see it.

The man to whom I refer was called Bernard de Palissy, and he lived in France in the sixteenth century. I cannot tell you precisely when he was born, for his parents were poor and little known ; but it was about the year 1508. He spent much of his life in the town of Saintes, which is in the south-west of France, and he was famous for two things, — the one his skill and success as a mechanic, the other his sincerity and devotion as a Christian. He deserves on both accounts to be remembered and spoken of, and his example may be of great use to you. When Palissy came to the town of Saintes, he supported his family by three different trades, laboring as a surveyor, as an ornamental painter, and as a glass-worker. As a surveyor he drew plans of estates and mapped out farms and gardens. His paintings were quite lifelike, for he was an admiring student of the works of God, and had brought together quite a collection of plants, minerals, and insects, which he copied very skilfully with pen or pencil. Whether in those days the names and occupations of tradesmen and mechanics were written over the doors of the shops according to the present custom, I cannot say ; but then, as now, they had real signs, some object or figure to show what was done within, and in Palissy's doorway a painted figure of a dog deceived and astonished with its show of life the living dogs that passed along the road.

One day a nobleman who had employed him upon a trifling commission, and who, I suppose, was aware of his fondness for everything beautiful, showed him some exquisite pieces of old pottery made by the Moors, and with them a very beautiful enamelled cup. Now there was no one at this time in

France who knew how to prepare that hard, polished glazing which is called enamel, and it immediately occurred to Palissy that this was something well worthy to be discovered. He resolved to make the attempt, and, as a truly Christian man always does, he began with asking God's blessing. If you will read, when you go home, the thirty-fifth chapter of Exodus, you will see that it is God who gives to the mechanic his wonderful power; and Palissy read that chapter, and says, "Then I reflected that God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing, and I took courage in my heart, and besought him to give me wisdom and skill."

I said, you remember, that working and praying are both necessary, so this brave man when his prayer was ended went to work. His task was not a light one. There was no way but to cover a great many bits of earthen-ware with various preparations, in the hope that, when they should be put into the potter's furnace, some one of them would form a clear, smooth glazing. I have not time to tell, and you must read for yourself, the story of his struggles and disappointments, running through many long months and years of very hard labor for himself, and of sickness and poverty for his wife and children, who had, I think, some reason to complain of him as almost insane, when he tore up the flooring of his cottage and the pales of his garden to feed the fire in his furnace. Here is his own account of the first hour of success. "God willed," he says, "that when I had begun to lose my courage, and was gone for the last time to a glass-furnace, having a man with me carrying more than three hundred kinds of trial pieces, there was one among them which was melted within four hours after it had been placed in the furnace, and turned out white and polished in a way that caused me to feel such joy as made me think I was become a new creature." But the final triumph was even then a very long way off; the same fire that perfected one color spoiled another,—and many a collection of finely moulded vessels was ruined.

At last, however, the good time did come, and his toil and suffering were rewarded when he saw the work of his hands. Beautiful dishes, ornamented with beasts, reptiles, insects, and flowers, raised upon the surface and exquisitely colored, witnessed in good time for his laboriousness and his skill, and were eagerly sought for by the wealthy and curious. So remarkable a man could not remain hid. He passed first into the service of the Duke of Montmorency, and was recommended by him to the reigning queen, who employed him in decorating the gardens of the Tuileries, the famous royal palace. He was as laborious in the days of his prosperity as he had been in the time of his adversity, never hoarding his gains, but always striving to make progress in science and art, and eager to impart his knowledge to a multitude of friends and attentive listeners. He was one of the first to call attention to the sea-shells that are found imbedded in the ground far away from the present sea-shore, and he had a beautiful collection of various plants and animals that in the course of ages had become petrified or turned to stone. These objects, known as *fossils*, or things *dug* from the ground, are very common in our day, but in Palissy's time they had hardly attracted any attention.

In this course of patient and useful industry our artist and artisan would have been wholly undisturbed had it not been for his religious opinions and his faithfulness to them. It was the time of what is called the Protestant Reformation, when a large number of earnest Christians separated from the Romish Church, wishing to worship God in what they believed to be a purer and better way. They were called Protestants because they protested against many doctrines and practices which seemed to them false and superstitious, and were persecuted by the older Church very bitterly. Palissy was too valuable a man to be put to death ; and, through the favor of the nobility and the queen, he escaped molestation for many long years. He passed unharmed through the terrible massacre of St. Bartholemew,

when so many Protestants were sacrificed ; but towards the close of his life he was obliged to choose between leaving his native land and being sent to the Bastille, a prison-fortress. He was an old man, and preferred to remain in his own country as a prisoner, and his last four years on earth were passed in confinement. At one time the king was hard pressed by the Catholics to command his execution by fire, and went himself to Palissy to persuade him, if possible, to give up his Protestant opinions and save his life. "Sire," replied Bernard, in answer to his solicitations, "I am ready to yield up my life for the glory of God, for I know how to die." Some powerful arm saved him from perishing at the stake, and he ended his days quietly in prison, passing thence, as we may well believe, "to inherit the crown of life," the reward of work and of prayer. It is, I think, a noble example of working and praying ; a beautiful instance of one who was ready to do his part to the very uttermost, and believed that God will always help those who will help themselves, and are willing to seek for his help.

Try to keep this lesson in mind. Pray and work,—work and pray! Remember that God is ever near. Love him and lean upon him and trust in him. But when you ask his blessing, do not suppose that he will do everything for you. If you should go to the edge of the roof of this church, and spring into the air, do you think that God would keep you from falling, though you should pray to him ever so earnestly? No! It would grieve him to see you perish; but he cannot bless carelessness and recklessness. He cannot bless the idler. He will hold out a hand to help you, but you must stand upon your own feet, for you must walk through the world, and are not to be carried. And you will surely make all the more effort to obey your parents and teachers, to be faithful at home, at school, and in church, if you ask God's blessing every morning, and remember the Saviour, who sometimes prayed all night and then labored all day.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

AMONG the throng of those to whom the title of saint has been accorded in past ages of the Church, the mother of the Saviour holds the most distinguished place. The homage rendered to her has been given not only to her imaginary station as the "Queen of Heaven," and "Star of the Sea," but has had a more truthful and more tender cause in the qualities she really possessed, of purity, humility, love, and faith. For these she is worthy of our homage also, not in idolatrous worship, but in reverent and sympathizing honor to her memory.

The account given by St. Luke of the annunciation to the Virgin Mary of her high destiny, places her before us in the character of one pure, modest, and devout. That she was such rests on other evidence besides the direct narrative of the historian. The holy character of the Son bears witness to what the mother's must have been. It has been observed, that, in almost every instance, the mothers of illustrious men have been themselves highly gifted; and if this is true of intellectual greatness, it is likely to be so even more traceably in moral excellence. Especially must this be the case when that excellence, instead of being won by desperate struggle against early habits of wrong-doing, has exhibited a gradual and beautiful development, the pure and gentle child passing through virtuous youth to holy manhood. In such a case we know that the influences of home, and especially its first influences, those of the mother's teaching and the mother's example, must have been of the best and of the strongest kind. There must have been firmness to guard from evil; there must have been love to make good attractive; there must have been strong moral and religious principle to direct these qualities, and guide them to the right result. Such a character was that of the Saviour, such must have been the guidance of his mother. One of his most honored followers,

a few centuries later,—the famous Augustine, — passed from a wild and dissolute youth, through the agony of repentance, to a life of holiness; and yet even he has left on record the efficacy of a mother's teaching and a mother's prayers. How much more, then, must He who chose his Heavenly Father's service at least as early as his twelfth year, — who thenceforward increased in wisdom as in stature, in favor with God as with man, — and who assumed, with no vain display, but naturally and calmly as his rightful office, the position of Teacher and Saviour of mankind, — how much more must he have been led into the right path from the very first by the voice and the example of that mother who had laid up all the wonders of his birth and childhood, and "pondered them in her heart," foreseeing the sublime destiny of her son, resolving to prepare him for its accomplishment, and ever praying for God's grace to aid her in the task. We know, then, what the mother of the Lord must have been, from the holy character of the Son she educated.

Thus let every mother feel that the character of her child is to be the witness of her faithfulness. It is true, the human soul is free; the best instruction and the purest example may sometimes be wasted on the unworthy. But such cases form the exceptions, not the rule; the Providence of God, in its general operation, gives to the faithful parent the blessing of a virtuous child. Thus, then, Christian parent, shall your faithfulness be attested; thus, sons and daughters, will your character, whether good or evil, reflect honor on those who gave you birth, or cause them the blush of shame no less than the tear of sorrow.

How blest must have been the heart of Mary, as the son whom she had been training came forward into life, not yet surrounded with the applause and the dangers of notoriety, but the surpassing ornament of her humble home, known to herself alone as the promised Redeemer, — to others but as a young man of blameless life, manly, intelligent, affectionate, and religious. We have heard of the blessedness of some

who have "entertained angels unawares"; but hers was the delight to have beneath her roof, to clasp in the embrace of maternal affection, him to whom angels themselves should minister; and that not unawares, but knowing, from those things which she had pondered in her heart, that this her son was "He of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write."

That rapturous delight was still a blessing of this earth, for the Holy Family were partakers of man's common lot; and there blended with the mother's present joy and hallowed anticipation a foreboding of that sorrow which must come to her at length,—that foretold in such words as those of the aged Simeon, "Yea, a sword shall pass through thine own soul also." Death, too, entered that abode of happiness and virtue; for we infer from the mention of Jesus's mother alone in the later history, that Joseph, the just and kind, had been called to his reward on high. Thus, by the mingled teaching of love and sorrow, was the mother's mind prepared for the glory and for the agony of her son.

At length the time came for his manifestation unto Israel. Many, we cannot doubt, were the conversations which took place between him, who now felt daily more and more the Divine impulse within his soul, prompting him to go forth to his great task, and her, who, while she trembled at the danger she foresaw, yet dared not oppose what was more than ever manifest as the will of God. The event of his baptism took place, with the mysterious attestation which was then given by the heavenly light and voice. Then followed his meditation and trial in the wilderness; and from this he returned to the home of Nazareth, to await what further call should be addressed to him from on high.

That call came to him from his mother's voice. They had gone together to the wedding-feast of Cana; and it was Mary who perceived, and suggested to her son, the opportunity for the first exercise of that power he was conscious of possessing. His reply to her has a harshness in our transla-

tion which is not in the original, — not through the fault of our translators, but the intrinsic difference of the two languages. It is evident that she did not understand his words as unkind. Those words might be paraphrased, “Do not direct me: I know what to do, and the right time has not yet come.” And when that time had come, he “manifested forth his glory, and his disciples believed on him.”

If the Saviour showed in this instance that he would not allow of urgency, even from the mother he loved, to his exercise of that awful power which was peculiarly his own, he showed on a subsequent occasion that he would as little suffer the anxiety of her affection to withdraw him from duty. He was at one time so surrounded with eager crowds that, as we are told, “they could not so much as eat bread. And when his friends heard of it,” — that he was thus laboring in continual teaching, without time for needful refreshment, — “they went out to lay hold on him; for they said, He is beside himself.” The tender anxiety of his mother, it seems, prompted her beyond what was right in countenancing this well-meant but officious interference with the freedom of action of God’s Messiah. His enemies, too, either caught from the mistaken language of his friends a pretence against him, or invented it themselves. “He is insane,” said they, “or, rather, he is possessed with an evil spirit, and works by its power. He hath Beelzebub, and by the prince of the devils casteth he out devils.” Jesus replied to this charge with convincing argument; and had scarcely ended answering his enemies, when he received intimation of the mistaken zeal of his friends. “Thy mother and thy brethren,” said the bystanders, — “thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with thee.” He noticed the interruption in words of kingly dignity and godlike benevolence: “Who is my mother, and who are my brethren. And he stretched forth his hand towards his disciples, and said, Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father

which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

The next instance in which we find the holy matron introduced proves convincingly that the heart of Jesus was alive to every filial feeling, and faithful to every filial duty. It was when those forebodings of his parent's mind had become realities, when the hatred of priest and Pharisee had triumphed, and Jesus was extended on the cross, that, looking from that place of agony, he saw among the mourning witnesses of the scene his mother, and his beloved disciple. That awful hour was illustrated by his words of pardon to the penitent thief, by his prayer of forgiveness to his enemies, and by other holy and ever-memorable expressions. It was marked equally by the glory of filial affection. "He saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son; then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!" St. John received the sacred charge to fill the place to that loving and now desolate mother of the son whom she thus had lost. "From that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

We can imagine, though but faintly, the joy, the gratitude, the adoring recognition of Divine wisdom and love, with which the mother of the Saviour received the announcement that he had risen from the dead,—and the blending of a parent's love with a disciple's reverence when the exalted Being, who was thus divinely marked as the Messiah, "the Sufferer, and the victor King of death," he by whose cross she had stood, presented himself in restored and mysterious life before her. A few blessed days was it granted her to share his intercourse. Too soon, it might seem, for her happiness, was another separation to take place, when he should ascend from Olivet, to be seen no longer on earth, but to enter into the more immediate presence of that God before whom he was still to plead for the fallen but now not hopeless human race. But not at that parting can she murmur,—not as at the former can she even mourn. She sees him now, not tortured upon the cross, but ascending in

glory to the heavenly mansions, henceforth his own; and "the change that is such gain to him" she feels "can be no loss to" her.

After the ascension of our Lord, we are told, the disciples "continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren," their place of meeting being an upper room in the city of Jerusalem. How deep must have been the reverence, how tender the sympathy, with which the other members of that company looked on her whom Jesus had revered, and with whom Jesus had sympathized! A Roman Catholic poet, imagining the assembly, represents Mary as the central figure there.

"His Mother sits all worshipful,
With her majestic mien;
The princes of the infant Church
Are gathered round their Queen."

We do not thus conceive of her position, or of theirs. The Apostles neither claimed for themselves exalted titles of earthly state, nor did they yield the direction of their course to any human control. But they undoubtedly rendered to the mother of their Lord a willing tribute of affection and respect.

Her life must thenceforth have flowed on in calm and holy happiness, her thoughts more in heaven, whither her beloved Son and Lord had entered, than on earth;—yet not averse sometimes to turn towards earth, that they might observe the progress of his Church, as triumph after triumph was won by apostolic zeal and courage over Jewish malice and heathen indifference. Yet nothing of these could have surprised her; nor could any loss, if losses she yet was called to bear, have shaken her faith or greatly moved her spirit. She had seen her son expire on the cross; no sorrow afterwards could equal that. She had seen him again living, and had then but lost him from her sight that he might ascend to his celestial crown. All after joy must have seemed

dim in comparison with this. Heaven alone could yield to her aught equal to what the past had been.

We have no record of her closing days or years; the passage where she is named as in company with the disciples after the ascension being the last in which she is named. From this it seems probable that she did not long remain on earth. Her work was done, her joy accomplished. We may trust, then, that by an easy transition, in full assurance of faith, honored by the rising Church while living, and mourned by them when dead, the "highly favored one," "blessed among women," passed away, to enter where He had gone who was not alone the great Forerunner of all believers, but her own beloved Son.

The mother of the Redeemer was no lofty princess; her glory, like that of her blessed Son, was the glory of humility. With lowly meekness she answered the salutation that hailed her the mother of the Prince of Peace; with the same lowliness she received, unreplying, words which contained a check to her too eager zeal. Thus did her example dignify submission. The purity which enfolded her in its vestal robe teaches us to cherish the same purity,—not alone by abstaining from all outward defilement, but by exercising control over our thoughts and feelings. The tender love that everywhere followed with its kind solicitude her Son and Lord should breathe into our breasts its own gentle spirit; the silent, trustful observance of those events which marked the early course of the Redeemer indicates to us how we should ponder in our hearts the occurrences that God's providence sends, desiring to derive therefrom strength for duty, or consolation under trial, as we may chiefly need. Her gentle wisdom, displayed in leading forward to pure youth and wise manhood Him who was to be the Saviour of the world, shines an example to every mother. As the parent's breast observes and ponders the marks of opening intelligence in the child, the parent's heart must feel that these are sent not without a purpose. They indicate that the young immortal has a destiny, for the accomplishment

of which a mother's guidance is needed. Every infantile smile, each prattling word, is a call to love, a pleading for faithful care. And the faith of Mary, which through all the duties and the trials of earth discerned the will of Heaven, which encouraged her holy Son to do that will, and strengthened herself to bear it when it laid waste her own hopes and joys,—for that faith we must strive and pray; and God grant that we may attain it!

S. G. B.

THE HOME GUARD.

ON the nations bound in error
Lies the ancient night of terror,
Lies the old Egyptian gloom;
Still the blinded nations leading
Are the hosts of martyrs, bleeding—
Bleeding till the morning come.

Where the stars and stripes are streaming
Fall the martyrs, grandly dreaming
Of the dawning age of gold;
And we write their names in glory,
Fighting in their trenches gory,
Lying in their coffins cold!

But those other martyrs' praises
Which no trump of fame upraises,
But whose works their glory show,—
Teachers, parents, wives, and daughters,
Leading by the gentle waters
Where the trees of knowledge grow,—

Faithful home guard of the nation,
In its glorious celebration
Should your works forever shine!
For they break the night of terror,
And drive back the ancient error,
Leading in the day divine.

S.

A GERMAN FAMILY.

ALREADY known with honor in its little sphere in Germany, the family of Wolzogen has come to be known in all the earth, not for any especial merit of its own, but through its connection with Schiller. Certainly it is a curious thing to us, looking at the history of men and the course of events, to recognize ever how the whirligig of time doth alter things in this world, not less than it brings in its revenges: a woman of position kindly shelters a poor fugitive youth, not knowing where to lay his head, and cares for him tenderly, like a mother; and now the splendor of his name illumines hers, and embalms it in the grateful memory of other times and other lands. The writer of this book undernoted,* grandson of Schiller's early friend, undertakes to follow the fortunes and illustrate the activity of his ancestors, with a pious wish that four hundred years after he is gone some coming Wolzogen may carry on the story which he has begun. On a gravestone of the year 1524 there is carved a horse and a post-horn, — token of the existence and office of the first Wolzogen, who emerged from the sea of humble life through his efforts in establishing the postal system of his country. The race developed rapidly in Austria, where it settled. Meanwhile, the Reformation thundered through the land, — the Wolzogens went over to the new confession, like a great part of the nobility of Southern Germany, and were, by consequence, compelled to withdraw from Austria. Thereafter one finds them in high places, — one is Minister in Oldenburg in 1657, another is Kammer-direktor in Mannheim, and others loom up elsewhere. Ludwig Wolzogen, born in Holland, becomes a theologian, and in 1644 is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Utrecht, and from 1670 to 1690 a professor and preacher in Amsterdam. A follower of

* Geschichte des reichsfreiherrlich v. Wolzogen'schen Geschlechtes. Von K. A. A. Frhrn. von Wolzogen und Neuhaus. Zwei Bände. Leipzig. 1859.

Descartes, he encountered in defence of a moderate rationalism Meyer, a pupil of Spinoza, — demanding before all things a critical study of the text of the Scriptures, for our reason came of God, like our text, and revelation was not meant to destroy, but to perfect reason, to put it in possession of truths which nature could not have given it. He maintained a good fight against the hosts of bigotry and superstition ; and Leibnitz, himself a University, as somebody has happily remarked, said in his *Theodicee*, “ On parla depuis en Hollande de theologiens rationaux et non-rationaux.”

But very much further did Hans Ludwig go, who, wandering to Poland, became there the chief support of the Socinians. Expelled with them, he died at Schlichtingsheim, in Posen. On his sick-bed, he summoned a Lutheran friend to his side, and discussed a mathematical problem with him ; when his friend suggested that he should rather have regard for the condition of his soul, Wolzogen replied, that he had selected this subject in order to discover whether he were in the full possession of his senses ; feeling now assured of that, he affirmed that he did not repent of his writings, but died in the belief of One God, the Father, rejecting the Trinity as to him “ unbiblical and irrational ” (*unbiblisch und unvernünftig*), saying that man could more easily sink into the animal nature than God become man. For the Socinians rejected everything which conflicted with reason, taking only as revelation that which indeed reason could not disclose, but in which, when disclosed, they found reason. But they failed to distinguish, says a critic, between the dogmatic formulas of the Church and the original sense of Christianity ; in endeavoring to throw off an unsatisfactory conception of the union between the Divine and the human nature, they rejected the whole subject, thus losing that deepening of the life of faith which is the perfection of religion.

After seventy years or more of uncertain wandering, following its expulsion from Austria, the family is found at the beginning of the eighteenth century settled in Mühl-

feld and Bauerbach, where it purchased estates not far from Meiningen, the capital of the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, in the pretty valley of the Werra. Before the century had run out, the Mühlfelder line was extinguished. It began more brilliantly than the other, but the family chronicler traces its fall to a lack of that wisdom and moderation which is the condition of all permanent success, — to failure to perceive that it is not enough to keep the worldly culture of the fathers, without maintaining that severe moral basis without which the glitter of the mind is but vain show.

The elder sister of Schiller's wife, being divorced from her first husband, married, as is well known, her cousin, Wilhelm von Wolzogen. In 1809 she lost her second husband, in 1825 her only son; but she lived on to 1847, when she died, at the age of eighty-three, surviving her sister, Schiller's wife, about twenty years. She lived for many years in Schiller's former house in Jena, where she wrote that biography of the poet which is one of the chief sources for his history.

Willhelm von Wolzogen was the Würtemberg Legationsrath in Paris in 1792. At the Théâtre du Marais he witnessed a French imitation of the play of "The Robbers," in which the band obtains its pardon, for the French people of that day applauded the punishment of tyrants and recognized the dignity of man even in robbers. "They do not fight our armies only," wrote Wolzogen in his diary; "they plunder and murder the products of our literature by infusing into them their own revolutionary spirit." It was this play, perhaps, thus played, which led the French Convention to bestow the citizenship of the Republic upon Schiller, as upon Washington, Kosciusko, Wilberforce, Pestalozzi, Klopstock, and others.

Of course the writer has something to say of the nobility of Germany; he acknowledges its weakness as an element of power, and ascribes it in part to the infection of French frivolity which swept over Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; not recognizing how the spirit of the age has set its face against exclusive rights, — how the Revolu-

tion which shattered France in such terrific war is leaving the world with the doctrine that he only is the aristocrat who himself is of the best. Those were wise words of Achim von Arnim : —

“ Nicht die Geister zu vertreiben
 Steht des Volkes Geist jetzt auf.
 Nein, dass jedem freier Lauf,
 Jedem Haus sein Geist, soll bleiben.
 Dass wir adlig all’ auf Erden,
 Muss der Adel Bürger werden.”

H. J. W.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NIGHT ON FAITH AND IMAGINATION.

THE day with well-known duties now is o’er ;
 No more by its clear light each thing I see
 Distinct and plain to sight, or reason’s power.
 As fade familiar objects on my sight,
 And on my ear the sounds of labor cease,
 The higher faculties assert their power,
 Imagination and adoring faith.
 And now the night has come, mysterious night !
 To call away my spirit from the earth,
 That faith may quickened be in things unseen.
 With mind no longer bent on daily tasks,
 Or fixed on earth with its brief term of years,
 Upward I gaze, and feel my soul expand,
 And to its native height majestic tower.
 Akin to mystery is the soul of man,
 And in the stars he feels that mystery solved.
 Not in the narrow space which we call life
 I feel the boundaries of my being end ;
 To those vast cycles is my soul allied
 Which yonder orbs in mystic circles trace.
 To me is given to call them each by name,
 And in the time to come familiar grow

With all their hosts, as now with flowers of earth.
 As fade from view the flaming walls of time,
 New stars and constellations will appear ;
 The central orb of systems I shall find,
 Round which in tuneful choirs they all revolve.
 Nor to the earth alone I think confined
 This mortal race, with its attendant forms ;
 But, worthier thought, to each revolving sphere
 Its own peculiar habitants assigned,
 With varying life to suit each changing scene.
 Perhaps in yon fair planet-world there dwells
 A happier race, though mortal, than on earth ;
 Where death is but a change to higher life,
 Without its sufferings and without its fears.
 There war may be unknown, and men in peace
 And friendly intercourse united live.
 To them may come, as once to men on earth,
 Angels from higher spheres to bring them gifts,
 To mingle freely in their peaceful homes,
 And teach them of the Father's boundless love.
 As thus I muse, my faith doth stronger grow,
 Imagination soars with loftier flight ;
 And as the parched plant beneath the dews,
 So is my spirit by the night restored.

J. V.

THE happiness of mankind is not to be found in this life ; it is a flower that grows in the garden of eternity, and to be expected in its full fruition only in that life which is to come. Although peace of conscience, tranquillity of mind, and the sense of the favor of God, which we enjoy in this life, like the bunches of grapes brought by the spies from Canaan, are the prelibations and anticipations of our happiness, yet its fulness consists in the beatific vision of the ever-blessed God to all eternity ; where there is a perfect life, free from pain, from sorrow, from cares, from fears ; a perfect life of glory and immortality, out of the reach of death, or the loss of that happiness which we shall then enjoy in the presence of the ever-glorious God.

RANDOM READINGS.

HOW FRENCHMEN UNDERSTAND US.

SINGULAR it is, that, while the English press makes such stupid blunders about the United States, the French understand us better than many of us understand ourselves. What book was ever written showing a keener insight into the nature and working of our institutions than that of De Tocqueville? A work has been published in Paris on our present crisis,—“The Uprising of a Great People,—the United States in 1861. By Count Agenor de Gasparin.” When we remember that the work was written before the bombardment of Sumter, its statements seem startling almost as the inspirations of prophecy. The following extracts, which we find in “The Crisis,” show an appreciation of the spirit of the hour and a view of the opening future which are truly sublime.

THE GREAT DATE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

The general opinion in Europe is that the United States continued to pursue an upward course until the election of Mr. Lincoln, and that since then they have been on the decline. It is not difficult, and it is very necessary, to show that this opinion is absolutely false. Before the recent Republican victory, the American Confederation, in spite of its external progress and its apparent prosperity, was suffering from a direful malady which was nigh proving mortal; *now*, an operation has taken place, the sufferings increase, and the gravity of the situation becomes, perhaps for the first time, manifest to the superficial observer. Is that to say, that the situation was not grave when it did not appear such on the surface? Is that to say, that we are to deplore a violent crisis, which can alone bring about a radical cure?

I do not deplore—I admire it. I see in this energetic reaction against the disease the moral vigor of a people accustomed to the laborious struggles of liberty. We have a strange way of seconding the generous enterprises on which the United States have entered with so much courage! We hold out to them only evil prophecies; we tell them they have almost ceased to exist; we give them to understand that in electing Mr. Lincoln they have thrown themselves headlong into an abyss,—that they have ruined their prosperity, sacrificed their future, and rendered hence-

forth impossible the magnificent *role* reserved for them. Mr. Buchanan, we seem to say, was the last President of the Union.

That, thank God, is the reverse of the truth! But just now, indeed, the United States were on the swift way to ruin; but just now, there was reason to mourn in thinking of them. To-day, new prospects are opened up; they will have to labor, to struggle, to suffer, — for not in a day are the crimes of a century to be washed out, not without sacrifices are guilty traditions and old complicities to be given up; but it is none the less true, that the hour of effort and of sacrifice, grievous though it may be, is also the hour of deliverance. The election of Mr. Lincoln will be one of the great dates of American history; it closes the past and opens the future. With it will commence, if the same spirit which now animates the nation be only maintained, a new era, at once purer and grander than that which has just come to a close.

ABOUT SECESSION.

I have named secession: What is to be thought of the principle on which it rests? For this question another may be substituted: What is a Confederation? Even though it be reduced — which is inadmissible — to a simple league of States, it still remains none the less binding on each of them, so long as the object of the league is not infringed upon. History has never seen a federal compact thus conceived: "The States will form part of the federation only till it pleases them to leave it." Such, notwithstanding, is the formula of the Southern theorists. Among the anarchical doctrines that our age has seen hatched, (and there are many such,) this should, it seems to me, occupy the place of honor. This right of secession is simply the *liberum veto* revived at the expense of the Federal institutions. Just as in the old Polish horseback Diets (*dietes à cheval*) a single opposing vote could put a stop to everything, so that it only remained to vote by sabre-strokes; in like manner confederations, recognizing the right of separation, could have no resort save brute force, for no great nation can possibly allow itself to be killed without defending itself. Think how rapid would be the progress of political demoralization under such a system. As there never is a law or a measure that is not displeasing to somebody, the nation would live in the presence of the incessant threat: "If the law passes, if the measure is adopted, if the election takes place, if you don't do all I want and give in to all my caprices, I am off. I will set up an independent State; I will provoke the formation of a rival Confederacy." Bad causes are always the readiest to indulge in such threats; having nothing worthy to say in their favor, they willingly become violent, and the saying of Themistocles finds a striking verification: "You are wrong, therefore you are angry." Unconstitutional everywhere, the theory of secession is doubly so in the United States.

ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH.

Ah! if the South only knew how important it is that it should not succeed,—if it but understood that the North has been hitherto its great and only guaranty!

They inspire me with profound compassion. We have told them much too often that their Confederacy is easy to found. To found, yes; but to make lasting,—no, indeed! Here, it is not the first step that is difficult, but the second and the third. The Southern Confederacy is not viable. Let us suppose that, to its misfortune, it has succeeded in all it has undertaken. The port of Charleston is open, the Border States have been dragged in, there is a new Federal compact and a new President, the United States have given up suppressing insurrection by force, Europe has overcome its repugnance and received the envoys of the great Slave Republic. All questions seem resolved: do not believe it,—not one is resolved. Poor country, which blind passion and indomitable pride hurl headlong on the path of crime and folly! Poor excommunicated nation, whose touch will be dreaded, whose principles will be cursed, whose flag will be for ever suspect! One is wrung with anguish at the thought of the evident and inevitable future that awaits so many men less culpable than misguided. Between them and the rest of the world there will be nothing in common; on their frontier there will be a police over books and journals, so as to prevent the fatal introduction of even an idea of freedom. The rest of the world will have for them neither political sympathies, moral sympathies, nor religious sympathies.

THE NORTH AND THE UNION.

Will they at least have the consolation of having killed the United States? Will a glorious Confederation have perished by their withdrawal? No, a thousand times no! Where will the United States be after Secession? Precisely where they were before. If there were any fears as to the duration of that government, they disappeared on the day of the election of Mr. Lincoln. On that day the world learned that the United States were bound to live,—that their malady was not mortal.

See the cold and confident attitude of the North, and compare it with the violent demonstrations of the South. The North is so sure of itself that it deigns not to hasten,—perhaps it pushes this even to extremes. It has the air of knowing that, in spite of any apparent successes that may mark the South at the outset, ultimate success is quite elsewhere. Let the South take care; to have against one both Right and Might is twice what is wanted to secure defeat. The North supported Buchanan because it was awaiting Lincoln. In the triumph of the North we have one of those legal and constitutional victories which form the finest spectacle that a

friend of liberty can contemplate. And it is all the more glorious in that it has required efforts and sacrifices. Let us not forget that, to succeed in nominating Mr. Lincoln, it was necessary to put the question of principle above questions of interest, usually so omnipotent. It seems to me that men who boldly faced such dangers performed a noble act of duty Let us take care that we do not unwittingly calumniate the few generous movements which we occasionally find among men. . . . The North knew what the inevitable consequences of its action must be. They had been announced in advance by the South, preached by prudent men in the North, and minutely exhibited by the journals of the large commercial cities. It preferred to be just. In spite of the inevitable mixture of lower motives, which always enter into even the noblest human manifestations, the distinguishing characteristic of this movement is that it is a protest of the conscience and of the spirit of liberty.

WITH WHOM MUST VICTORY REST?

I have endeavored to draw a line between what is fleeting in this controversy and the elements which work for permanency, — the lasting consequences of the present crisis. Such is what I proposed fairly to investigate. The reader knows what my conclusions are. It is possible that the end may be the adoption of some unworthy compromise; but whatever may be written in the bond, the election of Mr. Lincoln has just written something in the margin, — a note that will annul the text. The time for certain concessions is past, and the South feels it as much as the North. The Slave States may indeed succeed in founding their unhappy Confederacy, but what they cannot do is to make it live. They will find out that it is a very easy matter to frame Constitutions and appoint Presidents, but a very difficult, nay impossible matter, to create a nation with the foundation they have given theirs. I am, therefore, authorized to affirm that, whatever temporary appearances and incidents may be, one thing has been brought about and will endure, — the United States were on the way to ruin, but have been redeemed. Yes, whatever hypothesis we may adopt, three new and decisive facts present themselves to view: we know that henceforth the North carries the day; we know that the dangers which threaten the Union come from the South, and not from the North; we know that the days of the "peculiar institution" are numbered. We would be blind, indeed, if we did not recognize in these three facts the uprising of a great people.

SUNSET.

How calmly, grandly, in his place on high,
 That towering headland sits beneath the sky !
 O sunlight, playing on the mountain's brow,
 Would I were pure as thou !
 O mountain-top, with thy one crowning palm,
 Would I as thou were calm !
 O sunset glory, would I might with thee,
 Thus, day by day, go bless the rounded world.
 Walking upon the highlands of the earth,
 And ever in thy light baptized be ;
 And as we linger on each mountain height,
 Unto the darkness that we leave below,
 The pain and sorrow, weariness and woe,
 As gently leave our kind " Good night, good night ! "

MORNING WATCH.

LETTER FROM RYE BEACH.

RYE BEACH, N. H., July 19, 1861.

MY DEAR S. :—

You are so fortunate as to live in the country, and to be a bit of a farmer withal, as well as a preacher of the Gospel, and so when the beautiful summer-tide returns you are already in the right place. Indeed, according to my thinking, you are in the right place summer and winter, so far forth as you are in the country, — not otherwise, for you ought to speak on the First Day, not to a hundred or two, but to a thousand : but, summer and winter, the country is a good place to live in, and if any one complains of snows, let him consider what they are, when, instead of dropping softly and in great beauty from the skies, and covering the ground with a robe of purest white, making the foulest spots fair to look upon, they come thundering and sliding upon your head from the roofs of enormously high buildings, so that you seem to be walking under an everlasting avalanche. And however it may be in winter, you are not compelled to ask, when summer comes, What shall be done with these children, to get them away from these hot streets ? There you are, and the grass has grown green, and the trees have blossomed about you, and the birds in due time have returned to make their nests and rear their broods under your eaves and in your branches. There is nothing for us poor dwellers in cities but to be transplanted. Boston was quite tol-

erable during the summer in my boyhood, even for children. We had large gardens, many trees, few foreigners. Boston then was a charming watering-place. Streets which are now most forbidding were then most attractive. Fort Hill was fresh and beautiful and commanding. Sea Street had scarcely ceased then to be a desirable residence. Hardly an American family remains there now. I attended the funeral of the relict of one of the last of them a few years since, a gentle Christian woman, who passed months together in a chamber from which on one side she could look out upon our pleasant harbor, whilst from the other side there was nothing to be seen but a wretched, brawling street. There are still favored streets and beautiful squares, but we cannot all live in them, and for those who cannot the country at this season is an absolute necessity.

For ourselves, we have nearly done asking the question, Where shall we go? For some four years we have said, to Rye Beach. The only hesitancy this year came from the peculiar state of the times. In such times what right has any one to go and take his ease? Think of the multitudes of persons who are struggling and suffering, perhaps bleeding and dying, this very moment! think of the anxious hearts in thousands of homes, hearts that may be suddenly plunged into the deepest grief! Consider the urgent motives to economy, and the demand for extraordinary efforts on the part of all who have any leisure! Then how desirable it may be to be near the great centres of news and communication during days when history is making so rapidly! So we all of us felt when the guns of Sumter and Moultrie first roused the country from its slumber, and the echoes of that most significant cannonade came back from Northern mountains, the tones of a day of doom. We all said, there can be nothing for us any more but to take up these weapons which the God of battles has put into our hands, and give ourselves no rest or relaxation until we have finished the work which is assigned for us in this nineteenth century, until we have proved to the world that even under a free government they who without cause lay sacrilegious hands upon the ark of state shall not be permitted to carry out their designs, and turn liberty into lawlessness. But we find that we need time; that meanwhile the framework of society must be broken up as little as may be; that we must plant and hoe and reap and weave and forge (iron, not notes) and buy and sell, if we cannot get gain, as heretofore; that we must try to divert and uplift and soothe the minds of the people in the church

and not keep them forever to the one topic by which they are often harassed in the week; and accordingly the old routine demands the old relaxations, not because one would rest for the sake of rest, but because one would rest in order to return more earnestly and successfully to work. We shall do as much in the year, certainly the children will, if we exchange the hot pavement for the cooler sod, and go where repose is possible, where the sound of door-bells is not heard, where men think it no sin to lean upon their hoes and gossip for a few moments, or loll lazily in their boats whilst the winds waft them.

Unless the case is very pressing indeed, we must have this time of rest. The very hurry of the residue of one's life makes the interval absolutely imperative, especially, we think, for the preacher, who accomplishes little if any more merely by virtue of his office, but must put into his work the best life he can gain from the Fountain of Life. Time was when the preaching was always good, when the house of worship was filled morning and afternoon as a matter of course, when much of the work of the minister was mere routine work. Happily those days are past forever. We have no regrets for *those* good old times. A better service is demanded and welcomed now, and there comes with the change in the times a peculiar need for repose and recovery. Fathers, mothers, and children are at one in the craving for a change,—not for costly luxuries and expenses, and, it may be, wearisome journeyings, but for the simple country home, with the plain fare, the plain wagon, and the good "family horse," whose goodness is more pronounced than any other quality, and whose deliberate and unimpassioned gait causes you to congratulate yourself continually that your path does not lie frequently over railroads, or bring you into corners where one cannot be all of five minutes in conveying to the brain of the animal the absolute necessity of going, for a few seconds at least, a great deal faster. For those who love our inland villages, and are content with their repose, and can walk or drive contentedly for hours in their green lanes, spending the remainder of the time with pleasant authors, a place of rest is not hard to find; it is not so easy if you must have the ocean, without which, as I am free to say, there is for me no vacation. I seek it as the river does. The mountains and fields for a time, but the ocean at last. There is no tonic, no appetizer like a sea bath. The Cochinuate will answer all winter, but when July and August come, we must have the surf. So if you want, and not

unless you want me and can't very well do without me, send to Rye Beach, or, better, come yourself, and you will find one of the most charming combinations of sea and land that our New England shore affords. I have written about it all so often for other eyes, that I can hardly bring myself to set down anything more, lest I should be blamed for repeating myself. Nevertheless, I must say that we are an old-fashioned and primitive folk here in Rye, both natives and strangers. We are early risers, and, although it is now only about three o'clock P. M., dinner has been over these two hours, and before long, say about half past five, it will be supper-time, and then if you get hungry, why you must go to bed hungry. Every year we make a little progress, for we are New-Englanders; sometimes it is a new solar lamp, so that we can read and play games of a rainy evening; sometimes it is a plated fork, a decided improvement upon the two-pronged revolvers from which the food escapes so easily as one hunts it about the plate, and is tempted at last to betake himself to a knife, after the ancient manner. Upon some points Rye makes a stand. Dinner must be at twelve. Then, or not at all. You are not hungry. Can't help it; go without your dinner to-day, and you will be hungry to-morrow. We were expected at one time to return from our walks or drives by half past five or go supperless, but the rulers have abated somewhat the rigor of this law; not so with dinner. In a few days you see that Rye is right, that you, not Rye, have departed from the law of nature in the matter of the noonday meal, which should be lighted by the sun, and not by gas-light, and should be a dinner and not a breakfast or a lunch.

There are hotels in Rye, but Rye as Rye has nothing to do with them, having laid aside all adornments and going about largely in morning dresses. These hotels are beautifully placed at the two ends of a beach about a mile and a half or two miles in length. A public house on Great Boar's Head looms in the distance, but this year it is closed and looks desolate, like an old *roué*, having lived, as I learn, a fast youth, and declined from a hotel to a tavern. There it stands, a warning to fast houses. Of course the beach and the surf-bathing are the great charms,— charms they have been since Thetis came up from the wave to meet her great babyish Achilles, after his quarrel about the spoil, as he sat scowling upon the shore, to the present hour, when I look out towards the *Shoals* and try to make out that a man-of-war is passing in search of the Jeff. Davis or the Sumter. Do you

know that some persons have actually forsaken the shore, — so I was credibly informed, — this summer, from a fear of the landing of privateersmen? It will hardly pay to land here, certainly not until the close of the season, when the boarders pay their bills, scarcely then unless they bring gold; and I think that Rye must be a safe place, for I remember passing a whole night in a yacht within a couple of miles of the coast, because the skipper would not or could not land us. So be it with the Jeff. Davis, unless the "Coast Guard" will be so good as to come this way, — then we will meet the enemy. The inhabitants are not, I should judge, what my Lord John styles belligerents. Rye, according to one informant, has supplied but three, according to another only one of this class of persons, to do battle for the flag; and whether it be three or one, the levy from Rye is still in the fort near Portsmouth. The condition of Rye must be eminently gratifying to the Peace Society; one would say that its claims to be made the head-quarters of that admirable, yet somewhat prospective organization, could not be surpassed anywhere. The town has no "company," the very thing for which most of us, I for one certainly, would have praised it a year ago this time. Well, the times have changed, but not Rye. The revolving light on the Shoals reminds us, however, of the beneficent government that kindles it up every night for the sailor, and yesterday I drove within sight of the Navy Yard, not sadly dismantled and seized by disloyal hands, but full of vessels and laborers, and promising good service to the cause of our national government.

Besides the great and wide sea, we have noble forests and fertile fields all along this pleasant shore, reaching sometimes to the very water's edge. It is a good farming country. Fishing is rather the entertainment than the occupation of the inhabitants, who are not amphibious. They think quite as much of the kelp which they haul up from the shore and spread upon the land, as of the fishes which are caught with hook or net. Everything about the houses is well-ordered and thrifty-looking, and father and son have occupied the same homestead for generations, as indeed you might gather from the fact that the dead are buried about their houses, and not, as with us, in a common graveyard, the consecration sought being in their case only that which rays out from the hearth-stone. The woods admit of charming circuits and lounges, the only lack, for here below there is nothing perfect, being the absence of berries, of which the fields are almost wholly bare. I find, however, that where there are but few, children learn to be content with a few, and

exhibit a handful instead of a kettleful with triumph. A very little will tempt an active child into the fields and forests, and the meanest flower has beauty in his eyes, as it ought to have.

Please take these poor words as my account of myself for the present, and believe that in my retreat I shall not forget the Church, nor the Gospel which it lives and preaches, nor the great conflict for civilization which we have all so much at heart, nor yet our humble little Monthly, which we would have ever breathing in and breathing out the new spirit that is coming to our age from the living God, through that glorious Heavenly Lord, the Eternal Son of the Father, who is the beginning of every creation and in all time the first begotten from the dead.

Most truly yours, E.

A WORD ON SYSTEM.

ORDER, system, — perhaps there are no terms in common use that convey to the youthful mind ideas less poetic than these. There is no romance about them. Yet, of all the good fairies who befriend hapless mortals, there is no one who saves them from more perplexities, or extricates them more speedily from those into which they have unwittingly fallen, than the genius of thorough system. There is something almost magical in his power of reducing chaos to order; reminding one of the story read in childhood, describing the distress of a young girl set to wind entangled skeins of silk. In the midst of her trouble a benignant fairy appears, who with a tap of her wand disentangles the knots, and arranges the hopeless-looking mass into smooth, neat skeins.

Every one must be aware that, where there are large concerns to be carried on, whether in the counting-room, or in the domestic establishment, thorough system is essential; but perhaps those whose cares and avocations are few do not always consider how much comfort will be secured, and how much power gained, merely through well-regulated plans and habits of strict order. A few brief hints on this very practical subject, on which "line upon line" is needed by many, may not be amiss.

The maxim, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," is so well established, that it needs no comment, except that a good deal of time and much disorder may be saved by carrying out the rule perfectly, and putting things *at once* into their appropriate

places, when you have finished using them for the present, instead of laying them temporarily in some place where they do not belong. In this way, if you have the entire control of your own room, you can keep it, as a general thing, in good order, almost without sensible exertion. There will be some exceptions to this rule; as, for instance, when several articles belong ultimately in some one place not very accessible, it may be best to wait till all are ready to be deposited there, rather than to go with each individual one. Yet, as they are made ready for their final destination, they should be laid neatly together in some place, convenient for the time, to be disposed of in due season. Of course there will be times when some extra arranging is needed; but they will be of rare occurrence. This rule will enable a person in very feeble health to keep her own territories free from that disagreeable confusion, in common parlance styled *litter*.

At those distressing seasons when there must be a general clearing out of the contents of closets, drawers, &c., the direction given by a friend to her children works well for those of a larger growth. Begin at a particular point in the room, and work round, so far as can be done, in regular progression. If you are so feeble that it requires several days to achieve what a strong person would accomplish in a few hours, you will find it a great relief to be able to think of your work as being thoroughly done as far as you have gone. It takes much from the burdensome sense of unfinished work, which, of course, is heavy in proportion to your inability to hasten through it.

Lay your plans for the day early in the morning, or, better still, the night previous, even if you have few or no responsibilities in the eye of man, except such as you choose to assume, or if you have strength to accomplish but very little. The fact that you have deliberately proposed to yourself a certain plan, to be carried out at a fixed time, especially if it be a course of action every day for weeks or months, will stimulate you to overcome obstacles which might otherwise have been thought insuperable, or at least sufficient to prevent your undertaking the thing. Unless there should be a valid reason for changing your plans, abide by your intention. Yet do not be so obstinate in your adherence to it as to incur injury to yourself, or put your friends to inconvenience. It is better in some cases to yield with a good grace, than to persevere in the face of new light. Unite the gentle graces with your most rigid rules; and especially where the hand of God interposes itself between your best

designs and their accomplishment in the way you intend, bow in un murmuring acquiescence to his will, and believe that there is some higher good in the disappointment than would have resulted from the fulfilment of your plans. †

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

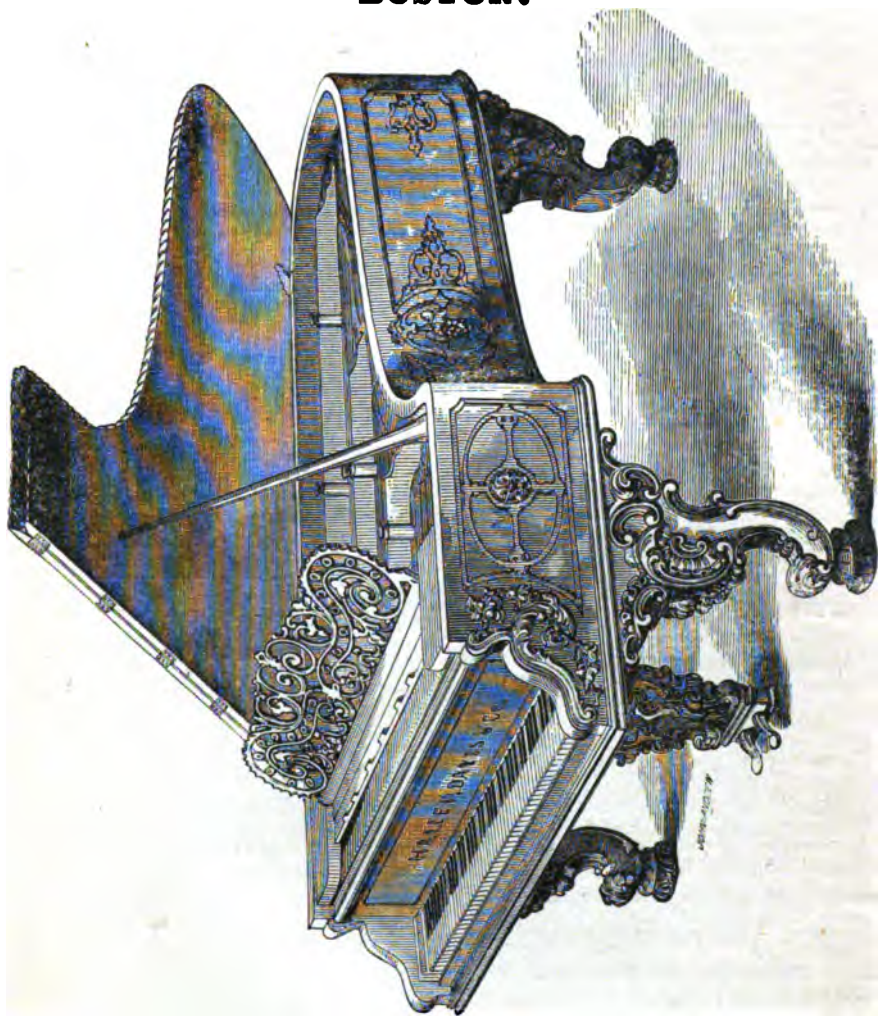
Another Letter to a Young Physician: to which are appended some other Medical Papers. By JAMES JACKSON, M. D., Professor Emeritus of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Harvard University. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—In this instance the strength of the fourscore years has not been “labor and sorrow,” but quite the contrary. The author alludes to his old age,—his readers will hardly be able to discover any of the infirmities that come with time. His stroke is firm, and we find all the wisdom, with none of the hesitancy, of one who has had large experience of nature and man. It is one of the pleasantest sights we look upon, day after day, that noble and placid old man, faithfully and quietly moving through our streets upon his errands of love, detained at home neither by cold nor by heat, carrying help and a benediction in his very form and face. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is an almost daily study to us as we go out upon *our* early morning errands, and if ever we grow weary of the routine and monotone, there is the good old physician before us, carefully dressed, to make the utmost of his strength, the feet guarded with thick-soled shoes, the chest protected by a *spencer*, the last garment of that kind, we believe, to be seen in Boston, the steps secured in winter by a pointed staff, so that there may be no unnecessary breaking of limbs, the changes of weather all duly recognized by changes in dress. Only a few mornings since we saw him in the Boylston Market with a seersucker coat, and we said it will be a warm day without any question. These things sound like trifles, perhaps, but they are not. They are expressive of the wisdom and the conscientious method of one who has devoted himself to his profession with a most affectionate zeal, and with a real desire to make it in the utmost degree serviceable. They are symbolic,—they are testimonies against the slipshod, hand-to-mouth life which so many men lead, never gathering up fragments, never so much as trying to include all sides in their observations, and, what is most ruinous of all, ever drawing upon their future, so that when old age comes nothing is left to pay. Amongst our Nestors, there is no one to be revered and trusted beyond our good physician, and unprofessional as well as professional readers will thank him for this new gift; we will not say *last* gift, for one who writes so sensibly and well must not lay down his pen, but must yet give to the world at large that wisdom of so many faithful years which he loves to bestow in private upon all who need and seek it. E.

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AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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PROSPECTUS

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

This Magazine sustains no representative relation to any sect or party; it is held by no obligations to any special body of men; but aims to recognize cordially the Christian truths held by different branches of the Church; and would gladly serve the hopes and efforts which look toward a more perfect unity of faith and feeling among believers in Jesus Christ as the eternal Lord and Saviour of men, — the living Shepherd of a living fold.

In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

TERMS.

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LEONARD C. BOWLES, Proprietor, 247 Washington Street, Boston.

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1861.

No. 3.

DAILY BREAD.

A SERMON BY REV. A. F. PEABODY, D. D.

MATTHEW vi. 11 :—“Give us this day our daily bread.”

THIS day's bread,—not to-morrow's, not provision for the remoter future. When the morrow comes, we will offer the same prayer; but we will not disturb the quiet of to-day by anxiety about the morrow. I need not say that this petition breathes the very spirit of contentment, that it is the natural and fitting utterance of a soul that casts all its care on the Almighty Providence. And in how many cases does the course of Providence seem like the dealing out of daily bread, without any assurance for the morrow, save that which the mercies of to-day suggest! From the tried and straitened, from those who have had a hard earthly lot, but have had with it the consolations and joys of faith, we frequently hear confessions of an experience like that which we have sometimes had on a road that winds among forests, on which we seem approaching an impassable barrier of rock or thicket, and, at the moment when we think we are at the end of the path, it opens in a new direction, and so on, turn after turn, till we come out upon the highway. Some of the richest life-records are those in which the

Providence always trusted and uniformly experienced has never permitted its methods to be foreseen, but mercies have fallen as did the manna, which sufficed for the day, but yielded nothing to be kept over.

But I have chosen my text for its spiritual application. It is the prayer which we need and ought to offer for the bread of life, for the Divine help, strength, and grace. And in prayer for this I include all that ought to be included in prayer for the supply of our bodily needs. When we pray for the bread that feeds the body, our supplication does not preclude, but rather presupposes and sustains, the labor and the economy befitting our condition, which I might term the prayer of hand and mind coincident with that of heart. In like manner, our prayer for the Divine help in the spiritual life, though it be the earnest appeal of the soul to God, is incomplete when it does not include vigilance, precaution, and effort, which may be fitly called the prayer of the active powers. Now this prayer of the whole man, with body, mind, and heart, with soul and strength, is to be offered, I would maintain, chief of all, for each day's spiritual food, for each day's guidance, purity, and safety. And if this prayer be offered in faith and answered in love, we may feel secure as to the spiritual interests of the morrow, of the future in this life, of the eternal future. I address those who pray, those who seek the highest welfare of their souls; and I would speak of such grounds of solicitude as I know are felt, and as I have heard expressed, by those now listening to me.

1. You have no need of solicitude with regard to future temptations to sin. In this respect, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It has often been said to me by those who longed to come to the table of the Lord, and in whose lives I could see no reason why they should not be accepted and honored guests, — "I am afraid that at some time I shall lose the interest in sacred things which I now feel, that I shall be drawn away from the obligations of

the Christian covenant, that I shall be led to dishonor my name and standing as a disciple." I would reply, Fears of this kind need never enter into your thought, if you will only offer for your spiritual life, daily and habitually, the prayer of our text. This day has its duties, its temptations, its openings for unguarded speech, for undisciplined desires, for the neglect of undoubted duty. It has work enough of its own, if you would go to your rest with a conscience wholly void of offence. It demands all your energy of will and effort, if you would close it a day's march nearer heaven. But if, with your prayer for God's grace, your vigilance for occasions of duty, and your close watch and ward at the avenues of temptation, you do this day's work and make this day's progress, you have so much added spiritual power for to-morrow,—a power which will not accrue to you if you suffer yourself to be harassed, even though it be about a concern of such vast moment as your spiritual future. As he who closes the day wholesomely and generously fed is far better fitted for some great exertion or fatigue of the following day than if he had gone without his usual food in his anxiety for the morrow, so is he who has passed a spiritually well-fed day, who has received and used to the full the day's measure of spiritual sustenance, better fitted for unexpected and arduous demands on his moral nature for the morrow, than if he had distracted his thoughts and impaired his spiritual activity by solicitude as to what the morrow might bring forth. There may be, there probably will be, occasions that will tax your strength of principle more severely than it is taxed at present, and for those occasions you need, most of all, the accumulated moral power which grows from doing each day the full duty of the day, and without which, no matter how far off you have foreseen or how painfully you have apprehended the strain, you are wretchedly unprepared to meet it. I would have you always dread sin and negligence; but what you need to dread is to-day's sin,

to-day's negligence, not that which lies in a future as yet unseen.

I have spoken of the hesitancy that so many express as to becoming communicants. As to this, I would ask, Do you now feel the need of this service, to express your gratitude, to sustain your sense of unseen realities, and to bring you into closer kindred of spirit with Jesus? Will it be bread for your present use? If so, take it as what God gives you to use now, and believe that by means of it he will make you all the stronger, should there be in the future that which will more severely test your strength. Thus also as regards every other means of grace and help to progress, ask not whether you may not in the future become unworthy of it,—ask only whether it may serve you as this day's bread; and if so, believe that your future will be only the safer and the better for it.

2. Anxiety about the future sometimes takes the form of speculative doubt. A difficult question of duty is summoned up, an extreme case, a case of the apparent conflict of principles,—of the conflict, for instance, between some native moral instinct and some limiting precept of revelation. I have sometimes known a great deal of feeling wasted in the discussion of such cases. Wasted, I say; for, in the first place, such cases very seldom occur, and, in the second place, the solution which one would give to such a case, in his reasoning upon it as an abstract question, would have no necessary connection with the answer he would give to it in practice. Did I suppose that cases of this kind would frequently occur in my life, I should not want to solve one of them beforehand, but should only desire to offer with the greater constancy and fervor the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread." For what I should do in an extreme case would be determined, not by my ethical speculations or theories, but by the degree of moral progress I had attained,—by my power of effort, resistance, or endurance at the time. Had a case like that of Socrates

been discussed by all the philosophers in Greece, the conclusion of them all would no doubt have been, that it was a good man's duty rather to drink the hemlock than to assent to a falsehood. Yet, practically, had the trial been made, the greater part of them would have chosen the falsehood rather than the cup of poison; and Socrates was enabled to meet his doom, not by his previous theories, but by his previous growth of character. It was thus that our Saviour told his disciples not to be anxious what they should say when they should be brought before governors and kings; for the Divine Spirit from which they derived aid for their every day's ministry and service would at such a moment supply their need. In like manner, if we seek and follow the Holy Spirit's guidance day by day, and some unexpected, dubious, or extreme case should occur, it will be shown us in the very hour of our need what we shall say or do.

3. There are those — Christians too — who, in the colloquial phrase, borrow trouble, conjure up forms of trial and grief in the future, torture themselves with the apprehension that, should this or that event take place, it will exceed their power of endurance, and thus suffer keenly from misfortunes or calamities which may never occur, or which they may not live to see. Here I admit the necessity of being prepared for trial. But this anxious expectation of it is anything other than a preparation for it. It only keeps the whole nervous tissue of the soul exposed and sensitive, enhances the susceptibility of suffering, and in the same proportion diminishes the power of endurance. The true preparation is in the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread. Father, by thy grace strengthen me for, sustain me in, this day's trials, be they slight or heavy, be they few or many." In the spirit of this prayer, summon to yourself the full support of faith and principle for each day as it passes, — now for a petty annoyance, now for a painful but transient grievance, now for a disappointment in some plan

of business or pleasure, now for a burden laid upon you by another's fault or folly. Thus day by day will the muscles and sinews of your spiritual frame be gaining strength and elasticity; and when some one of the heavier trials which in their turn come to all is laid upon you, you will find a serenity, patience, and vigor, to which each day's life shall have made its contribution. Strength will be bestowed equal to your day. God, who lays the burden upon you, will help you bear it. Consolation will be vouchsafed to you in proportion to your grief, immortal hope in proportion to the earthly disappointment or privation. When the cup is put to your lips, it will be a mingled cup,—not, as it is when you snatch it prematurely, all bitterness, but with its infusion of mercy, comfort, and nourishment. It is the almost uniform Christian experience, that any particular trial is sustained, not indeed with less intensely painful feeling, but with a larger degree of consolation and hopefulness, than could have been anticipated. How often has the experience of the children of the captivity in Babylon been spiritually realized! When they were cast into the furnace, they knew not that there was to be a fourth with them “like the Son of God,” by whose intervention they should be shielded from harm. Yet so it was. And so it is with the Christian. That same divine form enters the furnace of affliction with him; and though the fiery billows surge around him and pass over his head, he comes forth, not scathed and marred, but with renewed vigor for the service of God and man.

4. There are those who have a morbid dread of death. They have, it may be, no fear beyond. All looks bright on the farther shore of the death-river. But the plunge, the passage, the agony of parting, the shivering on the brink,—this, as they look forward to it, seems insupportable. I would say to one conscious of this fear, Look not forward to the death-hour, but pray, “Give me this day my daily bread.” Let prayer be the breath, duty the life, of each day as it passes. See that each day has its fair entry in

God's book of remembrance, and leave the last of earth to Him in whose hands are the issues of life. I have known among those who have died in the Lord not a few who have felt this dread, but never one who has realized it as the time drew near. Some of them have passed away suddenly, or with no consciousness of the approach of the last hour. Others have met it in perfect peace, with unshaken fortitude, even with triumph. Bunyan, in his allegory, represents one of his personages as thus afraid of the death-passage; but when he came to the river, the Lord had made its waters for the time so shallow as hardly to wet his feet, and he paused midway in his crossing to give utterance to his praise and joy.

There is nothing in the Christian theory of death that need awaken fear. It is but a transition-moment,—a birth into a higher life; and if we are prepared to make it so, it will so appear to us when the moment approaches. It is of unspeakable consequence that to-night, and to-morrow night, and every night, we fall asleep in Jesus. But if on going to your rest this night you can say with sincerity, "I rejoice in Christ my Saviour," there is not the slightest need that you cast a doubtful thought forward to the hour of your death. Let every day's life be that of a Christian, and God will care for the close. He has unbounded resources for every form of spiritual need, and over the death-shadow, as over every dark passage in life, stands inscribed the immovable promise, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." Fear not death then; but fear that alone which is the sting of death. Pluck that out, and though the disarmed death-angel may look from afar like the King of Terrors, on nearer view he shall wear the mien and guise of a celestial messenger.

5. There are those who feel a morbid anxiety about their salvation in the world to come. Anxiety as to salvation is, indeed, what we should all feel, and cannot feel too intensely. But I do not believe in the efficacy of such solicitude, when it is directed chiefly to the eternal future. What should

make me anxious are the sins that I now harbor, the duties that I now neglect, the slow progress that I am now making. Let me pray, "Give me this day my daily bread ; save me this day from sin ; save me this day from neglect of duty, from living without Thee in the world, from insensibility to my obligations as thine immortal child."

Salvation is not a work to be performed once for all, — a state of which we may have the certificate signed and sealed, to be produced when we stand before our Judge. It is a work for every day. On the day on which it is performed in that day's measure fully and faithfully, the soul is safe ; on the day on which it is omitted, the soul ceases to be safe. Let me with fervent prayer and earnest effort perform this day's work, and then to-morrow's, and so on day by day, it matters not at what stage the work is suspended here, — I know that it will be continued and perfected in heaven. But let me stop short in that work here, my solicitude about the future, well grounded as it is, will be of no avail. The servant who wrapped his talent in a napkin was the most anxious of the whole household ; yet what did his anxiety do for him ? But for him who was making his five talents ten, had his lord come at a much earlier period, and found him diligent in the use of what he had, the approving sentence and the recompense of reward would have been none the less sure.

Here it should be said emphatically, that solicitude as to God's willingness to save us is wholly out of place. He is our Father ; and from the necessity of his paternal love he must do for each of his children the best that the child will suffer to be done for himself. He who works out his own salvation every day is in a condition in which he can receive every spiritual blessing ; while he who lets his days pass without the daily salvation, however profound may be his dread of what lies beyond death, has not the receptivity of soul which can make him a possible subject for the higher forms of the Divine mercy.

What then is the sum of the instruction that I have now sought to dispense? Not carelessness and ease. Not the remission of solicitude. But the fixing of all our solicitude where we can concentrate all our endeavor. We cannot do to-day any of the work of the morrow, or of coming years, or of the dying hour, or of the heavenly life. To-day we can do only to-day's work,—its work of prayer and self-discipline, of resistance to temptation, of personal and social duty; and there is enough for the day that needs to be done to-day. Let us be anxious—no matter how anxious—about to-day's work, and let our fervent petition go up for so much of the bread that cometh down from heaven as we need for to-day. God will answer the prayer,—the joint prayer of desire and effort, of mind, soul, and strength. And this prayer, daily offered, will be daily answered. As more is needed for greater trials and severer duties, more will be given. And when the same prayer shall go up on the last of our earthly days, and as the darkness of death closes over us, that day shall be as those that went before, and much more abundant. We shall then find that, because we were prepared to live, we were prepared to die; that the nourishment for our final passage was no other than that which we had needed, and the Lord had given to our need, all along our pilgrim way; and that in the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," we had prayed for all that could minister to our eternal peace and joy.

INDEPENDENCE.

"LET people's tongues and actions be what they will, my business is to keep my road and be honest, and make the same speech to myself that a piece of gold or an emerald should if it had sense and language,—‘Let the world talk and take their method, I sha’n’t but sparkle and shine on, and be true to my *species* and my color.’"

MY GARDEN.

IN the heart of a great town, shut in by high walls and ending on a narrow street, through which pours daily a crowd of men and merchandise, lies the long strip of land, my garden. Not country-born or country-bred, but with rural tastes and a longing for a wide out-look, a homesick feeling when I can no longer see the horizon, that bending of the sky toward the earth as if listening to some pleasant tidings, I stood, one dreary March morning, looking at the few shrubs which lifted their bare branches above the dingy snow and ice, and, thinking how spring, summer, and autumn came and went in the woods and fields, sighed because the dwellers in cities lost so much of the beauty and glory of the year.

Even now I knew the brooks ran unfettered to the sea, the sap was coursing in every maple-tree on the hill-sides of New England, and in sheltered nook, on sunny slope, and by the stone walls, the snow had melted, and the first blades of grass were straggling upward to the sun, while, buried deep, my garden still lay unconscious of the resurrection of the year.

But Spring did not forget me. The warm rains did what the slanting rays of the sun were powerless to accomplish; the snow melted, and soon the shrubs wore a tender greenness, the prophecy of the coming leaves, and hardy shoots thrust themselves out of the ground, brave pioneers to the more delicate and feebler plants.

It was an old garden, and had once been the pride and care of some flower-and-tree-loving man or woman, and the shrubs and trees which they had planted and nursed still remained, though aged, moss-grown, and running wild, and to me, the new-comer, every day brought a revelation. These bare branches were covered with lilac-buds, whose leaves pushed out beneath the April rains; those were rose-bushes,

those spindle-bushes, and that a plum-tree. Here, pushing themselves out of the ground, as a man elbows his way among a crowd, came the red stalks of the peony; there, ready to run over all the beds, was Gill-run-over-the-ground; and there the pale-green shoots of the Aaron's-rod, from which we made our childish shepherd purses. The slender leaves of the spider-wort and the ribbon-grass came up like the lances of some invisible fairy knights, and the woodbine leaves unfolded downy, like callow birds.

But Spring waked not the flowers alone; the weeds and grasses followed her, — buttercups, dandelions, ladies' sorrel, chickweed, plantains, and knot-grass disputed possession of the soil, and, stranger still to all that noise and din, Spring brought the birds. Martins and swallows scolded and twittered on the house-tops; impudently bold, the robin ran over the newly-made garden beds in search of worms; the ground-sparrows came to the very door-sill for the crumbs; and from the top of the plum-tree the fiery oriole sang to his soberer mate.

Day by day the beauty of my world increased; to the beauty of the leaf came the beauty of the blossom. The plum-tree grew white in the suns of May; the peony blushed with flowers richer than the damasks of our grandmothers; the lilacs perfumed the air, and the roses unfolded with marvellous loveliness, — this was a Greville, with its delicately-folded leaves, this a damask, that a blush. The blue eyes of the spider-wort opened wide in the morning light; the buttercups and dandelions "lay like concentrated sunshine" among the grass.

Summer had not forgotten me. The moss on the roof of the old building which in part bounded my demesne grew velvet-green; the weeds, whose seeds were wind-carried to the dusty gutters, throve and blossomed; and the woodbine, which made of its side a wall "verdurous as that of Paradise," grew of a glossier green as it swayed in the soft south-wind.

The whole ground was alive and rejoicing. The ants ran

in and out of their sand-holes with a busy eagerness which had no time to spare for the enjoyment of the summer in the terror of the approaching winter ; the spiders spun marvellous geometric webs, which night bespangled ; gold and green-backed bugs crawled over the grass ; buzzing bees, with stings as well as honey, rifled the flowers ; caterpillars, hairy and furry enough for the north pole, with a voracity suited to that region, sluggishly crawled from plant to plant, devouring on their way ; grasshoppers, alert and nimble as fencing-masters, jumped from blade to blade, and whirred through the warm August nights ; on fervid days, when the air quivered with the heat, the unseen locust's shrill song resounded above all the din of the street ; and, later still, the melancholy cricket chirped of the coming of frosts ; humming-birds darted from flower to flower with restless haste ; butterflies not so swift of wing and hardly smaller, flowers without stem or root, and not longer-lived, sported and played through the long sunny days.

The heavens looked down upon my garden with a loving and benignant eye, — now softly blue and radiant with sunshine, now pouring out showers or gentle rains, filling the cups of the thirsty flowers with dew, or warming them into richer life. Clouds floated above it, tinged with morning or evening hues ; the stars bent over it ; the moon silvered it into rarer beauty ; and soon the trailing glory of the comet spread across its narrow sky.

A church-steeple, which could be seen through a scanty gap, became picturesquely beautiful in the morning or evening light ; sometimes the moon changed the dingy mason-work to "ebon and ivory" ; sometimes a fog would wrap its outlines in a misty indistinctness, while a ray of bewildered sunshine would steal through the open window of the belfry, and every morning the pigeons who made it their habitation would wheel away from it in airy circles, their wings glancing in the light. Once, while I stood watching the floating clouds of an August night, I heard the shrill cry of the night-hawk, and saw him soaring far away above the house-tops.

A change came over my garden. The first freshness of its life was gone. The flowers grew and blossomed. The insects hummed and whirled through the night and day. But the blossoms dropped; the roses shed their fragrant leaves; and silently the flowers were changing into seeds. The ripened perfection of the fruit was to follow the promise of the flower.

The sun looked not so directly upon it, but had a side-long glance, as if he knew he was soon to leave us. Then came great winds and rains, bending down the shrubs, tearing away leaves and flowers,—storms in cities or on land, but great gales on the broad Atlantic,—yet not so harmful to my treasures as the silent frosts which came on the still October nights. Ah! what a ruin a few hours wrought!—the whole glory and wealth of summer swept away in one night. The woodbine, swinging in crimson loveliness upon the wall, was more beautiful in its death than in its spring-time, but the tender plants and shrubs hung masses of blackened leaves.

The insects died or crept away to their winter haunts. The ants were no longer to be seen. Ugly chrysalides hung under the corners of the fence. Spiders had deposited their eggs in cotton-wool of their own manufacture. Flies had hidden themselves in warm places. Oriole, robin, and sparrow had long forsaken me.

Then came still days, so warm and serene that it seemed as if summer had not wholly vanished, and flower and shrub must soon deck themselves again in green. But the loosened leaves fell silently, face downward, to the ground; the red glories of the woodbine strewed the garden walks, and stem and branch stood bare and naked to the November sky, save the rose-berries, looking like little red Egyptian jars, and the scarlet fruit of the spindle-bushes. Yet, pushing aside the fallen leaves on sunny days, I could sometimes find a pale violet, whose fragrance seemed sweeter than that of its earlier sisters.

Then followed days in which heaven and earth seemed alike cold and ungracious ; but with them came troops of chickadees, whose loud notes, as they called to each other, filled the whole garden with cheerful life. Running up and down the woodbine's sturdier stalks and the mossy branches of the old plum-tree, in search of insects, hanging head down, no matter how or where, they cared no more for the sharp northeasters which pierced the very marrow of human bones, than if they had been the softest winds of summer. With them they brought a downy woodpecker, who diligently tapped at knot and crevice while they flew and chattered about him, and now and then a far-up gull would sweep in wide circles towards the ice-bound bay.

But how silent seemed the garden now. Like a wearied child who had played through the summer day, it had fallen asleep amid its broken toys. Then the first snow-flakes came floating down, star-shaped, flower-shaped, and gently covered it. Spring, summer, and autumn had not forgotten it, and winter would not pass it by. Now, instead of the soft clouds of the summer sky, I see the deep blue of the colder climes, and the flaming splendors of the Northern lights ; instead of flowers and leaves, each twig and stem is cased in crystal ice, which changes to frozen rainbows in the morning sun.

The marvellous pageant of the year has been played in my few feet of ground as faithfully as in the whole wide earth. Spring will soon again draw aside the white curtain, and the drama, old as the world yet fresh as a new creation, will be played again to wondering eyes.

JESUS CHRIST is the point of union between heaven and earth ; he is a founder of a new humanity ; there is a double problem which contains all dogma in itself, — the relation of the Saviour to the Creator, and the mutual relations which are established between the Creator and ourselves.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

SACRED to the home before all other portions of the day is the evening. The morning comes with its demand for labor. Before us lie our varied tasks. Over our first waking moments there is a shade of anxiety, as involuntarily the day's probable demands or accurately determined duties rise before us. The morning, too, is the signal for separation. Life is awake again, and we must be at work. Business, domestic detail, the school, call us at once from the home, and till the sun goes down we are scattered—children of the dispersion—in our separate spheres, busy in that thing which is our first and prominent duty. There is no home again until

“The world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task has ended in the west.”

That is the glad signal for reunion ; and, converging toward the one common centre, with weary bodies or jaded brains, tired of work, tired of play, but with fresh hearts, come parents and children, brothers and sisters, to forget toil and study and care in the calm and happy life of home. The evening lamp shines out far into the gathering darkness, the welcome beacon to the father's step. The world has treated him hard to-day. He has met repulse from friendship, disappointment or reverse in business, his well-laid schemes have failed. Baffled, thwarted, that clear and steady light, detected and kept separate among all others, dissolves the gloom, lifts off the burden, and the world's chill power vanishes before the magic thought of home. No longer lag-gard, with rapid tread he hastens on. And now against the window-pane, peering into the gathering gloom, he sees a well-known face, and then the sudden vanishing tells him that quick-eared love has caught a welcome sound. With hand upon the latch, one moment he pauses ere he will make the vision real,—one moment, as the patter of little feet and

the joyous crowing of the baby-voice send their love-tones vibrating through his soul, and then,—the world shut out, care and struggle, coldness and failure, forgotten till the morrow,—circled and embraced by those who love him best and love him always, he gives himself over to pleasures and duties that await him there. Nor less the wife rejoices. All day long, amid perplexities he little knows and for which he allows too little, she has toiled and moiled to make that home which to the husband looks so bright. What contriving, what experiment, what puzzle, what economy, what patience with her children, what drilling of domestics, what tact, what courage, what virtue,—only woman's,—to make of these chaotic and contending materials the harmony he finds. To her, evening comes as a solace and relief. She feels its calm, the luxury of its repose. With her, too, care sleeps till the morrow, and the evening meal and the evening converse shall have no shade. Ye who selfishly carry your day-burden with you over the threshold of home, dragging remorselessly into its presence that which has no place there,—ye in whom the quick glance of the husband detects the tokens of inward disturbance,—let me beg you to remember that what is best for each to share with the other of the day's care may well be adjourned a little, while you may not adjourn the expressions of gladness and love which mean most at the first moment of meeting, and, like all first impressions, are apt to have permanent influence. The cloud that lowers over the meeting may spread into darkness and storm ere night be come. Drop your day-burdens at the moment of your meeting; let, at least, a brief self-forgetfulness overtake those who really love each other, in presence of God's best earthly gift, and the heart's truest earthly treasure, *Home*!

Not only the first meeting after the day is over should be a matter of thought and of care, but the whole subject of evening should receive serious attention from those who are as heads to the home. Situated as most of us are, the evening affords us all of home-life we have. It is the only time when

the circle can be complete, the only opportunity for that interchange of thought and influence so invaluable to the character. It must not be suffered to waste under our indolence or indulgence. It must not be left to chance for its improvement, or squandered in a cigar, a newspaper, or the mending of old clothes. It must not be a fret and a worry till the children are in bed, and then a fret and a worry till you are there too. To the evening, and specially the winter's evening, belong mainly the influences of domestic life. Its few short hours are all the uninterrupted time we have at our disposal to know our own or be known of them. The impression that home leaves upon the child comes mainly from its evenings. The visions which memory delights in conjuring are the old scenes about the evening fire or the evening lamp. Mother and father as they were then are the mother and father we know, and the lessons we then received are the best and most permanent in life.

If it were not for the evening, what would home-life be to-day? Is it not the *little all* that there is left of it? Are there not some of us who for months scarcely see our children by daylight, and did we not all see, a year or two ago, that a father did not know his own child, whom his wife had caused to be left in a basket at the door? Ought we not to bless God that, overworked in a world to whose exactings we consecrate ourselves, there comes in mercy the evening, as a silver clasp binding together the day and the night? Ought we not to have a care that it be kept bright and pure, sullied by no ill-doing or neglect? Not so holy and beautiful is the evening without, when moon and stars in all their quiet glory glisten in the sky, as evening within, where human hearts beat true, and the hours are sacred to the developing of the best home good. This can only be through care and effort. Only on conditions does God grant any success or joy. Home is not given, but made.

When the man has once entered the home, there he should remain, as a general thing, until the duties of the morrow

call him away. I say, as a general thing, for one has duties as a citizen and a neighbor which should not be omitted, and there are opportunities of instruction, amusement, not to be wholly foregone. Shut up exclusively to home, men and women become narrow and selfish in their views and aims and sympathies; themselves and their children suffer. The evening at home, however, is to be the rule, and the evening abroad the exception.

Is it not a fact, that the evening at home is the rare thing in some men's lives? There was something more than satire in that anecdote of the man who complained that, now he was married, he had nowhere to spend his evenings. Before a woman is your wife, you know very well, and she knows, where you spend your evenings. After that, you may know, but she does not. The first suspicion many a woman has of the waning of the honeymoon is in the absence of her husband in the evening, and the fact in many homes is, that the husband and father has no place in the evening circle, and no influence there. A hasty supper swallowed — not eaten — in silence or complaint, the coat and hat are resumed. The door is opened, closed, and the husband gone, without a sign to show that home has any place in his affections. She who at first remonstrated has long since ceased even to sigh, and takes with a patient resignation that which she finds is inevitably her lot. Even the children evince no disappointment, and the door shuts out a man who goes to the street, the club, the secret meeting, oblivious of the obligations he voluntarily assumed when he became a husband and a parent, — a man whose care for home is, that it have food, fuel, and shelter, and his demand of it, that it do not trouble him. Is there not many such a husband and many such a home? I know wives are not always angels. I know that even our own children are not always cherubs. I know home does not always smile and welcome, it is not always neat and cheery; but do you never, *if you are a man*, abandon or complain of it until you have tried to the uttermost your skill

upon it. It is a mean and cowardly thing in a man to turn his back upon a home in which he has never been known as an earnest and sympathetic coadjutor and friend.

So far as it is possible, I should say that the evening should not only be spent at home by the various members of the family, but that they should spend it together. Simply to be *at home* does not answer the home requirement. To be thoughtlessly or selfishly absorbed in one's own special pursuit, absent or apart from the home circle, is not discharging the duty. To be in the house is not to be in the home. Some men always do a certain class of writing at home, shut up by themselves, or, if with the family, compelling it to silence and restraint. Go to their places of business, and you cannot see why this need be. Very few men have their time so wholly absorbed as to be compelled to rob home in this way. There are intervals of leisure in the busiest day. Men are far from busy the whole time they are at their place of business, and it must but rarely occur that a man determined upon an unoccupied evening at home shall find it impossible. Others have a definite home employment, some pursuit aside from the calling of life, — very well, very honorable, but not to obliterate the duties of home. Others — especially the growing children — have separate rooms and establishments, in which, with books or work, the evening is spent. The evening life of the home should be a life in common. What a glee is there in young voices and young hearts when the lamps are lighted! How eagerly they gather about the table, wheeling up father's chair, bringing out mother's basket, each settling to his place, happy, busy, and joyous; while the talk, the story, the book, the game, employ the sparkling hours, and sow the seed of never-ending, ever-pure delight. Some one, speaking of the past, says, "We remember little of father and mother except what they were about the cheerful fire; the hearth-stone is the pedestal of their images, and the serene glow of the evening light upon their faces is the favorite picture which the mind cherishes."

Since we have banished that sacred thing, "the fireplace," we have only the centre-table and the lamp as the holy centre of our homes. Never may that central lamp be dimmed, nor at that table one seat of parent or of child vainly waiting to be filled!

As children grow out of the early ways and hours of childhood, one of the gravest parental duties presents itself. It is the furnishing of pleasant occupation for the evening hours. Easy enough it is when the little things are to be turned off with a toss and a kiss, and after a brief frolic, tired and sleepy, go to their beds, and leave the evening free to the elders for their own employments. But very different is it as boys and girls begin to grow, at first straining every nerve to prove that they can sit up a little later, and then, when they have gained their point, beginning to cry, "O dear, what shall I do!" This is a very important moment in life for the child and for the parent, and according as it is met will largely depend the issues of home.

The great difficulty is to know what to do with the boys. The girls are more easily controlled, because there are sedentary pursuits and household occupations to which they are used. From nature they take to indoor life. Inclination and habit lead them toward, rather than from home. With the boy it is different. His first manliness is asserted in his demand to go out and play in the evening, and in the permission begins a host of evils without name or number, — evils most pernicious to the individual, the home, and society at large. I do not know a single good result that by remotest possibility can result from allowing boys in the street at night, and I could not name the sins and crimes which have been traced back to it. Go on to the main street of any considerable town or village in an evening. There you may see and hear, under its most favorable aspect, what goes on when boys are out at night, — rudeness and noise, vulgarity and profanity, that would start a blush upon the cheek of many an older sinner, and do send many of us

shuddering on our way; and just this same thing happens wherever boys are thus suffered to run at large. Why should n't it? What is there to prevent? Darkness favors that which could not face the day; and many a boy becomes hopelessly depraved under its cover, who would go free if only his exposures were those of daylight. There are sins which, like foul birds, rejoice only in the night; and in dank dells, unvisited by sunshine, the poison-flower exhales its baleful breath. You wonder that your boys get such manners, grow so unruly at home, become indifferent to you and callous to every good impression. You marvel that they have learned to smoke and swear; you are shocked when you find that they have begun to gamble and to drink; you cannot understand these nightly fires, these street and store and house robberies, and the many other deeper crimes; and yet the prime cause lies just by, where you do not suspect it,—in the loosing your boys into the streets in the evening, because they want to go, and you don't know what else to do with them. I know how it is,—for I have been a son, and I am a father, and have already had to meet my own son on this point,—and I know, too, that it is not easy to satisfy a child of your greater kindness in your seeming injustice. But I would sooner put my boy into the cage of maddened serpents and beasts, than send him out from his home nightly, I know not where nor to what. At best, they could but kill his body; but the street at night,—after it has killed the body, it has the power to cast the soul into hell! The ranks of the drunkard, the thief, the incendiary, the murderer, are recruited from the street.

But it is of no use for you to tell your boys to stay at home, or compel them to do it, unless you are going to do so yourself. No boy will treat a home otherwise than as he sees his father treat it. He may stay in because he must; but you may be sure that he will pant for the time when he shall be his own man, and do as father does, not as he says; you may be sure that he will grow up with no desire to form

a home of his own, or will form one merely as a selfish convenience. The home you make for him will be his ideal of home when he comes to fashion one for himself.

Here, too, let me say that I feel that many parents, who in many respects are just to their home duties, err in "going out" too much. They are too easily and too often tempted away from their homes, by things innocent enough in themselves, which yet, as conflicting with parental duty, they should deny themselves. There may be no harm, now and then, in leaving the child to be put to bed by a faithful domestic; but what a homesick feeling lies upon that little heart as it lays its head upon its pillow, with no sweet good-night kiss, and the childish prayer unsaid! There are many graver trials, as we men judge, but we have forgotten our own child-heart when we think so. The question coming nightly from a little crib I know is, "Good night; *are you going out?*" — and never anything but duty compels the answer, "Yes." There may be no harm, now and then, in leaving the older children to themselves for the evening. They may learn self-restraint and self-reliance so; but when this is repeated and re-repeated for no good cause, — when children see parents greedily seizing any pretext to get away from home, allowing some selfish desire to get the better of their duty, — when they find themselves second, and other things always first, — a serious and lasting evil is inflicted upon the home. The constant and needless "*going out*" of parents is an example and an influence they shall in vain endeavor by other things to counteract. It leaves an impression on the memory unfavorable to the child, unfavorable to its future home. All honor to them that stay by the house for the sake of the children; and blessed the children whose evenings are made happy by the genial, it may be self-denying, companionship of father and mother.

The mere staying at home, however, is not enough. The negative influence of your presence is not what your children want, but the positive influence of your interest. They want

to feel your sympathy, and to know that you and they have but a single purpose for the time. What good does your sitting with them do, if they see you absorbed in your own affairs, noticing them only as in some way they interfere with or disturb you? The father and mother who are only a restraint upon their children add nothing to a home evening. They must do something directly and systematically for their children. I insist upon it, that we err in not thoughtfully and seriously planning for the profit or the pleasure of our children's evenings, suggesting, directing, if not participating in, work and play, ever ready, when the spirits flag or the zest is gone, to propose a change. I know what all this involves, — a little mother-love and a little mother-wit, that's all. It does not require large wisdom, much learning, or the many appliances money can buy or ingenuity contrive. I say, there are no happier families than those which have none of these. Ask your own hearts: — away back in those simple homes of childhood, in those bright and happy winter evenings, starting so vividly and so constantly up before your vision, had you these? Not one. By that evening fire a handful of corn kept you busy and merry till the bedtime came. You pushed the buttons or bits of leather to and fro upon the old backgammon board, or from corner to corner chased each other; or you sat with slate and pencil drawing most impossible horses and houses and men, — such as the clever artist of the "House that Jack built" must have brought freshly to the mind of many a man and woman of midlife, — a dear reminiscence of boyhood's genius, for which I thank him. And then the book was not secretly, greedily read in a corner, enjoyed alone as now, but was sacredly kept till the evening, that all might hear it; and father read, and mother knitted, and children listened; and then they talked about it in the day, interchanging childish thought and parent wisdom, making the book a living, real, and profitable influence, a friend as well as an employment. All these things are cheap, and possible still, and all that

the variety of our not more wise refinement may have introduced has not increased one whit the material of true happiness. The narrowest home of poverty has at its command, if but the heart will see and seize it, every means essential to the best and happiest use of evening.

I grant that it will require thought and time, and some perplexity and failure; and what one thing in life that we do does not involve these? And if you are willing, for the sake of some lesser success, to subject yourself to these, if you contrive and toil and persevere for other things, why shall you complain, or halt, or refuse here? Your homes and your hearts will receive the exceeding great reward of your endeavor. Finding their pleasure and their joy and their profit in their homes, your children will be saved from depraved tastes and guilty pleasures; and when they come to leave you, the new home will not find them restless and craving for the higher flavoring of other scenes and pleasures. Of the many things warring against the home, open and disguised, nothing wars more successfully than the little pains taken by parents to make the evenings pleasant and profitable to the children.

But how are we to accomplish this? What are the means possible in every household?

Do we not mistake in not having some instruction at home, aside and separate from that of school, less formal, more genial, — the sort of education for which the home is pre-eminently qualified, — the drawing out of the child the impressions and opinions received at school, which, as left by school, have always more or less that is crude about them? Do we not divorce the home and the school, when the home should in some direct way be made to bear upon the school, broadening and deepening that which it marks out? You expect impossibilities of your teachers and your children if you look for a thorough furnishing without your help. How much good it would do, how much pleasant occupation it would afford, how much valuable information would you

receive, from ferreting out together with your children the hints or facts brought home from school, and with how much more zeal would they take hold of studies which they saw interested their homes! Collateral information, always valuable, oftentimes is of more importance than that which is direct. Nor is this less possible where the parents have had no early advantage. How many through interest in their children's studies, studying with or taught by them, have been enabled to supply the early deficiency, and through loving interest in their offspring, though late in life, acquired, not knowledge merely, but a love for knowing! They are very few who, if they have the will, cannot find the way to a mutual intellectual benefit in the evening hours of the home.

The evening may still further be used for moral instruction,—not the dull, prosy, set inculcation of morals, but that incidental teaching for which every home furnishes sufficient material and opportunity. The fireside morality of which the more advanced so frequently speak, which they allude to as the influence of home, was of this nature,—the chance culling from every fact and incident, and the apt impressing at the moment of the best lesson that the moment taught,—a thing done oftentimes in utter unconsciousness by the parent, the inevitable welling over of a spirit that was full of the purpose of blessing and sanctifying home. At home, I remember that this was constantly going on, and the little chance—let me rather say *providential*—seeds which fell at the evening fireside were the seeds full of the life that ripens for the harvest. I have no sense of the “too much” there, but of a constant, yet largely unconscious, evening influence,—influence of silence sometimes, eloquent and effective as that of lip,—which pervaded the evening circle of home, as the delicate fragrance of some fair flower pervades the atmosphere of the room. It gave our home its grace and joy, and made its power.

I now come to touch the home in one of its most difficult relations. Next to religion I know no one subject more important, more easily to be mistaken in, more conscientiously to be decided upon, more resolutely to be met, more judiciously to be carried out, than the subject of the evening amusements of the home. It is a subject I cannot here go so thoroughly into as I should like, and I know very well that what I may say will shock the prejudices or the principles of some, while I shall fail of the sympathy of others, and perhaps peril my reputation with many. But I have something to say under this head which is not the birth of the moment, and may, therefore, perhaps be worthy a hearing.

The care of the parent should be not only not to repel, but to win. Without abating one whit of its authority, home should be a place every way genial to the growing spirits in it. Its orderings should change and keep pace with the developments of the natures it enfolds. In the home, and from earliest existence, you detect the spirit of play. In the frolic laugh of the baby, in the merry and perpetual gambol of the child, in the restless noise of the boy, and the matronly propensity of the girl, you see how early and how large a part in every life is the element of play. In the earlier years the parent has little to do but to control it, to keep the rollicking exuberance within due limit.

But as the years roll, and the child grows, there comes the necessity, not merely for controlling, but directing. And here I think the first grave task of parentage begins. As home inevitably ceases to be the only law, and each young person becomes more and more a law unto himself, some judgment and some tact will be requisite that this critical period be passed through without alienating the child. Some homes, disregarding a law that speaks as plainly in our natures as the law that was spoken from the mountain, shut off the still jubilant spirit from enjoyment which one portion of his being craves, as much and as rightly as another portion

craves bread. Home, which was once play, is now restraint, and the boy or girl is assured of heinous wickedness lurking under pleasures in which he longs to participate as others do, in whom, for the life of him, he can detect nothing of the embryonic demon. Some families make no effort, or but feebly set themselves against the torrent of young will that sets itself against every remonstrance. They offer no counteracting home inducements, and tamely yield to the pressure they should control, and you find the home deserted for a round of senseless outside frivolities, interrupted now and then by some sharp, sudden pulling up, as an awakened sense of parental responsibility for the moment demands. What real good that does, you may see by dropping in some time where pouting daughters and irritated sons tell of some coveted indulgence forbidden by parental freak. In other homes you find the parent spurring the child by precept and example, feeding its growing love for dress, for pleasure, for excitement, converting life into mere enjoyment, wasting the present, and insuring a future of utter uselessness. As I judge, neither of these should be the pattern for our homes.

If history, observation, experience, — yes, and Revelation even, — combine to tell us anything, it is that the young, at least, require amusement. No less does prudence teach us that those amusements should be mainly in the presence, always under the control, of the home.

What shall the amusements of the home be?

Where there is the ability and the taste, I regard music — as combining in happiest proportions instruction and pleasure — as standing at the head of the home evening enjoyments. What a never-failing resource have those homes which God has blessed with this gift! How many pleasant family circles gather nightly about the piano, how many a home is vocal with the voice of song or psalm! In other days, in how many village homes the father's viol led the domestic harmony, and sons with clarinet or flute or manly voice, and daughters sweetly and clearly filling in the inter-

vals of sound, made a joyful noise ! There was then no piano, to the homes of this generation the great, the universal boon and comforter. One pauses and blesses it, as he hears it through the open farm-house window, or detects its sweetness stealing out amid the jargons of the city, — an angel's benison upon a wilderness of discord, soothing the weary brain, lifting the troubled spirit, pouring fresh strength into the tired body, waking to worship, lulling to rest. Touched by the hand we love, a mother, sister, wife, — say, is it not a ministrant of love to child, to man, — a household deity, — now meeting our moods, answering to our needs, sinking to depths we cannot fathom, rising to heights we may not reach, leading, guiding, great and grand and good, — and now stooping to our lower wants, the very frolic of our souls reverberating from its keys ? The home that has a piano, — what capacity for evening pleasure and profit has it ! Alas that so many wives and mothers should speak of their ability to play as a mere accomplishment of the past, and that children should grow up looking on the piano as a thing unwisely kept for company and show !

So is it with drawing, an art which lies, like music, within the reach of most, and, since our common schools have begun to teach the rudiments, an accomplishment possible to all. I have known whole families, evening after evening, absorbed in truest delight, now roaring with laughter at the grotesque, now pleased and surprised at the ingenious or the exact, now admiring a landscape, now criticising an animal, and again convulsed at a caricature. Many a home evening has been, and may be, profitably spent in acquiring and practising a skill which may always be made available.

Then there come evening games, and their name is legion. They are both quiet and noisy, and one marvels at the ingenuity displayed in their multitude and variety, and still the wonder grows as each new home circle reveals some play you never heard of, and each new year pours before you its bewildering flood of games. Certainly in these days

there is no lack of such amusement, — only I think the great abundance makes the young more exacting and less satisfied than once.

Checkers, backgammon, and chess come among the recognized, familiar, and harmless amusements of the home evening. And why not cards? I do not believe these last deserve their bad pre-eminence. I know the mischief they have done, but then the others are not immaculate; and I would ask what there is about a game of cards, in itself and intrinsically, worse than about a game of chess? There is a deal of difference between the use of anything and its abuse, and I am apt to think the *mere use* of very few things in any way harmful. The minister who sits for long evenings over his chess, and returns to it again and again, is just as far from a proper use of chess as the man who spends night after night at his cards is from a proper use of them. Gambling I do not allude to, because gambling does not obtain in our homes, — or if it should in any, I have only to say that gambling is the perversion of the legitimate use of cards, just as the making of ardent spirit from the sugar-cane or corn or rye is a perversion of their legitimate use. You do not curse or refuse the one because of its abuse; why should you the other? I know what cards have done, what they are doing; but the sin is with the man, not with the card. Gambling is the accidental form the evil within him takes. Destroy the cards, and that evil will break out in some other thing. It is too late to attempt to put down by the force of prejudice or religion a thing which is an established fact among us, a thing which owes very much of its fascination and its influence to its being prohibited in, exiled from, the home. Everywhere our young people meet it. If it is forbidden, they regretfully refuse to join, or they disobey, — and either is bad for them. What is better with this and some other things — which we may wish were out of the world, but will not go for our wishing — is to own up to our children that the thing in itself is

not bad ; show them — yes, *teach them* — the difference between use and abuse. Establish the limit. I do not say they will not cross it, but I do say they are in much less danger of crossing it. I am wont to think that my experience, from a very large and varied acquaintance with boys at different boarding-schools and young men in college, is not wholly worthless, and the result of observation and experience with me is, that the danger in the great majority of cases is to those who have only been taught in their homes that cards are the invention of the Devil. Of the homes I can recall in which the young were permitted this amusement, I cannot recall one that has been shaded by the momentary suspicion that any member of it was making an improper use of his knowledge ; — and I am willing to say, though I know what I risk in saying it, that, acting as I conceived to be for the best, I have allowed my own boys the unrestricted use of cards. At first, every leisure moment was given to them ; but the surfeit came, and the cards lie unused. That was the way in which I was treated about the theatre ; in that way it was that the first fascination of it received early and forever its death. The truth is, our children have got to fight their own way through the world. It is little we can do for them ; but one of the “little things,” as it seems to me, is to teach them the difference between use and abuse. Honestly I believe that our homes may derive sincere and proper pleasure from a moderate participation in games of mingled chance and skill, and we may send our sons and daughters with less fear out into the world, than if all participating had been forbidden and all indulgence considered vile.

As mingling pleasure and a healthful exercise, I mention dancing as an evening amusement of the home. I do not simply mean that it should be confined to the members of home, because there are few homes where there are enough to make this possible ; but my meaning is, that it should be rather the informal thing in our homes, than the costly

and foolish thing it is made elsewhere. It is the adjuncts of dancing, rather than the dancing itself, which seem to me objectionable. What could be more wise in a parent, what could give more genuine pleasure, than to invite in a few of the young friends of the household for a couple of hours of rational dancing, without expense, without dress, without anything to eat? I marvel that parents who say a good deal about the style of parties to which their children go, who seem to be alive to the very objectionable things connected with public and private assemblies, do not take the initiative in some movement of this sort. Far better than fretting at your children for doing as others do, or running a useless tilt against the fashion of the day, is it to fling open the doors of your house, and take in under the protection of the safeguards of home those whom you are voluntarily exposing to hazards of health and character. It will be some trouble, it is true; but what right have you to weigh that against the good of your children? The expense, the late eating, the late hours, the absurdities of dress, the dangerous excitement of polka and waltz, the envy which always comes of elaborate displays, the hard feelings, the waste of days before and after, which are the really objectionable things, may in this way be obviated. The improprieties which creep in in a crowd, or where there is no home restraint, would thus be impossible. There could be nothing but what the parent would sanction, or might easily check.

I know this will not suit young people altogether. The glare, the glitter, the excitement — things they have not yet analyzed, things just varnishing over real and mighty dangers — are the attractive things, and they consider simple dancing a very tame affair. But I am speaking of things I know something about. Mine is neither the prejudiced ground of a recluse, nor the partial ground of a bigot. I have had a large experience in these things. I know the world from mingling in it, and I know where the danger lies. If fathers and mothers knew what they were about, if they

would use a discretion which should least desert them here, they would provide at home for their sons and daughters that pleasure which is pure and true, and free from every meretricious alloy.

And why not have in your homes reading-clubs, sewing-circles, the acting of charades, and private theatricals? Why not settle it with yourselves at once that the young people will and must have amusements, and take it upon yourselves to furnish in proper proportion and variety such as are not objectionable? The whole thing lies in your own hands. You deny these at *your* peril. What you do not grant, in some way they will get. You throw them on the world at *their* peril. What do you know of what goes on, or what undesirable acquaintanceship may be formed, at a public hall? Take amusements into your houses, be one with your children in them, and if they are not satisfied it will prove to you that you have not made the change any too soon. Quiet home amusements will lead to proper social ones, and will form a taste averse to those which are improper.

A single word more. I am convinced that we do not make enough of the child-relish for listening to conversation. If a neighbor or friend comes in, we are apt to think the child must go out. And yet a wide-awake child will sit all the evening, drinking in at eye and ear the intelligent talk of the elders. Not merely is it a wise and gentle mental stimulus, not merely may it instruct, or introduce to new knowledge, or provoke inquiry, but it draws out the heart towards the elder, establishes a much-needed, much-overlooked sympathy. The child looks out beyond its own thought and life, feels itself admitted into the high places of other men's experience, comes to have a personal interest, property, in its father's or its mother's friend. Ah! how many in this world there are, the echo of whose voices, once familiar about the home-hearth, friends of the dear ones gone, linger still, twined inseparably with old home memories! Let the chil-

dren stay and hear the talk, and do you talk wisely for their profit and blessing!

There was in the days of my boyhood *a book* called "Evenings at Home"; and there was in the days of my boyhood *a thing* called "Evenings at Home." I miss them both now; and society, which thinks it has grown so wise, has lost two things which did much toward making the men and women of to-day. Too much the old spend the evening from home, in stores, in clubs, in secret societies, in concerts, and in theatres and balls. Too many things have been devised away from home, which draw the men away, and make them associate exclusively with themselves. Our young people follow where the elders lead. I may be unfortunate, but it is very rarely that I find a young man at home with the family in my evening calls. With both sexes there is a restless craving for outside amusement, as if the evening were for nothing else. I have desired simply to hint at that wealth of occupation, improvement, happiness, which there is in our own homes, which it lies with parents to evoke and recommend, neglecting which they have recklessly thrown their children into contact with evils against which they are neither forewarned nor forearmed. God placed the inexperienced soul within a home, that about its inexperience a father's and a mother's love might throw their protection. For watch and ward were they set over it. And God made the day for labor, and the night for rest; but where these joined — when the one was ended ere the other begun — His dear love interposed a precious neutral season, and sanctified it to the hallowing associations and influences of home. Let us feel God's command upon us in this precious season; let us neglect neither its responsibility nor its privilege. Let us trim anew the flame of the evening lamp, let us draw in closer circle round the evening table, and let the joy of our present and the blessing of our future come from the holy and happy EVENINGS AT HOME!

J. F. W. W.

COSMOGONY.

CHAPTER II.

THE FORMATION OF THE EARTH.

IF we take a section of the earth's crust, on a level plain, where the various strata exist in their natural order, and begin to dig downward, we should first cut through various layers of loam, fine sand, and gravel, containing the remains of existing plants and animals, and also of man and of his works. This is called the most recent, or alluvial formation, and is caused by floods occurring through long centuries, each having thrown down a deposit of clay, mud, or sand, borne from the hills.

We should next pass through a deposit of clay, sand, gravel, and stones rounded by friction, which is called the diluvial formation. We should next penetrate layers of gravel, marl, clay, &c., containing the remains of animals and plants now mostly extinct. These deposits have a thickness of about thirteen hundred feet, and are called the tertiary formation. Next we should descend through layers of chalk, and deposits of red sandstone, &c., to the depth of not less than a mile, finding in our way the remains of huge animals and lizards which are now entirely extinct. These strata are called the secondary formation. We should next cut through layers of slate, limestone, and mineral coal, of not less than three thousand feet in thickness, and called the coal formation. We should after this penetrate through a whole series of strata called the transition formation, measuring a thickness of more than twenty-five miles, and abounding in marine fossils, all of which were quietly deposited on ocean beds and then consolidated and petrified. Thus, as faithful records of the history of our planet, they have been preserved through the untold ages of the past. As we proceed through this descending scale, we see that the animal and vegetable organisms whose remains are

entombed in the rocks become more and more simple. In the lowest strata of the tertiary, the animal remains dwindle to the class called Radiata, which form the connecting link with the vegetable kingdom, while the plants are mainly a species of sea-weed. Of the more minute and still more simple species which preceded these, all traces have become lost, because of the delicacy of their texture.

Beneath this formation we come down to the primitive slates, gneiss, and quartz, which contain no organic remains, and are called the primary stratified rocks. Lastly, after penetrating through these, all of which present unmistakable evidence of having been deposited from water, we meet with the granite, which is unstratified, shows absolute proof of having been once molten from the action of intense heat, and appears to be the original and parent rock, from the broken and pulverized atoms of which, combined with substances radiated from the sun, deposited from the atmosphere, and evolved from the central mass of the earth, all the upper rocks and earth were successively formed. Though the various upper strata differ widely in character in different places, the granite invariably underlies them. It is the foundation on which all the other formations repose. It is the rocky framework of the globe.

It may be asked, Who has thus actually digged into the earth to the depth of twenty-five or thirty miles, and found the character and order of the strata to be as described? No one. Such a method is not needed. During immense geological ages, from the explosive powers of internal fires, all the older strata have, in various places, been broken, disturbed, and their edges tilted up to the surface of the earth, at various angles; thus they may be measured with but little difficulty.

We know that this primitive granite was once fluid and molten, because it is unstratified, and therefore could not have been formed, as other rocks were, by sedimentary deposits; because much of it is of a crystalline character, such

as could have been produced only by heat ; and because we often find it flowing upward through the smallest crevices of the contiguous rocks, as by injection, bursting through them in various directions, forming dikes and veins, from an inch to hundreds of feet in diameter. The manner in which these veins are formed proves that the matter with which they were filled was once in a fluid state. What, then, lies beneath the granite ? As this is the basis of all other rocks in all places, and as its original state was that of fluidity from intense heat, it may be fairly inferred that such was the condition of the whole globe, — that it was one vast ball of molten lava !

Nay, such is its condition *now*. Our planet is still a vast ball of liquid fire, with a cooled outside, — with a thin crust of solid matter, which in thickness bears no greater proportion to the general mass of the earth than the *egg-shell bears to the general mass of the egg*. This is now the general opinion of geologists, and is confirmed by many considerations.

The earth is not a perfect globe, but an oblate spheroid contracted at the poles. The form of the earth is that which it *must* be of necessity were it originally a fluid mass rotating in space with its present velocity. Its rotation caused the polar contraction, which it could *not* do unless the earth was fluid.

From careful observations, made during many years, upon the temperature of deep mines and Artesian wells, it is found that as we descend below the surface the temperature constantly and rapidly increases, at the average rate of one degree for every fifty feet of descent. With this ratio of increase, at a depth of fifty miles the most refractory substances must become fluid, and all known rocks melt like wax. We have, then, from the thin crust of the earth on all sides to the centre, a mass of molten lava of more than seven thousand miles in diameter.

In the agitation of this ocean of fire by explosive gases, or

by the percolation of water through fissures in the strata, we find the ample explanation of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and mountain upheavals; phenomena which, apart from this principle of the internal fusion of the earth, can scarcely be solved.

Volcanoes are passage-ways to this molten, fiery sea. The volume of matter thrown out at an eruption often exceeds the mass of the entire mountain, thus showing that more than local causes were at work. Again, between widely separated volcanic vents a sympathy exists, showing that the power of volcanoes, wherever it is located, must be deeply seated. Universal effects cannot be explained by local causes.

When, a century ago, the great Mexican volcano, Orizaba, was in action, four hundred and eighty miles to the northward Aconcagua was belching forth its fires, and two thousand seven hundred miles still farther north Casiguino, which had rested for twenty-six years, burst forth anew, accompanied by an earthquake felt over an area of more than ten thousand square miles. The Lisbon earthquake crossed the Atlantic, and was felt at Quebec and on the great lakes of America, and from Sweden on the north to Africa on the south,—an area many times the size of Europe. To comprehend phenomena of such extent we must recognize adequate causes.

Are we not forced to admit that we stand on a thin crust, beneath which the planetary fires yet burn slowly and dimly in their expiring hours? A thin and yielding crust, which bends in rolling waves to the earthquake, sinks and rises, bubbles and contorts, under the fierce heave of those pent-up forces which here and there break forth in volcanic rage. So all beneath is fire, the fire of the new-born world, still unsubdued!

Thus geologists reason, from accurate data, concerning the early state of our planet. And they infer that not even this was the primitive state of our earth; that the matter

which composes it was in a still more sublimated condition, — a condition of intenser heat, — heat that would permit the existence of matter only in the state of *vapor*. The hypothesis has much of probability, that the matter of our earth was once in the state of gaseous flame, from the cooling and condensing of which was formed the fluid, and then its present superficially solid state.

But now it must be borne in mind, that there is a link which connects geology and astronomy. The earth is only one member of the great family of planets belonging to the solar system; and it is fair to infer that the brothers and sisters of the same planetary family have a similar origin; especially as they, like the earth, are not round, but *spheroidal*, — a form only made by the rotation of a liquid mass on its axis, — while they observe the same laws of daily rotation, and revolution in an orbit, and their surfaces, like the surface of the earth, reveal to the telescope the jagged mountainous irregularities produced by volcanic action on their crusts. The conclusion, therefore, is obvious, that their origin is the same. If, then, the earth was originally in a state of flaming gas, so were *they*; and before the processes of planetary formation began, the materials of all of them commingled in one intensely heated and undistinguishable mass.

But if this be true of our solar system, it must be true of all the systems, clusters, and firmaments that make the material universe. For the same familiar law of gravitation that rounds the dewdrop and the planet rules those distant worlds; and, like our own, those globes are constantly whirling on their axes, and rolling on their grand orbits through the heavens. The inference, then, becomes irresistibly strong, that the *whole series* of laws through which our planet was developed applies to them also, and that the primal condition of the materials of the one must have been analogous to that of the other. If, then, the materials of which the earth, the sun, and the planets of the

solar system were made, were once in a gaseous, diffused, and undistinguishable mass, so the materials of all the suns, the systems, and the firmaments of the creation were, in like manner, in an original nebulous and formless state, and the universal primitive substance was *one* substance, — matter in its highest state of attenuation, expansion, and ethereality.

We have thus reached, by the easy path of analogy, the germ of creation, — the igneous gas, the primitive and nebulous ether, from which was slowly made all suns, systems, and worlds, together with all the forms which dwell upon their surfaces.

It will be seen that by this analytical process, reasoning from effects to causes, we have reached the same position at which, in our first chapter, we arrived by an opposite and *synthetical* process, reasoning from causes to effects. We then reached the conclusion, it will be remembered, that the primitive condition of matter was that of the electric and magnetic ethers. Thus the same hypothesis is arrived at from two independent paths of reasoning ; of course the probability of its truth is much increased, and we may reasonably conclude that any error in our statement is probably an error in the *form*, rather than in the *principles*, of our conclusion.

Gazing, then, into the immeasurable depths of space, and drawing aside the curtain which hides the primitive condition of matter, we discover, extending through an inconceivable expanse, one diffused and undivided ocean of the rarest and most subtile ethers.

This was the birth of the universe. To gain a more vivid conception of this condition, let us suppose that the present planetary worlds were resolved into their primitive gases ; let us conceive that the innumerable suns which fill immensity, with all their retinue of revolving orbs, should start from their orbits, precipitate themselves upon their general centre, and flash into a common embrace, — thus forming an

all-expanded ocean of ethereal flame, an unimaginable sun, whose limits no thought can reach, and whose brightness no eye could bear. This would faintly represent to the mind the original igneous matter of systems and of suns. These electric and magnetic elements are only less subtile than spirit itself. They are the most refined and sublimated fluids which chemistry knows; she cannot weigh, measure, or analyze them. They move almost with the velocity of thought, and can perform the circuit of the globe in a little less than the eighth part of a second. It requires four millions of particles of atmospheric air to compose an atom as large as the smallest visible grain of sand; and yet these electric and magnetic elements are known to be, *at least*, seven hundred thousand times finer than air. They involve all the elements in being, they are found in all; and from them all subsequent material formations took their rise.

These elements were the *first* outflowing creation of Deity. From the positive and negative relations that subsisted between magnetism and electricity there then occurred a spontaneous union and assimilation of these elements, from which was produced a more dense and material formation, differing in appearance from both. This substance is known in chemistry as *oxygen gas*. Says Mantell, an eminent geologist, "Half the ponderable matter of the earth consists of oxygen"; it is that form of matter which supports combustion, which is essential to respiration, and which is the basis of all vegetable and animal vitality. This element makes about one fourth of the bulk of the earth's atmosphere, and may be viewed as the next step in the direction of tangible matter.

Again, the process of chemical union, condensation, and reproduction went on. The elements already existing entered into a new combination, and the substance called *nitrogen* was formed. This gas constitutes nearly three fourths of the common atmosphere, and in it primitive matter made a still nearer approach to the realm of the visible and tangible creation.

Next, from a union and combination of all the previous elements, *hydrogen* was formed. This gas, when united with oxygen in a certain proportion, forms water ; but when mixed with another proportion of oxygen, it burns rapidly, and with violent explosion.

We have now before us the constituent elements of the air, water, and fire ; and it will be seen that it is only necessary that these elements should be properly united and combined, in order to produce all the tangible substances of Nature, down even to her densest material forms.

From the union of oxygen and nitrogen a material atmosphere was formed. From the blending of oxygen and hydrogen water was produced in its rarefied and diffused state, being expanded through the immeasurable immensity as an unimaginable ocean of etherealized vapor. And then, by another union of the same gases, there was evolved, as a necessary result, a vast expanse of nebulous flame, whose height and breadth and depth no earthly mind can measure. Flaming with the most inconceivable heat, its vaporized materials extended through space like a sea, without bounds, inconceivable, and containing the substance from which were evolved all worlds, all suns, and all systems in the immensity of space.

It may be somewhat difficult for some minds to understand how visible, tangible, ponderable matter can be formed from invisible, intangible, and imponderable elements. But the same results are produced every day. The invisible exhalations of the water rise above the surface of the earth, and become condensed, and visible as *clouds* ; then the same elements, still further condensed, descend to the earth as rain, snow, or hail, which is tangible to the dullest sense. The invisible elements, suitably combining, form globules of water, which, by another chemical union, change to ice. It would only require a different union of the same elements which produce the hailstones to form a substance which the senses would discern as liquid or gaseous flame. In the laboratory

of the chemist, all kinds of matter easily pass through every grade of transmutation, from the most dense and solid to the most gaseous state. Metals and stones are but condensed gases, and can easily be converted into gases, and so, *vice versa*, can these be convertible into metals.

Having thus traced back the matter of the universe to its original vaporous form, let us study the changes which must necessarily have occurred according to well-known physical law.

This mass of heated world-vapor would contain all the elements, gaseous and solid. No compounds could exist from its intense heat; but all its matter would be expanded and vaporized, and mingled in an undistinguishable mass. This immense ocean would be agitated from the centre to the surface with indescribable undulations. The laws of attraction and repulsion would universally prevail. Every atom of this mass would attract or repel its neighbor, and likewise move towards a common centre. Condensation would begin, heat would be radiated, and the temperature of the vast expanse slowly diminish. Magnetism is the principle of *affinity*, while electricity is the principle of *repulsion*; that is, magnetism binds atom to atom and body to body, by the power of an innate attraction, resulting from the chemical union of its particles, while electricity manifests a repelling force, two bodies positively charged with electricity having a tendency to repel each other, and fly off in straight lines from a given centre. By the constant action of the magnetic force, particles of like nature would attract each other, and would be drawn together through affinity, so as to form comparatively dense masses, or nuclei. At innumerable points, innumerable agglomerations, of various size, form, and density, would arise. If, now, from among these primary nuclei that strew the universe, we choose that agglomeration which is forming at the point indicated by our sun's centre, we can learn the constitution of our solar system. This vapory nucleus, after undergoing condensation for ages, would round into a spher-

ical form, its centre being the centre of our sun, its circumference reaching out beyond the orbit of Neptune, with a diameter of more than six thousand millions of miles.

Now, *motion* and *rotation* in this mass would begin with the very formation of the nucleus. Different currents of water, flowing towards a common centre, produce, as is well known, a *whirl*, rapid at the point of meeting, and growing more feeble till it is lost in the general stream. So the very first two particles which attracted each other, and were drawn together, would begin this rotary movement. The two particles are joined by others; a nucleus is formed, which, while condensing, would rotate more and more rapidly. The momentum of each stream of these particles of nebulous matter flowing inward from all directions towards the condensed centre, and impinging upon it, would increase the rotary movement.

Thus in this vapory mass rotation and condensation would go hand in hand, and the shapeless nebula slowly become a revolving sun. As the velocity of rotation increased, its poles would contract, until it became an extremely flattened spheroid, shaped somewhat like a grindstone. Then at the equator of the sphere, where the motion was most rapid, the external portions of this mass would become loosened and detached, and form an independent ring around the central mass, revolving as a separate ring, with just that velocity with which, while the surface of the mass, it rotated. This ring, containing one or more spots, or nuclei, of comparatively dense matter, would be soon broken up, its fragments settling into a planet, and continuing the motion it possessed as a ring. We thus account for the planet Neptune, the world first formed, and farthest from the sun.

The next fragment thrown off, in the course of ages, by the centrifugal force of the sun, became the planet Uranus. Then came Saturn; then Jupiter; then the asteroids, which appear to have repelled rather than attracted each other, and, instead of settling into one planet, revolve round the sun as

distinct, though small, worlds. The next fragment formed the planet Mars; the next was the Earth; then came Venus, and finally Mercury, which terminated for the present the birth of planetary worlds from the common mother, the sun,* though she is still young, and some astronomers, from the present size and appearance of the spots on her disk, prophesy a still further increase of the solar family. Thus the sun, through condensation and the whirling off of worlds, has shrunk from an original bulk of more than six thousand millions of miles in diameter, to a globe only eight hundred and eighty-two thousand miles in diameter; though it is still, according to Galle, seven hundred and thirty-eight times greater than the combined volume of all the planets. Many of the planets whirled off from the parent sphere were in a condition so nebulous as to admit of those bodies discarding, in their turn, yet other fragments, which became moons. Of these satellites Neptune has two, Uranus six, Saturn eight moons and three uniform bands, which did not break up into fragments, but continue to revolve as rings; Jupiter has four moons, and our Earth one.

A German Professor has made the world his debtor by a very beautiful experiment in illustration of the method of creation. He took a glass jar, having a metallic rod inserted, and partially filled it with a mixture of alcohol and water, of the same density as oil. He then poured in a few drops of oil, which at once assumed a globular form, and, taking up its position in the centre, used the rod as its axis. Making the globe rotate, he sees the poles gradually flattening, the oil piling itself up about the centre, or equator, and its spheroidal form increasing, until a fine ring is thrown off at its margin. This ring continues to revolve, soon

* Since 1847 no less than fifty new asteroids have been discovered between Mars and Jupiter, and the astronomers *think* they discover either a new planet or one of a new series of asteroids between the Sun and Mercury. Dr. Lescarbault's new planet, called *Vulcan*, is, however, a subject of warm controversy. See North British Review, August, 1860. — Eds.

breaks up into fragments, which gather into one or more smaller globes, all circling the same course, — each globe wheeling upon its own axis, and around the axis upon which the parent globe was formed, — thus brilliantly illustrating in miniature the laws governing our earth and sun and solar system. For the same law which rounds the dew-drops, rounds the great world, chains the suns in their fiery paths, and makes a globule of oil the type of the universe.

I have said that, while magnetism or gravitation was the attractive force, drawing the atoms of matter together and towards a centre, electricity was the principle of *repulsion*; and in the case of *comets*, those luminous wanderers of the sky, this principle seems to have been active in modifying the general method of creation we have stated. In those instances, before the surface of the sun became so far incrustated as to be loosened and whirled off as a ring, the spot of incrustation, or nucleus of superior density, becoming positively charged with the electric element, is repelled, and thrown off in a straight line from the original mass, rushing and whirling through the deep of space with an unimaginable velocity. In the first stages of its motion this body appears as a flaming comet, dragging in its course a long and fiery trail, and seemingly plunging, aimless and ungoverned, into the abyss. But though it passes over a distance of millions of miles, it is still linked with the central sphere from which it was born; subtile threads of magnetism, stronger than metal bands, flow with it in its outward course, and grapple it, as with indissoluble ties, to its parent body. By the traction of these invisible threads, the velocity of the flaming mass is slowly slackened, its course is gradually bent from the strait line of simple motion, till it wheels on its truant course, and rushes back from the outskirts of the system to the sun. By the fierce heat of the solar rays, — a heat many thousand times intenser than that of red-hot iron, — its matter is vaporized and expanded to vast

dimensions, until it is so attenuated as to show like a speck of cloud, or lock of down, admitting the free passage of the sunbeams through it, and not intercepting the light of the smallest star.

After long ages, the electrical repulsion and the gravitating influence counterbalance and combine in harmony; the body "without form and void" assumes a spherical shape, and revolves in a circular orbit round its blazing sun. Its surface becomes gradually cooled; it undergoes violent convulsions and cataclysms; its aqueous atoms, hitherto held in solution in the dense atmosphere, slowly fill the beds of its irregular surface, which contracts, cools, hardens, and closes on the full fires within.

The mass of nebulous, chaotic matter has passed from the gaseous to the fluid state, and from the fluid to the solid; the primeval process of creation is completed, and an earth is in its infancy. It now appears of a spheroidal form, the crust alone somewhat solid, whilst all below is a mass of molten matter, upheaving and bursting forth from a thousand volcanic mouths.

E. M. W.

SAVIOUR, GIVE ME THY PEACE.

SAVIOUR, give me thy peace!
O let me feel my sins are washed away!
Give me a sense of pardon now, I pray,
Let doubt and fear both cease.

Remember not my sin,
Tell me the day will come I shall forget;
Remembrance helps me now, therefore not yet, —
'Tis well to look within.

But oh ! what do I see ?
Such darkness, such impurity, such stain,
I weep, I groan, I dare not look again,
And then I fly to Thee.

I know Thou wilt forgive ;
But wilt Thou for the future keep me pure ?
I am so weak, so restless, insecure,
Without Thee cannot live.

O never let me go !
Never do Thou from me, dear Lord, depart ;
Be at my side, and in my throbbing heart ;
Shield me in joy and woe.

When I am faint with fear,
Whisper, that, if the day of darkness come,
Thou wilt come with it, be my staff, my home,
And more than ever near.

But when the fear is past, —
When the glad sun shines through the clouds once more,
And the dark wave has broken on the shore, —
Then, Saviour, hold me fast.

Grief keeps me close to Thee ;
I almost fear to have my pain removed ;
Wouldst Thou by this frail heart be so beloved
If all were well with me ?

O, when my heart is sore,
And bleeding in its loneliness and woe,
Subdue it with Thy love, and fill it so
That it shall weep no more.

Fold me in thine embrace,
O let my weariness find rest in Thee !
For my long thirst sufficient it will be
To look upon Thy face.

THE HUMAN MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST.

THE foremost name in our world, at least as we Christians judge, is the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Even those in Christendom who recognize neither the Divine sonship nor the Divine mission of our Lord place him at the head of our race, calling him wisest and best, king of men, saintliest of saints. Say what we will of his power in heaven,—of his glory with the Father before the world was, of his present exaltation,—his power on earth none will pretend to deny. The very name Christendom is a perpetual witness for it. Every new year, called a year of the Lord, attests it; those who cannot be said to have received him, because they have not yet taken him to their hearts, do yet unconsciously confess him; their thoughts, their affections, their hopes and fears, their words and works, are colored and shaped by the power that goes out from him. It is enough almost to touch but the hem of his garment. I take this to be a fact, and a fact which does not owe its recognition to any theory about the Christ, but will be admitted as exceedingly significant by persons of every shade of Christian opinion and of no Christian opinion whatever.

Now, in view of the mighty grasp which Jesus Christ has so manifestly gained upon our world, I wish to ask, and if I can to answer, this question. How was the life manifested? What do we find in Christ?—all of us, I mean; and by saying “all of us,” I exclude all inquiry as to his nature, his essence and innermost being, the life of his life, the mystery of his relation to God the Father everlasting, the heavenly ground of his being,—I ask rather in what was this innermost being, this Word of God, this Divine Essence, this Son of the Highest manifested, what form did this life assume, by what speech, by what acts, was it expressed, what manner of person was He whom the world has been glad to accept as its Head? If this question be truly answered, we

shall know what God seeks to reveal to us beyond all things else, what man in his deepest heart and soberest thought most reverences, and what we most need and are to grow into as we grow into a likeness to our Saviour.

How was the life manifested? What did God give us in that life. I gather my reply from the Gospels. St. John tells us, indeed, that only the smallest part of what might have been written concerning Jesus was written; but it is fair to suppose that what we have fairly represents what we have not. And I must answer first negatively; for what we do not find, what we miss, is profoundly significant. One who will come to the New Testament fresh from the study of human fame and earthly greatness will perhaps be disappointed,—surprised to find almost nothing in the Gospels of what he has been accustomed to seek and admire in the biographies of men. Here is an altogether peculiar type of greatness. It is no small matter to tell what the Christ was not, and how utterly without claim he would be, were his claims such as are commonly put forth in behalf of famous men. It will be instructive to dwell a moment upon this merely negative side,—to think of the characters, highly and justly esteemed amongst men, in which he was not manifested, of the words which he did not speak, of the works which he did not do; though, unless the world has strangely mistaken the language that he used concerning his being, and over-estimated his stature and his grasp, these words must have been the easiest of utterance, these works the easiest of performance. Jesus Christ was not manifested to the world as a human ruler, as a teacher of science, physical, intellectual, moral, or religious, as a man of genius in art, in poetry, in letters,—not in these ways was he commended to the fishermen of Galilee and the publicans of Judæa, and through them to the world.

1. They called him a king, but he was not. He scrupulously refrained from commanding men in an outward way. He would not put his miraculous powers to this use. He

refused to marshal a host and put himself at the head of it. He would not be a king. He offended those who would have made him one, by what seemed to them indecision and pusillanimity, and encouraged them in their assertion that in spite of his miracles, he could not be the Messiah, but was only a pretender raised up by the Evil One to disappoint the nation's hope. My kingdom, said he, is not of this world, and when men say Christ is the head of the race, they do not say so because, even by means which are usually reckoned legitimate, though in his case they certainly would not have been, he dethroned Tiberias and exchanged his crown of thorns for a jewelled diadem.

2. And if you look into the Gospels, and read the words of Jesus, you will not find science of any sort, — any anticipation of human discoveries, any teachings about the mysteries of the earth or of the stars, of the plants or of the planets, any disclosures of the secrets that are locked up in these curious bodies and wonderful minds. "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth"; but the Word has not given us so much as a whisper of its secrets by the lips of Him who was the Word made flesh. If we would know them, we must learn them for ourselves. Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses, but he never breathed a syllable which could avail the physician. He guarded that strange secret most carefully. When he spake, the poor lunatic returned to his right mind; but not a word did he utter, save in the common speech of his day, touching the awful maladies of the soul. Nay, even his great doctrines of God and man, of reconciliation and redemption, of heaven, of immortality, of judgment, were given, not as science, not as systems, not in balanced propositions arranged in due logical sequence, but rather as religion and as moral principle than as theology or as abstract ethics. Creeds and catechisms he did not leave. Eagerly as men have sought for them, and easily as Christ might have set them forth, you will not find them in

the Gospels. More or less successfully you can make them out of the Saviour's words by comparison and by inference, but you will find that very largely they are yours and not his. If you wish for a manual of theological or ethical science, you must look for it outside of the Bible. At the best, it will only supply you with the materials for your bodies of divinity and your moral philosophies. It is not a collection of treatises on prayer and providence, on free will and the Divine decrees, on forgiveness and immortality.

3. And yet again, unique and beautiful and sublime as the speech of the Lord was, you do not find in it the peculiar fruits of what the world calls genius, — the gems and flowers of the intellect and the imagination, the creations which charm us as we turn over the pages of famous orators, poets, historians, moralists. The Gospels are plainly different in kind from other literature, and do not attract a multitude of persons who are interested in other books. Men and women who will spend years in reading Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, will take up the Bible, certainly the New Testament, only in a forced and perfunctory way, and, if they find that it is the only book within their reach, will be idle and listless rather than recur to it; and this not because it is so familiar, for it is not half so familiar as their Horace or their Virgil, but because, if they must tell the truth, it is so very uninteresting, — because they are simply or chiefly men of letters, and the Life was not unfolded in that direction.

Note, for the facts have a practical value, that the throne of earthly power and glory, the academy of science, the schools of letters and eloquence, were passed by and treated as secondary and comparatively unimportant, when it pleased God to reveal in humanity the Highest and the Best. Men of the world, men of intellectual vigor and of large culture, continually forget this in their study of the life of Christ. They are disappointed, and turn away from the Master, because they do not find in him the strength, the wisdom, the beauty of this world; because he ministers no aid in their

statesmanship or their scientific investigations, because he does not satisfy their craving for intellectual stimulus or feed the imagination and the fancy, nay, because even the preaching is the foolishness of preaching, not the wisdom of the reasoner and the disputer. But would it not be wise for those who make so much account of thrones and dominions, of science and art, of letters and genius, to consider that, without these and against these, living a life purposely, as it would seem, divested of all these, Jesus of Nazareth has been seen to be the Son of God with power, has quietly taken his place at the head of the creation? Ought it not to be very suggestive of qualities and necessities in our nature, of divine gifts and human attainments, of results which do not depend upon position, or human knowledge, or what is called genius, and yet are manifestly more precious than all things else in the sight of God, and in the sight of man too? The limitations, the reserves, the silence of the Lord, his persistent purpose to be and do and say but one thing, his appearing from first to last in the form of a servant, his passing with the world for poor — poor in all that the world most prizes — when he was so rich, and might have surpassed all as monarch, as philosopher, as poet, — all these self-limitations and self-renunciations of the Son of God are profoundly significant; they teach us that what we call life, and wear our lives out in compassing, is not life, and has not even the promise for this world, not to speak of the world to come.

How was the Life manifested? What were the glory, the beauty, and the strength in which the Divine Word was clothed, and in which he has gone forth through these eighteen centuries, leading the world captive. Will the reader believe me, when I answer, — whether he believe or not, let him not say that I am speaking lightly of Him who is my heart's pride and joy, when I reply, — Simple goodness and simple truth! faith, hope, love, in their absolute completeness! — a life thoroughly, without the slightest exception, animated, moulded, colored by the Father, — the deeds the Father's

deeds, the words the Father's words, — the Sonship as absolute, as unqualified, as divinely beautiful, on earth and in time, under these human conditions, as in the heavens and through the eternal years. He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. Everywhere else we find sin and selfishness, but not in the life of Jesus. A pattern of humility, he yet claims, in distinction from all that ever lived before or should ever live after, that no man can lay aught to his charge, that he had never done his own will, but only the will of God. Simply, quietly, he went about upon the Father's business, doing the nearest duty, declining no sacrifice, meeting evil only with good, obeying the Divine voice, taking from the Divine hand the cup of agony and shame and death, the One holy, the One righteous, the One altogether lovely. And as he was, and because he was, so he spake; his words were not the words of a reasoner, but of one who saw and knew grand and simple affirmations, everlasting yea's, great plain truths for all men everywhere, the simple as well as the wise, the child as well as the man, upon the highest and the deepest, and yet the most universal themes. With unveiled eyes he looked into God's face, and told us his vision. Radiant in celestial glory, he came out of God's heavens, and spake of the life everlasting. He was wholly submissive to God, open in every avenue and recess of his humanity to the Divine approaches; and so when he spake, God spake; when he forgave, God forgave; when he warned, God warned; when he blessed, God blessed; when he gave peace and rest, it was God's peace and God's rest, and they who received it knew that they were reconciled to God, and on their way to the blessed mansions. Jesus took it for granted that all true souls would welcome him and recognize his authority, and where he did not find such souls he was slow to work miracles, knowing that they would be rather occasions for cavil than persuasives to faith. The words of God, as he called his speech, relate to the desires and beliefs of the soul, to the treasures and needs of the heart and con-

science, not to those matters of science, art, and letters which belong to the understanding, and which, however important and satisfying they may be, are only accidents in comparison with our life for God and man, for goodness and heaven. The words of God do not need to be arranged in order, after the manner of the systematizing theologian; they do their work wherever they are uttered, in a way which is their own. God in Christ, then, reconciles the world to himself by means of goodness and truth, — a goodness which was the life of God in man, a truth which was the word of God by the lips of man.

And time has proved that God's way was the true way. The humble Nazarene, the child of Mary, cradled in a manger, sustained through his ministry by the charity of friends, speaking no word which could interest the man of science or the man of letters, persecuted from village to village, and at last put to death between malefactors, his resurrection affirmed indeed by his disciples, but denied by the multitude, — even he, this servant of servants, is the acknowledged Head of the human race to-day, and has been that for centuries. His is the only face of God that we see; his is the only voice of God that we hear; his is the only hand of God that is laid upon us to guide and soothe. He declined the offered sceptre, and preached the Gospel to the poor peasants and fishermen, when he might have arrested the ear of the greatest and the wisest of earth. He relied upon the simplest acts of daily obedience, upon going about to do good in the humblest and most informal way, and chose only household and every-day words, the speech of the people, for his utterances; and yet he has been indirectly the cause of the noblest civilization which our world has ever known, the inspiration of the manliest and wisest statesmanship, of the deepest science, of the highest poetry, and the divinest art. The statues of the gods, the masterpieces of heathen antiquity, are poor idols compared with the Christs and the Madonnas of Christian art; for it is an everlasting truth, that if we will seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all

else that we need shall be added unto us ; and that the soul creates and adorns the world, not the world the soul.

What do we find in the Man of Nazareth ? What God would find in us, according to our human measures, ever enlarged and filled full by the spirit which is the Church's heritage. His word took form in just those gifts, graces, and attainments, — those qualities of being and of character which constitute our everlasting life, and change earth to heaven. It is of the first importance to know what we most need, and what He who bows his heavens and comes down will be sure to bring and to dispense. It is of the first importance to crave simple, hearty, every-day goodness, the abundance of self-sacrificing love and sweet patience, and forgiveness unto seventy times seven. It is of the first importance to crave a vital persuasion of doctrines rather practical than speculative, of the highest reason rather than of the finite understanding. If we wish to be men and brethren before the Heavenly Father, — to be right and to do right, — to be saints rather than sages, and only so far sages as we are saints, — then from our own convictions and affections we shall accept the tradition and approve the judgment of Christendom, and find in Jesus God's best gift to the world. The restoration and the enlargement of Christian faith and loyalty must proceed through the awakening of the spirit, the opening of the eyes and the ears of the soul ; and though others may be borne along with the multitude, and shout hosannas with the rest, only they honor the Saviour who have been taught and drawn of God to crave the life which is truth, and the truth which is life. A world that deifies statesmanship, science, letters, art, will be indifferent to Christ. He hath no strength or wisdom or beauty that such a world should desire him. Therefore the Lord said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes"; and, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of God."

E.

MARY'S DREAM.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife, —
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead."

"THOSE sticks will never amount to anything, Mary," said Mrs. Smith to her daughter, who stood watering a few unattractive plants in the window. "The time is wasted which you spend over them; they never blossom. Success with plants is a gift, my dear child, which you evidently do not possess; don't try to contend against nature, but turn your attention to something which you were meant to do, and cannot help succeeding in. I hate to see such miserable, struggling sufferers as those seem to be."

Mary turned towards her mother the pale, thin face which was bending over plants apparently so full of sympathy for their mistress. "You would n't speak so of little deformed children," she said, "and these seem to claim just the same interest, only not so strongly. Lately I have had a sort of superstition connected with them, which made me afraid to neglect them. Don't laugh at me for letting a dream make an impression on me, and I will tell you what a strange one I had the other night.

"I saw these pots ranged like soldiers round my bed, and that tall camellia, whose buds fell off last week, waved those three leaves on the end of its branch with a great deal of rustling, which after a few seconds seemed to glide into words, and I found it was making me a little address in the name of all the plants. It thanked me for my care of them, and apologized for their not blossoming, by telling me that they were reserving their strength to reward me in the next world. If they blossomed here, they could not live hereafter; but which-

ever one had strength to resist the temptation of appearing to advantage now could reward me then with the results of just the virtues I had exercised upon it.

"After describing the great pleasures I was to enjoy from them, its concluding words were: 'Remember, then, beloved mistress, that as you sow you shall reap; that you shall in no wise lose your reward for any good you may show us, and though you may not be able to see the result now, do not think us ungrateful, and, above all things, do not be discouraged.'

"The dream was so real, that I went directly the next morning to see if the plants had been moved, and have felt ever since as if I could not give them too much care. Just think what a pleasant way of laying up treasure in heaven."

"Far too easy a way, Mary; if your dream meant anything, it was more than that, and I do not see why we may not believe that God speaks to us as he did to those we read of in the Bible, to whom he so often appeared in dreams. At any rate, it will do no harm to learn a higher lesson from this than the mere taking care of plants. There are far more precious trusts in the world, and you cannot but see that by faithfulness to those you will more surely lay up a treasure."

"You speak, mother, as if I neglected everything else for my plants; I'm sure I always mean to do all my duty faithfully."

"Yes; but are you always very much in earnest? Do you never neglect something of more importance when time slips away in what is to you such pleasant employment?"

Mary's eye fell on an unfinished soldier's shirt upon the table. She had planned to have it done at nine o'clock that morning; it was then half past ten, and it was not one stitch nearer its end, than when she left it the night before. The novelty had worn off; shirt-making was no longer pleasant work; she had made six, and almost unconsciously prided herself upon being more energetic than most of her friends. But now she saw that her motive had not been altogether a

pure one, and the feeling that she might be doing a really needed service made her sentiment about her flowers seem rather maudlin.

Her fault was a common one, even with the best-intentioned ; she mistook inclination for duty, and really believed that to be most right which was most agreeable.

When a child, she had often wondered to hear her mother declare that it was easy to do right, and the great difficulty in life was to decide what that right was. With her, it always lay on one side, wrong upon the other ; her difficulty was to determine to walk in the proper path, and her mother seemed in a strange state of blindness. Now, for the first time, she thought it possible to understand this blindness ; though she was far enough yet from realizing that, beside those prominent faults which are easily classed, there are for every one daily undefined duties, which must be looked for with an earnest purpose, or they flee away. She did not yet see that, if there is a momentary hesitation between two which seem to clash, inclination glides softly in, and whispers, " God is a God of love, delighting in the happiness of his children ; do what is pleasantest to you, and you please him."

What are really the difficulties in the way of duty, compared with this decision ? At the least hesitation the mind becomes bewildered between different opinions, swaying it, with an equally strong argument, from one side to the other, and it staggers along with a waste of strength which, if brought decidedly to bear upon any purpose, would make its mark. Truly the single eye fills the whole body with light, and even bigotry with decision seems more desirable than such unstable wanderings up and down the earth.

Mary's was a small difficulty, to be sure, but somewhat a case in point. Unsuccessful as she was with her plants, she took more pleasure and saw more beauty in them than many an owner of a beautiful conservatory in his treasures ; so, with the best intentions, she had reasoned that it was proper

to cultivate such a taste, and, while conscientiously believing that she was doing her duty, had been drawn on to spend too much time in what she enjoyed.

But, now that her eyes were opened, she felt impatient that so innocent an indulgence should be interfered with. "I have so few amusements," she said, "need that be taken from me? If you could see how other girls spend their time, you would be pleased that I should care for these things."

"I am pleased without seeing that, Mary; it is the most harmless of pleasures, but you will acknowledge, if you are really candid, that it is, after all, only a pleasure. Remember your father's favorite maxim, — Duty first, pleasure afterwards."

Still Mary's heart refused to give up her favorites; it was too petty a sacrifice. She could make great resolutions, be a heroine in thought and in deed too sometimes, as she had proved now and then on the rare occasions her life had afforded, but she could not realize that mountains are made of grains of sand. She was willing to bear great privations; but she had not learned to say to every little, teasing, pin-pricking trouble, This is as much from God's hand as the heaviest affliction, — is as deliberately intended for my discipline, accidental as it may appear.

Who can find inspiration to fill himself with noble resolves, and brace himself firmly against those little rough places in the road which really wear and tear the wheels the most? They come so unexpectedly, and yet so unceasingly, and are gone so soon, before we can prepare ourselves against them, that, even if we have preached an hour before that they are most to be guarded against, we trip over them and fall continually. The knight must destroy every little venomous snake he meets upon his road, or he will be hemmed in and destroyed by them before he meets face to face the serpent he has gone in search of.

The needle moved very slowly through the work, for Mary

was convinced against her will, and a dead leaf to be pulled, or a little earth to be loosened, called her attention almost irresistibly ; but she finished her task at last, and took one step towards learning the lesson which is always so slowly learned, — sometimes not in a whole lifetime, — that the only way to be sure of one's duty is to strive constantly to be perfectly true to one's self, or, still better, true to God, — to trust to his inspiration for guidance in everything, and, whatever one's convictions, not to love them too strongly, to part with them whenever others have stronger claims upon their places, no matter if pride and consistency suffer.

It may seem like straining at a gnat to make so much of so slight a question between duty and inclination ; but at times the merest trifle seems to pull the scales from our eyes, and we see through the smallest events of life the great meaning which lies behind, and the infinite importance of faithfulness in the least ; how the greatest and the least must seem all alike with God ; how all the great deeds of life, the accumulations of learning, accomplishments, money, everything we so often think invaluable and spend a lifetime to obtain, are swept away in a few years, and nothing is of any consequence but the "Fear God and keep his commandments," and for that nothing is small enough to be despised.

We all long to build for ourselves monuments stronger than brass, and we take as various means as there are different souls to accomplish the purpose ; but there is only one monument enduring enough to last, and that will be built for us by stronger hands than ours, even by God himself. All he asks of us is to collect our own material, from day to day, from moment to moment, as each wave of time throws it at our feet ; wasting no vain regret over the past ; taking no anxious thought for the morrow ; only trying faithfully to know and do the duty of to-day.

RANDOM READINGS.

PRAISING THE DEAD.

It is so rare to read an epitaph which is not either a violation of truth or of good taste and good sense, that one might well make provision in his will against this sort of infliction. You shall walk through Mount Auburn even, and see texts of Scripture misquoted and misapplied, and piles of eulogy laid on so thick and high as to excite the suspicion that they were meant to cover a multitude of sins. A Greek sophist proposed to deliver a eulogy on Hercules to the Spartans. "Who blames him?" said they, and went about their business. There is a delicate propriety in not praising too much either the living or the dead, unless their characters need clearing up.

Dr. Holmes, the old minister of Cambridge, it is said, in his prayers on funeral occasions, utterly disregarding the maxim, "Only speak good of the dead," always spoke the truth, and generally described the real character of the deceased. Sometimes, of course, this was not altogether pleasant or consoling; and once, a man having died who had some large blots upon his character, the friends, not caring to have them exhibited at the funeral, asked the Doctor to pass them over, — very properly, as we think. "He was a good father and a good neighbor, and further than that I would n't say anything about him." "Very well," said the Doctor. When he came to the prayer, he was as good as his word, — "We thank thee, Lord, that the deceased was a good father and a good neighbor, *and further than that we won't say anything about him.*"

We cannot perceive the necessity, as some ministers do, of fixing the future *status* of deceased persons, generally made according to profession or non-profession of religion, or certain pious phraseology used or not used at the last hour. In this way we have heard some of the most sanctimonious villains prayed into heaven, and men good at heart, with unsanctified exterior, dismissed to the shades. In all doubtful cases it seems much better not to attempt any information to the Divine Being on the state of the deceased.

In St. Michael's Church, London, is seen this epitaph : —

" Here lieth wrapt in clay
The body of William Wray.
I have no more to say."

We would much rather have William Wray's epitaph than one of those long ones whose clauses the reader is disposed to challenge at every step.

Epitaphs, however, on childhood and infancy, since these are God's handiwork freshly taken to himself, are less often violations of truth, though not of taste. Here is a very sweet one, from a country churchyard, over the grave of a little boy : —

" He came the cup of life to sip, —
Too bitter 't was to drain ;
He put it gently from his lip,
And went to sleep again."

The only inscription that we remember ever being touched by over a strange grave, or which prompted the inquiry, " Who lies here?" was the following from Wordsworth on a humble monument in Mount Auburn, but which long since, we believe, has given place to more costly and showy structures.

" She lived unknown, — and few could know
When Mary ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, — and O
The difference to me !"

But after all, to a taste perfectly pure, and to affections in all their warmth and delicacy, is there not something very offensive in recording praise of any sort, or rhymes of any sort, upon the monuments of those we love? Affection which is really true and tender shrinks from trying to put a friend's merits into an inscription, and any rhymes we can summon seem like profane jingle when we stand at the portals of immortality. A name dear and well beloved brings up all the past in clearest sunshine, and any phrases we can put under it seem worse than mockery, — as if any friend needed *them* as remembrancers of virtues which the heart embalms, and as if strangers would not pass them with careless eye. The language of the heart that deeply loves will ever be, " The thoughts of thee too sacred are for daylight's common beam," — too sacred to be paraded on tablets for everybody to look at. Only two things are

fit to be inscribed over the graves of those who are really sainted and beloved, — the simple name which alone unlocks all the places of memory, — and a few words of no human device, which can never grow stale with time, but in which all the soul's faith and hope are gathered up, — such as "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

8.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," — ay, that's a fine thing !
 For life's full of labor and time's on the wing.
 Here a few stitches, there a few lines, —
 Here a few words, worth bright gold from the mines.
 I pray thee despise not the *little*, my friend ;
 You know not what blessing you'll reap at the end.
 Few things *we call great* will appear in our way,
 And if we shall seek them, 'mid shadows we stray ;
 But the sun loves to look on the small drop of dew,
 And the rain bathes the flower, though hid from our view ;
 And small is the seed that gives life to the tree
 Now casting its shelter o'er you and o'er me.

Despise not the little, but treasure it well ;
 For virtue and blessing it hath the true spell.
 The little is yours now ; the great may not come
 Till "your hand lose its cunning, your voice shall be dumb."

O, praise in your heart the Father all-wise,
 Who blesseth the little in sweet charities ;
 Who seeth the heart of the humble and weak,
 By the small, loving deed who for usefulness seek.
 For man is made better by one loving word
 Which the innocent child in his bosom has stirred ;
 One glance of the eye, one touch of the hand,
 One tear-drop of sympathy, *vice* has unmanned.
 O, cherish the small, flitting chances which Heaven,
 Like ingots of gold, to your keeping has given :
 Improve them and bless them, — here lieth the power
 To perform noble action when cometh its hour.

And fear not, O pilgrim ! the hour is thine own :
 No man ever lived who that hour hath not known,
 When to stand for the right, or to live for the true,
 The deep voice of God hath not called him to do.
 But neglect not small duties, thou never canst be
 Truly great, truly good, save through such ministry.

THE CRISIS.

It seems to be in the order of Divine Providence that every people, like every individual, must pass through a day of judgment before attaining to a clear salvation and a clear and final elimination of the evil from the good. Those who think our great struggle has been brought on by some temporary political arrangement which might just as well have been avoided, are very shallow reasoners. It is one of the decisive conflicts of the new age which has been coming on for fifty years. And the hour is not "dark" except from the stand-point of Atheism. To those who will see the leadings of Providence and follow them, it is our day of redemption and glory, in which it is a privilege to live,—of transition from a lower to a higher plane of national existence, though doubtless with falling of the old heavens, and earthquakes in divers places. Mr. James, in his recent Oration, put this admirably, and in this wise:—

"This is the exact truth of the case. The political tumble-down we have met with is no accident, as unprincipled politicians would represent it. It is the fruit of an inevitable expansion of the human mind itself, of an advancing social consciousness in the race, an ever-widening sense of human unity, which will no longer be content with the old channels of thought, the old used-up clothes of the mind, but irresistibly demands larger fields of speculation, freer bonds of intercourse and fellowship. We have only frankly to acknowledge this great truth in order to find the perturbation and anxiety which now invade our unbelieving bosoms dispelled; in order to hear henceforth, in every tone of the swelling turbulence that fills our borders, no longer forebodings of disease, despair, and death, but prophecies of the highest health, of kindling hope, of exuberant righteousness, and endless felicity for every man of woman born. 'I was once,' says an old writer, 'I was once in a numerous crowd of spirits, in which everything appeared at sixes and sevens: they complained, saying that now a total destruction was at hand, for in that crowd nothing appeared in consociation, but everything loose and confused, and this made them fear destruction, which they supposed also would be total. But in the midst of their confusion and disquiet, I perceived a soft sound, angelically sweet, in which was nothing but what was orderly. The angelic choirs thus present were within or at the centre, and the crowd of persons to whom appertained what was disorderly were without or at the circumference. This flowing angelic melody continued a long time, and it was told me that hereby was signified how the Lord rules confused and disorderly things which are upon the surface, namely, *by virtue of a pacific principle in the depths or at the centre; whereby the disorderly things upon the surface are reduced to order, each being restored from the error of its nature.*'

The pacific and restorative principle which in the same way underlies all our political confusion and disorder, and which will irresistibly shape our national life to its own righteous and orderly issues, is the rising sentiment of human society or fellowship, the grand, invincible faith of man's essential unity and brotherhood. The social conscience, the conscience of what is due to every man as man, having the same divine origin and the same divine destiny with all other men, is becoming preternaturally quickened in our bosoms, and woe betide the church, woe betide the state, that ventures to say to that conscience, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Doctrine of Atonement by the Son of God. By HENRY SOLLY, Minister of the English Presbyterian Chapel, Lancaster, Author of "Gonzaga di Capponi," "The Development of Religious Life in the Modern Christian Church," "Walter Bernard," etc. London: E. T. Whitfield. — This is a fair octavo volume of 360 pages. We opened it rather languidly, expecting nothing from the theological mint from which it comes but some re-hash of the Antinomian doctrines of vicarious punishment. But we are very agreeably disappointed in finding a fresh utterance on an inexhaustible theme. Mr. Solly discards altogether the notion of substituted *punishment*, though contending for what will readily be granted, — substituted suffering. He is in sympathy with Maurice and other writers of the English Broad Church. His chapter on the Trinity departs widely from the current orthodoxy, and makes a much nearer approximation to the ante-Nicene theology. He denies with emphasis the personality of the Holy Spirit. It is personified, he says, just as wisdom and charity are personified. On the other hand, it is spoken of as a thing, and put in the neuter gender. When was this ever done of a person? A thing may be personified and put in the masculine gender; but what writer would degrade a person to the neuter gender, or speak of Christ or God as *it*? He argues strenuously for the essential divinity of Christ, as a being eternally begotten of the Father, as the early Church fathers believed, — not *created*, as Arius believed. But, though consubstantial with the Father, Christ was subordinate to him, for there

cannot be two infinite beings. He does not seem to see the self-contradiction involved in the proposition that a being finite and limited can be *in essence* Divine, and he assumes too readily that the ante-Nicene fathers meant by two *hypostases* two beings or persons in the modern sense. The book is written in an excellent spirit, is modest yet positive in its statements, and breathes a spirit of genuine piety.

S.

Hymns of Spiritual Devotion for the New Christian Age. By THOMAS L. HARRIS. Fifth Edition. New York: New Church Publishing Association.—Here are 570 Hymns, all of them, with the exception of here and there a line, original, most of them produced by Mr. Harris, or rather, as he believes, by supernal intelligences uttering themselves through him. Though unequal in merit, they are uniform in spirit and style, and bear the stamp of the same genius. Almost every one is redolent of the New Church theology, of which Mr. Harris is an ardent believer, and of the Christian spiritualism of which he is an organ. They are too florid for our taste, and run into too much sameness of imagery and expression, especially in the line of stars and roses, and while they regale the ear and the fancy perhaps with too much sweetness, do not supply enough of strong stimulus and bracing air. But we will be grateful for the many excellences, without demanding everything. Mr. Harris, with all his redundancies, is a genuine poet. He only claims these hymns as the first effusions of a more spiritual era of worship, “lyrical utterances among the earlier Voices of the Spirit in the morning of the new Christian year.” We make a single selection.

“MARY MAGDALENE.

“When weeping Mary bathed the feet
Of her incarnate Lord,
And mingled blessings with the sweet
And costly gift she poured,

“He owned her there, though once forlorn,
With heart the spoiler’s prey :—
She lived in meekness to adorn
The martyr’s glorious way.

“She scorned the tempter’s cruel thrall,
And in her sainted grace
Arose all pure and virginal
To heaven’s thrice holy place.

- " Oft in our silent streets by night,
 Clad in celestial flame,
 She moves to call from sin and blight
 The fallen child of shame.
- " Her heart, the alabaster vase,
 With odors rich and rare,
 Flows down to bathe the feet that trace
 The pathway of despair.
- " Jesus, 't is thus that hearts restored
 Their tribute bring to thee ;
 Led by the Spirit and the Word,
 They cross the martyr sea.
- " In secret beauty, calm and still,
 While years and ages roll,
 They seek to save from hate and ill
 The wandering human soul."

Tales of the Day, Original and Selected. Boston: William Carter and Brother. — We have received the first three numbers of this very attractive serial. It is issued monthly, in octavo form, each number containing about 100 pages. The publishers promise to collect the very best of the tales of the day which appear, "admitting none that are not good in moral tone and superior in literary execution." They are redeeming their promise. The series is beautifully printed, and the matter is of rare popular interest. It is afforded at the moderate price of twenty-five cents a number. It is adapted alike for home reading or for filling up some of the long hours of camp life when the mind of the soldier is craving for healthful food and exercise. We notice in the May and June numbers two poetic effusions of rare merit, — "Waiting," and "O, it's hard to die from home." The latter, by Norman McLeod, we have marked for insertion in our own pages. We wish the publishers abundant success in their enterprise. s.

The Social Significance of our Institutions: an Oration delivered by Request of the Citizens at Newport, R. I., July 4th, 1861. By HENRY JAMES. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — These forty pages are a rare treat, whether for the keen philosophic insight into the nature of American institutions, or as specimens of vigorous English by a writer who commands the resources of the language with wondrous dexter-

ity. The last nine pages, which touch on our national crisis, have a fearful intensity, every sentence seeming like a shot from an Enfield rifle. We extract the closing paragraph.

"For my part, if I thought that our rulers were going to betray in this agonizing hour the deathless interest confided to them, — if I thought that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward were going at last to palter with the sublime instincts of peace and righteousness that elevated them to power and give them all their personal prestige, by making the least conceivable further concession to the obscene demon of Slavery, — then I could joyfully see Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward scourged from the sacred eminence they defile, yea more, could joyfully see our boasted political house itself laid low in the dust forever, because in that case its stainless stars and stripes would have sunk from a banner of freemen into a dishonored badge of the most contemptible people on earth; a people that bartered away the fairest spiritual birthright any people ever yet were born to, for the foulest mess of material pottage ever concocted of shameless lust and triumphant fraud."

Our Duty under Reverse. A Sermon preached in the Church of the "Cambridgeport Parish," Sunday, 28 July, 1861. By JOHN F. W. WARE. Boston: John Wilson and Son. — Mr. Ware sees nothing in the defeat of the national army which will not work just the good we needed, and help our deliverance from present evil. "Not even will I own that the hands have been put back upon the dial, because the campaign is checked and must be begun anew. To the nation, for the cause, the reverse is healthy. It will bring us to think; it will show the work that is before us in its terrible magnitude; it will hush the bravado spirit so wide-spread and so offensive; it will show the demand for all our resource, all our wisdom, all our faith; it will make us realize what we have only said, that this is *our* trial day." "There is no room in the present for doubt and fear. Everything encourages." Timely words! expressing, we believe, the heart and resolve of all true and loyal men after the first terrible shock was over. But how many millions of eyes were sleepless through the awful night of Monday, July 22, after the first tidings came over the wires!

THE "MONTHLY" ADVERTISER.

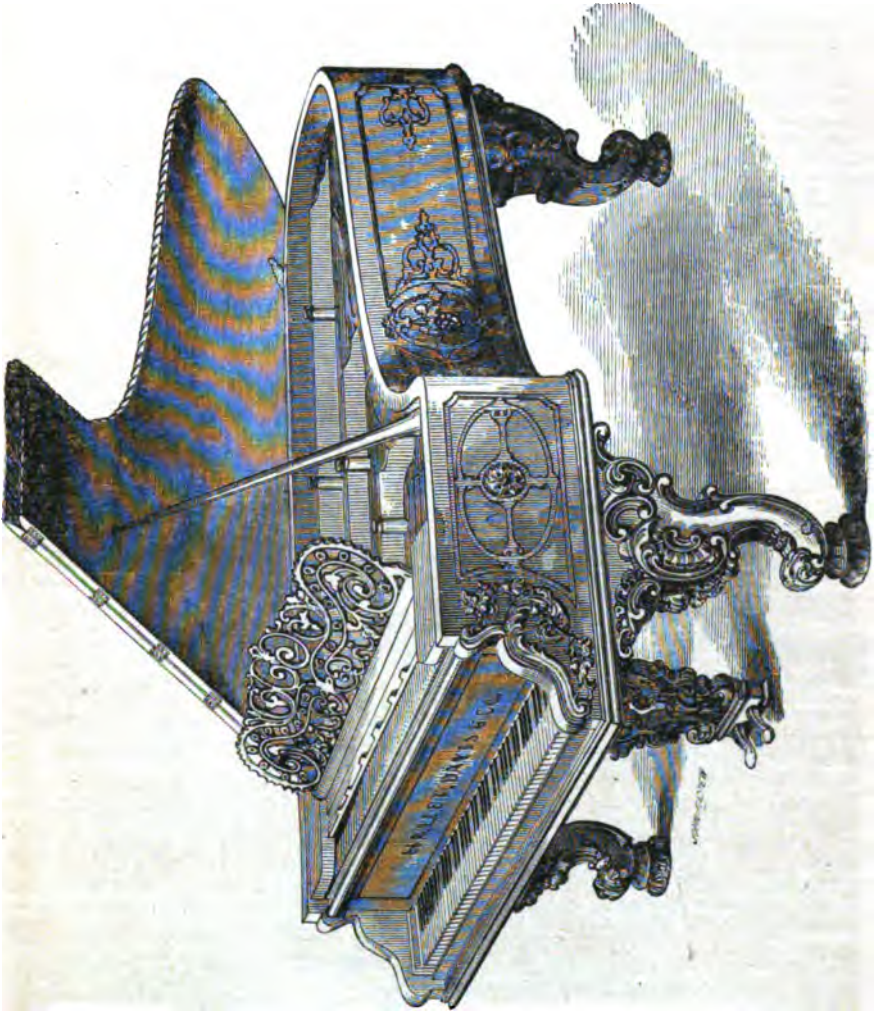
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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. — No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1861.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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OF THE

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REV. EDMUND H. SEARS AND REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

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In the preparation of the articles, Sunday-school teachers and juvenile readers will not be overlooked; and it is hoped that the Journal will meet the wants of the younger as well as the elder members of the household, and be of service in the work of Christian training.

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THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

OCTOBER, 1861.

No. 4.

COSMOGONY.

CHAPTER III.

THE GEOLOGIC AGES OF THE EARTH.

IN our previous investigations, we traced the origin of matter to the unoriginated and *infinite* kingdom of spirituality, which we call God. We decided that it was, as it were, the *sheddings* from his interior and ineffable effulgence, which gave birth to the universe of material worlds. We saw the primitive ocean of ethereal immensity, the stupendous mass of unorganized matter in which acted and reacted the electric and magnetic forces. We pierced through the clouds of flame that enwrap the primeval chaos, and saw the infant worlds in process of condensation,—our earth jetted from the sun, and rolling through space as an immense ball of fire, over which death and chaos seemed to reign supreme. Its limits at first extended on every side beyond the moon, with a diameter of not less than 500,000 miles, and its density much less than that of our atmosphere. As the earth radiated its heat into space, it contracted its area till it became fluid. During the measureless period in which the forces of radiation and condensation worked on to their destiny, the scenery was grand and awful; the firmament

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glowed lurid with the planetary fires; the sun and stars shone through the red haze with portentous hue, and the terrific forces of the new-born world labored on in convulsions and fire.

By radiation the temperature continually decreased, and after a long succession of ages a slight crust began to form over the fluctuating fiery surface. The equilibrium was unstable. The crust was at first constantly ruptured by the waves beneath; contracting unequally, it broke in fragments, and so gave vent to the fires within. The surface, wrinkled into wave-like folds, looked like an ocean frozen during a storm, with its tost ice-waves dead still in their heaped up crests. The crust of rock was not like common granite now, but soft, porous, friable, and readily acted on. In that immense and nebulous atmosphere, all the elements of moisture vaporized by the intense heat, the metals which can be volatilized, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, the carbonic acid that is now combined in the lime rock and in the vast beds of mineral coal, were all united, and enveloped the earth with their dark folds. The more common and useful metals were contained in the granite crust, while gold, platina, and silver, the heaviest and purest of the whole mass, and the only metals which are called "perfect," inasmuch as they suffer no waste from the action of heat, and can therefore endure forever, even in a state of solution, would become the general centre, or axis of the planet.

This liquid metalry, these fused masses of bullion, from the rotation of the earth would be rolled round each other in coils, much in the way of the entrails of animal bodies; the golden river would be ever in motion, lubricating itself round the swift poles within. We have news, then, here for the gold-hunter. A new gold-field is discovered. He who, like a new Prometheus, can bring up the fiery centre of the earth to its surface, will be able to *make pure gold*. Nor is this statement mere theory. The central half of the globe has been weighed in the scales of philosophy, and its specific

gravity ascertained to be from nine to twelve times heavier than water ; but this is about the mean weight of the precious metals, and there is no substance beside them that will furnish the required gravity.

The above fact will also explain the paucity of gold upon the earth's surface, as compared with the other metals. For this inmost substance, the yolk of the great egg, if ejected from the centre of the orb, must travel four thousand miles before it reaches the circumference. And it powerfully supports this view, that gold is only found in what are called the primary rocks, or those which form the innermost layer of the earth's crust, and would never have been found if this crust had not been broken up. The useful metals, on the contrary, are found everywhere. If this reasoning is thought not conclusive enough, we will add another suggestion. All earthy matter, whatever may have been its changes, has a *metallic base* ; that is, all earth is the oxide, or, in plain English, the *rust*, of the divers metals, which are every one corrodible. If, then, the crust or earthy outside of our planet is the product of metal, it is, we think, proved that the *inside* must be metallic, and the present condition of our earth may be compared to a shell filled with liquid bullion, and wrinkled at the surface.

Many ages passed by while the earth rolled on its ceaseless course, a vast, desolate, and sterile globe. As its temperature slowly reduced, water, which existed first as vapor, condensed and fell in showers on the heated surface ; slowly and mistily at first, but as time advanced, it fell in floods from the black sky. The water, collecting in the hollows, formed thermal lakes, and hot, caldron-like seas, sending up steaming vapors and spray, while through the dense mists and heavy fogs which folded in the planet the sun could produce only a sickly twilight upon the arid, verdureless continents.

The continual falling of water gradually purified the air by absorbing its gases ; this increased the density of the ocean,

which, having great dissolving power from its high temperature, acted with immense effect on the porous rock, dissolving its soluble portions, and washing the atoms into the hollows. In this way the gneiss, the slate, and the other primitive stratified rocks were consolidated. Creation put on a strange garb in those her early morning days. The land was but a mass of rugged rock; the seas were caldrons; the black atmosphere lowered above; while from the ragged sides of every mountain-peak issued forth the molten tide. Yet amid this vast violence order reigned supreme. All this wild confusion was but the throes and spasms of matter striving to climb into higher and more perfect planes.

After this era of desolation and gloom, we enter upon that vast period during which the Silurian, Old Red Sandstone, and Limestone rocks, and the immense beds of mineral coal, were formed. At the beginning of this period the atmosphere, bearing in its bosom manifold vapors and gases, intercepted the action of the solar rays, softening and changing the light, and a nearly uniform temperature prevailed at all latitudes and at all seasons. The ocean was warm, but no longer boiling, as the ocean of the Gneiss.

In this stage of the infant world, though life was as yet absent, its essence filled the atmosphere and the sea, ready to spring into visible form. All the conditions needed for the manifestation of life are observed,—a subdued light, warmth, food in solution, and intense electric currents, excited by the condensation of vast quantities of matter. At this point, then, is fixed the dawn of life on the planet.

While the dry land remained as yet untenanted, the zoophyte, the jelly-fish, with some corals and a few species of shell-fish, swarmed in the deep. The coral animalculæ possess the power of extracting particles of lime from water where no chemical test can reveal the presence of a calcareous atom. The vast limestone beds found in all parts of the world have passed through the laboratory of animal life, and have been mainly deposited by a minute, almost lifeless

speck of jelly. In the present sea they have reared countless islands from the peaks of submarine mountains, and all Polynesia, covering an area of many hundreds of thousands of square miles, is their work.

The scene which would then have been presented to the human vision would have been cheerless in the extreme. The eye would at no time have seen, through the thick and stagnant atmosphere, decided sunshine, but only a dim luminescence. No star-beam relieved the gloom of night. One wide waste of waters covered nearly the whole earth. Profound silence reigned in the animate world. No bird yet winged the air, or gladdened the forest with its song; no beast prowled through the thick jungles of fern, no herds lowed upon the fields of moss; the rolling of the ocean waves, the plashing of the finny tribe, and the fierce rumbling of subterranean fires spouting from every volcanic vent, were the only sounds which rolled through the atmosphere.

As the Sandstone age elapsed, the coral and the shell-fish pass away, and in their place we find fishes. The duration from the dawn of life to the coal period has not inaccurately been called the *Reign of Fishes*. The shark, the ray, the sturgeon, and the pike people the vast ocean. Vegetation emerged out of the sea, and clothed the shores with verdure. The sea fungi planted themselves on the tide-washed shores, and, gradually extending, at length passed beyond the reach of the tides, as they became fitted to their new life. The conditions of plant growth were extremely favorable. Warmth, moisture, and light all gave their influence, and from the moss, the fern, the puff-ball, and the lowly rush were developed gigantic tree-trunks towering in forests of unrivalled grandeur.

It must be borne in mind that geologic periods are not divided by lines of sharp demarcation. It is a common error to suppose that each era is a day in creation, at the end of which all existing forms were swept away, and then, by a mandate of God, new races sprang forth. But in nature

there are no arbitrary divisions, as in the books, for the formations blend and mingle by insensible degrees. Species disappear one at a time, and new ones gradually take their place. A steady advance takes place each day, and nature's changes are wrought by the slow but sure movements which silently labor through decades of centuries. A period in geology represents an almost infinity of ages, the duration between its dawn and eve being almost inexpressible. The species which flourish when it commences may die out or change before its close, and at its beginning there may be only the feeblest traces of those orders which may swarm at its termination.

We now pass from the reign of fishes to the reign of plants. The land was low, the climate extra-tropical, the atmosphere damp, of a high temperature, and holding much carbonic acid, thus combining the best possible conditions for the growth of vegetation; and it came, clothing the low islands with gigantic forests. Fossil coal is formed from plants, as peat forms in the bog. The densest and most impenetrable jungles clothed all the low lands. First and lowest of all came the humble fern. Then above these shot the tapering spires of the *Calamites*. Above these the *Lepiodendron* bore aloft its huge columnar trunk and lofty coronal. Above these the *Sigillaria* lifted its fluted and graceful stem. More than a hundred feet above the highest of these, the Norfolk Island Pine reared its pyramid of foliage, tier above tier. From these dense forests the coal was formed, the trees growing in valleys and basins partially covered with water. On falling down, the whole became submerged beneath the waves, and covered with sand or mud. When by volcanic upheaval the land again emerged, it was ready for the support of a new forest. Then these organic remains, subjected to the internal heat and to the enormous pressure of the later strata, formed the mineral coal.

A century's growth of a tropical forest would not produce more than an inch of thickness of coal, and to form the Eng-

lish coal-beds alone would require eighteen hundred such forests, covering a period of about two millions of years. Our rooms are heated with the fuel and lighted with the gas derived from the vegetation which clothed the ancient earth countless ages back. At the same time the strata of iron-stone were deposited, from the ore of which our innumerable instruments, tools, and machines are derived.

No terrestrial life as yet appeared. The silence of the mighty forests was broken by no warbler's note, or the least stir of animal life. The dark and sombre green of the landscape was varied by no bright or brilliant tints, and the sooty blackness of the sky cast a sad and monotonous hue over the whole.

In the carboniferous sea swarmed huge and carnivorous sharks, the terror of the deep; and gigantic Saurians, half fish, half reptile, larger and more powerful still.

But everything might have been pronounced "very good," and in strict accordance with the conditions and needs of the progressing earth. Law ruled as sternly then as now, and order and beauty were evolving from the wild confusion.

Another leaf of earth's volume is thus glanced over; turn it back, and the next in the series is a period of vast duration. Better conditions now prevail on the earth. The carbon, which before had loaded the atmosphere, is stored away in the coal strata and limestone rocks, and the sea cleansed of its surplus magnesia and lime. The reptilian fishes have gone; scarcely a trace of the past gigantic vegetation remains, and a higher order of beings people the sea. Now, for the first time, we find traces of creatures capable of living on the dry land. The ancient sea-beach, over which the blue waters rolled in wild freedom, has been fossilized, and, with all its ripple-marks, fossils, and bird-tracks, consolidated into rock, as a chapter of the earth's history, written by the rolling billows.

When the tide ebbs on a sandy shore, it often leaves large flats strewn with shells, marine insects, and worms. The

sea-birds come to these places, and cover the surface with their tracks in search of food. Worms burrow along the surface, crabs wander from one small pool to another, and the mud is indented with ripple-marks. The flood-tide would deposit a new stratum of sand over the surface, and the whole would harden into rock.

Well, in the petrified sea-beach of the Connecticut Valley, we see precisely these appearances. Yes, here was once the shore of the ocean, now hundreds of miles away. Here was the coast line against which the mad billows drove in ceaseless strife, to wear down the rocky breastwork. As we uncover and remove layer after layer of the sandstone, all these diversified markings are brought to view. The footprints of birds, reptiles, and turtles, the marks left by the sea-worm, the crab, and the ripple-marks, are as fresh as those now seen on the sea-shore. And not only these, but the rain-drops of the storm are impressed in the now solid rock. And not only this, but the direction of the wind is also recorded by the *slant of the indentations* ! Here in the sand rock, a million of years ago, when the hard rock was loose sand on the ocean shore, when the birds and reptiles gathered there, the falling shower and the passing wind wrote their history also, their ineffaceable history, as a chapter in that of the globe !

From these fossil footprints, naturalists can easily determine what were the forms that frequented these banks ; for such, in all ages, is the unity of nature, that from a footprint, a fragment of bone, a tooth or scale, the form and habits of the species can be determined.

The primitive birds were of gigantic size ; some of their footprints cover over a space of more than twenty-one inches, and the length of step over five feet ; this would be to the modern ostrich what that bird is to the turkey. Birds and reptiles were the rulers of this age. In the sea were the marine monsters, the Plesiosaurs and Ichthyosaurs ; — the first a compound of snake and lizard ; the second, of fish and

lizard, huge in size, — exceeding thirty feet in length, — hideous in shape, and insatiably carnivorous.

Chief among the land monsters stood the *Megalosaurus*. His proportions were colossal. The crocodile, scales, bones, and all, would furnish him with but a slight breakfast. Another strange form of this age of wonders was the *Pterodactyle*, or flying lizard. Over the little fingers of the fore limbs a thin membrane was spread, as a sail is extended over the yards of a ship. It had the head of the crocodile, the eyes of the eagle, the tail of the fish, and was probably the veritable “dragon” of antiquity. Then the *Iguanodon* roamed through the dense forests, browsing the tender shoots; its height eleven feet, its length twenty-five feet.

Such are some of the animals which roamed the landscape of the Saurian age. On the far extended flats, washed by the tides and strewn with sea-weeds, gigantic birds congregated, and marine turtles crawled over the ooze. Out on the deep the *Ichthyosaurus* plunged through the billows with the swiftness of the wind. High above, flapping the air with thunderous wing, the *Pterodactyle* screamed over the watery waste, at home alike in the air, in the water, or on the land. Over the oozy shore reptiles of monstrous form and of terrific aspect drew their slimy lengths. On the higher grounds, the *Iguanodon* trampled down the tree-fern and the cycadea, and the huge *Megalosaurus* chased its flying prey.

Land and sea echoed to the encounters between the Titanic dwellers in the forest and the equally fierce monsters of the deep. Their strong claws and jagged teeth clashed together in many a rending, deadly struggle, as these huge reptiles grappled, breaking down the forest-trees, while the roar of their agony rolled over the sea and reverberated through the forest. The carnivorous races acted as the police of nature, keeping within proper limits the herbivorous tribes, who would otherwise, by their own increase, die of starvation. When their work was done, the great reptilian day passed away forever, and mammals took their place. Thus life and death balance in perpetual oscillations.

We are now prepared to turn back another leaf in our earth's history, and enter upon the Tertiary period, or that preceding the entrance of the *present* races of man. Great changes of climate were produced. Land and water were divided by deeper channels. Mountain-chains were elevated, and around them continents were shaped, as the body is collected round the spine of the forming animal. The currents of the oceans were deepened and changed. The various animal species, debarred from their former free access to all countries by these mountain-chains and oceans, were cut off in detached provinces, and the same animal became modified in different continents, from the different conditions of climate, food, and soil. The bear, the wolf, the fox, and many other animals of Europe and America, date from a common origin, yet, living separated for so long a period, they have become somewhat different. This change of climate was the death-knell to the great Saurian race, and they passed away. In their place came the ancestors of the elephant and the hippopotamus, and after them still higher species, until, towards the close of the period, some of the species, both vegetable and animal, which now inhabit the earth appeared.

This era was a great improvement on previous ones. The earth was no longer a low level, but varied by mountains and valleys, forests, fields, and running streams. The quantity of upland and fertile soil was much increased, the atmosphere was cleansed from pestilential vapors, the climates made more temperate and wholesome, and all things prepared for the coming of higher species. Accordingly, the whale and the alligator, the opossum and the kangaroo, the monkey and the gazelle appeared, while the cry of foxes and wolves, bears and hyenas, rang through the forests of pines and palms. The horse, ox, deer, lion, and tiger all were represented by their prototypes.

The close of this period was marked by strange and excessive cold. The whole earth was affected. The torrid zone

vanished, and even the equator had only a temperate climate. A polar cold covered both temperate zones. The most of the land in the north was submerged by seas filled with floating icebergs. These icebergs, reaching often to the bottom of the ocean, and bearing boulders, or rocks, of a hundred tons' weight, have scraped along the earth's surface, wearing down its steep prominences, rounding off and reducing its rugged mountain-peaks, filling up deep hollows, and making the face of nature assume fairer proportions.

This process continued about fifty thousand years, and seems to have been the final *smoothing* and *sand-papering* operation which fitted the earth for its future tenant, Man. This is called the Drift Period. The land at the equator, for about twenty degrees in width, enjoyed at this period an eternal spring-time and a beautiful climate. Here the remnants of the animal tribes could seek refuge, while the terrific coldness of the air and the movements of the icebergs blotted out every vestige of life on either side of this favored zone. The cause of this extraordinary cold is unknown; we may advance, however, one probable conjecture. In our last chapter we explained how the various planets were whirled off from the surface of the sun, either as rings, or cometary nuclei. Now it is clear that, from the moment of the sun's shedding his spots, there must be a slow but continuous decrease both of his heat and light, because of the slow but continuous increase of incrustation on its surface. It is also clear, that, just before the period of a new whirling-off of its incrustated surface, a very material decrease of both light and heat would be apparent, — sufficient to account for all the extremity of cold during the drift period. This epoch of cold, then, is referable to the period immediately previous to the whirling off of Venus or of Mercury, the only planets yet formed after the earth. At this epoch must have occurred to the earth its least access of solar influence, and, of course, its maximum of cold.

The earth is now a complete habitable globe, ready for

the entrance of man and of the existing animals and plants. The previous conflict of elements, their impetuous clashings and strivings, are lulled into repose. The heaving of the earthquake and the spoutings of subterranean fires through the broken strata occur now only in limited districts, and at long intervals. Mountain and plain, forest and field, ocean and atmosphere, now rejoice together over the end so gloriously achieved. Man proceeds to beautify and adorn the earth, and, with no other checks than such as are due to his own folly, treads the spiral round of progress toward a destiny still more glorious and sublime!

It is worthy of notice, that the various orders of animal and vegetative life were evolved, not by power of any miracle, or by the arbitrary fiat of God. Creation is a succession of table-lands rising from the nebula up to man. Nature is a magnificent unity, and her chain of being is unbroken. The vegetable kingdom rises out of the mineral, the animal out of the vegetable, the human out of the animal, and Law governs each motion and every process. *All things were not made at once*; but by the vitalizing and formative power of God each higher creation was developed out of the one next below. And God did not make the world long ago, once for all, and then leave it to itself. No! *He is making it still*, every day and every minute. He acts in the world as its continual Creator, giving life to everything that is born. There was life in the first movements of matter in the gaseous ocean of the beginning,—the lowest form of life, what Science calls “chemical affinity.” This caused the elements to unite, furnishing earths, minerals, oxides, acids, alkalies. The forces which create the crystal are living forces.

Again, there was life in the bald, bleak earth, when it turned towards the sun its rugged islands of porous rock, floating in a heated sea, over which the whirlwind and the black clouds of storm hovered forever. There was life there, chaining the planet in its orbit, binding its strata, its oceans, rivers, lakes, and mountains together.

Next, when the turbulent strife of the igneous ages passed by, when all physical conditions were ready and ripe, a form of life higher than the crystal appeared, and vegetation began. Its beginning was a *simple cell*, filled with a watery fluid, floating in the waves of the sea, devoid of all organs whatever, and dissolving at a touch. This was the origin of plant-life. At first a cell, or a mass of cells; then from the cells came the leaf, and from the leaf the plant. A leaf is coiled and sent downward to become the root or absorbing organ of the plant; a leaf ascends to form the central axis, or stem; a leaf expands transversely and becomes the respiring and digesting organ; a modified leaf becomes the calyx and petals; it is modified still further in the pistils and stamens, and still further in the fruit.

As each age became more perfect, and was surrounded by better conditions, life moved onward in the same ratio, and forms of animal life came into being. Sponges were formed, half vegetable, half animal, without digestive cavity, without any organs whatever, porous substances, living by absorption from the water; Radiata, who were little more than a mass of living jelly, with a simple digestive sac, and a set of arms for drawing in their food; Mollusks, or shell-fish; Articulata, with the skeleton spread outside of the body; and Vertebrata, with a back-bone, a spinal cord, and brain. These four divisions extend side by side, and through successive ages the lines of progress ascend inviolate, through fish, reptile, bird, and beast, ending full in man. And Nature in her ascent leaves nothing behind. The old forces are brought forward and still employed in the new forms. The mineral forces do not *cease* with the crystal; they are brought forward into the vegetable, and are active there. The plant is simply the mineral, with a higher vital force superadded. The animal is simply the plant with a nervous system, senses, and locomotion. And mineral, plant, and animal all move forward into man. He is all that has gone before, and man besides. He grows as the crystal grows.

He feeds and sleeps with the vegetable. He builds and multiplies with the animal. He talks, dresses, worships, hopes, laughs, and imagines, in virtue of his own original and unique humanity.

There is, I repeat, nothing arbitrary in the creation, nor in the character of Him who is the fountain of order and of law. Neither chance nor miracle operated any more to produce the first created beings, than it does now to produce their descendants.

And when the conditions needful to life are present now, God sows life anew. Living vegetable and animal forms are created at the present day, under the operation of the same laws as at first, without a living parent, seed, or egg. Heat, light, moisture, acting in the decomposed substances of the vegetable kingdom, are the conditions from which the creative life vivified and secreted at first the various animal germs. And we may witness the same process going on now. The myriads of gnats, mosquitos, and other ephemeral insects which arise from stagnant pools, marshy swamps, and moist decomposing vegetable matter anywhere, under the heat of our August sun, clearly illustrate the law of animal formation; for animals are thus produced where there were no *pre-existing* animals to serve as their parents.

And, as this may be doubted, let us present unquestionable facts. Take a tumbler of clear water, boil it, and tightly cover it, placing a green leaf in it, and expose it to the sun; soon the vegetable matter will be decomposed, and partially dissolved in the watery medium, and in a few hours animalculæ will be clearly seen. If we repeat the experiment without any vegetable matter, or with nothing, or with a mineral substance, no animalculæ will be formed.

Expose vinegar, also, in a similar way, and innumerable small eels will soon be found there. If you take water and boil with a little flour, and make a paste, which, tightly covered, is exposed to the solar heat and light, it will soon be a mass of living maggots. And these results are always uniform.

Then the formation of Entozoa, or animals within animals, where their eggs could not possibly have been deposited, shows us that, where conditions are perfect, animal life is generated without animal parentage. And the argument gains strength from the fact that a distinct species of insects were repeatedly formed in abundance, by galvanic currents passing through hermetically-sealed retorts, whose contents of flints and soda had been subjected to a white heat, to destroy any lurking germ of animal life. A gelatinous substance was first seen, then flexible filaments were observed, which soon began to show animal life, and after a hundred and forty days' watching the perfect living insect crawled up the wire, — not singly, but in groups, and ready for their new life !

There are plants and shrubs springing into existence every day that issue from no parent stock, but are evolved after the manner of the vegetation first created. Those farmers who, ignorant of this law, manure their land with city street-sweepings, are sometimes greatly perplexed. They are puzzled to know why their fields become so filled with weeds, and conclude that it must be owing to the seeds in the manure. They say that, where they use this compost, weeds spring up as by magic, growing rank and luxuriant, and consuming the soil. The query is, how such vast quantities of divers weed-seeds get in the street offal. Weeds are neither raised nor sold in cities ; then whence come the seeds ?

The truth is, there were no seeds. The conditions of vegetable creation are here supplied, therefore the vegetation appears. The garbage and street dirt of large cities contain very powerful chemical properties, and, when spread upon a fertile soil and exposed to the quickening heat and light of the sun, weeds are generated as vigorous, thrifty, and tangible as any that issue from "parent seed."

Several years ago, when some laborers were boring for water near the Thames, earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet. This earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent all contact from without ; yet, when placed in the sunlight, plants began to ger-

minate. If quick-lime be put upon English moorland, which has never yielded anything but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring profusely up in its stead. Indeed, if our farmers but knew, as they will one day know, how to prepare specific soils, they might produce any desired crop without sowing seeds. But, not knowing, they do the next best thing; a seed, when decomposed, is only so much earth vitalized by the sun with power to produce a certain plant; they therefore sow the seed, that it may decompose and form the required earth from which the grain may grow.

But what is true of the less is also true of the greater, the conditions being extended. If in our temperate zone the heat of a few hours can plentifully generate plants, animalculæ, and insects, in the primitive ages of the world larger animals could be thus formed. There would be nothing then to prevent the generation of the hugest quadrupeds, under the operation of the same law that gives birth to worms and insects now.

In an age of constant moisture, of hot-steaming seas, of intense electric currents, of heat without interruption or change, and intenser even than the torrid zones, we find the perfect conditions supplied not only for the production of the gigantic pines and ferns and palms, but also of the various reptiles, fishes, saurians, mammoths, and bulky monsters of the land and sea. Could the primitive conditions again be restored, the primitive results would follow.

How beautifully do these laws of creative order unfold themselves to the open mind! How superior do they rise to all merely arbitrary displays of omnipotence! We no longer need fancy the Almighty shaping out the animal species with his hands, as the potter fashions a thing of clay. Wherever we cast our glance, we can see the same universal laws acting and operating now; the Creator ever sending forth his spirit into creative act, "as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

E. M. W.

THE MENTAL CONNECTION BETWEEN GOODNESS AND KNOWLEDGE.

THE old metaphysicians made a true and comprehensive distinction in dividing all the powers of the human mind into two grand faculties, — the Will and the Understanding. For in the one of these divisions is included every affectional principle, or sentiment; in the other, every intellectual power with which our nature is gifted. The most approved modern philosophy also recognizes the same general classification. Even in phrenology, under the head of the Will come all those religious and moral affections, and animal instincts, which are recognized as the sentiments and propensities; and under the head of the Understanding come all the intellectual and semi-intellectual faculties which are recognized by the same system.

Indeed, it is indispensable to any correct system of philosophy to recognize some comprehensive duality, for this principle pervades all nature. Everything throughout nature is paired. There are two sexes to humanity and to all animals, — two halves to every part of the human and animal system, — to every leaf and seed, — and in the mineral kingdom there is positive and negative, attraction and repulsion, the adhesion of particle to particle in the nice marriage of chemical affinities. And afar off, on a grander scale, the union of double suns, wheeling their majestic waltz in the same harmonious system as is discoverable in the wings of an insect or the heart of the emmet. "Behold," saith the son of Sirach, "all things are double, one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect."

The reason for all this is manifest. All nature is an out-birth from God. And in the Divine Mind there are two essential attributes which comprehend all the rest. They are love and wisdom. Power is nothing but love and wisdom in actuation. And all the other attributes, such

as justice, mercy, goodness, truth, are but modifications of these two fundamental principles of the Divine Mind. Hence the characteristic duality of the *human* mind, which is an image of God; and hence also the appearance in all nature of a *dual unity*, or the pairing of all things, one for another.

These observations throw us back upon first principles. They illustrate many Scriptural expressions, and especially that profound saying of Christ, that if any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine. To a mere superficial observer, it might seem at first that there *was* no real, substantial, metaphysical connection between doing and knowing, or between goodness of heart and acuteness of intellect. What possible connection, says one, between the mere doing of moral precepts, and knowing theoretical truths? And yet we are assured there is a connection, and a most profound and intimate one. Indeed, we know of no question which involves principles of a more interior, fundamental, and practical nature, than this one of the connection of a right state of the affections with the knowledge of truths. And yet the whole subject lies, to most minds, in the obscurity of intellectual darkness. The affections are generally considered *blind*; the passions are all blindfolded; love is frequently painted blind; and the keen eye is only given to the intellect. The head sees, and the heart feels. There are many very good people, very excellent people, who do not know much; they are good-natured, virtuous, but not intellectual, not intelligent people. Now, in our rough and unphilosophical estimate of the world as it is, especially without a proper discrimination as to the different *kinds* of knowledge which some people possess, there is manifestly a great truth in this. There is a very marked and broad distinction between knowledge and virtue. Still, almost every one has marked the connection. Ignorance and vice, we say, generally go together; and knowledge and virtue. The *most* ignorant people are *never* the most virtu-

ous; the most intelligent are never the most vicious. The eternal God has very visibly fixed the secret connection here, so that the *extremes* of ignorance and goodness, and knowledge and wickedness, are never found together. Now and then we find a philosopher like Bacon, who has a dark moral eclipse upon him; but never a Bacon or a Newton — nay, not anything approaching to that — who could be caught in the category of robbers and pirates by profession. Great intellects are frequently darkened by moral pollution, but we may even speak physiologically of them, and say that the divine gifts are never seen most largely set upon the brow of thought, without some more than common development of the higher nature. If there is intellectual villany, — if there are meteor-lights of great, flaring iniquity, and Satans high and low who have the coronet of an abused and mighty intellect set upon their brow, — let these be at least the exceptions, and not the rule. They show at least that the two things *can* be divorced, — that the fearful plunge *can* be made, — that thought and understanding and poetry and genius *can* dwell with an evil heart, (and in ordinary life nothing is more common,) but still the mightiest are never the worst. And besides, while it may be that a great intellect may dwell with great wickedness, the converse of the proposition is somewhat different. A masterly and super-eminent goodness — archangel's *heart* and seraph's *will* are *never* found so anomalously linked with intellectual darkness. Strange and beautiful truth; — but the Saviour was right; it is the good will, the right heart, that leads to knowledge, but not invariably the bright intellect to virtue. And further, we believe that no Satanic abilities are capable of *enduring* in that shining lustre; but they must shine and fade, and shine and fade, for ever and ever. Not so with the good and the angelic. They must burn brighter and brighter to all eternity. *This* is the light which flames through heaven, — the "light of *life*," not of death, — and sparkles in the crowns of angels, and illuminates with celestial splendors!

But, after all, this is looking at things in the gross and in the general. Is there not an exact philosophy of this matter, — a truth to be got at which will show itself in great clearness, — a fair and rounded system, which will not only conform to the generals of this matter, but encourage virtue in every respect, and point the way to all truth? Indeed there must be, and it is found in this primal and eternal duality of the Divine Mind carried out into its particulars. Does not every one recognize, in the Deity at least, love and wisdom, or goodness and truth, as somehow a unity? What is the Divine Truth but the *form* in which goodness manifests itself? It is not a separate attribute. There are no separate attributes in the Divinity. All the works of creation exhibit only the wisdom of love. Love or goodness has gone forth in a certain form, and that form is the Divine exactitude, or truth. When goodness is brought forth so that it can be intellectually perceived, then it becomes truth to us. One is the soul, the other is the body. Goodness in itself has no form; it is only *seen* as the *truth*, or the truth of good.

Now this is precisely the case with man. His whole soul is not only *composed* of goodness and truth, or of will and understanding, but, in an unperverted state, all his truth is *from* his good, as the body is from the soul. There are indeed many *kinds* of truth, such as scientific truths, and those which interest the intellect merely, which may seem to form an exception to this remark. And it is true that most men in our day seem to have more truth than good, of all kinds; but no one can dispute that it came originally into existence by the principle of goodness. The sciences are pursued most generally for some use, and that use is the exaltation and glory of human nature. So far as the element of use mingles with the pursuit of any kind of truth, so far does it prove the origin for which we contend. So far as it is a mere intellectual curiosity which stimulates the pursuit of truth, or, worse yet, self-interest or vainglory, so

far do we see the fact of our fallen nature, the great peculiarity of which consists in the separation of truth from good.

We know not to what possible perfection man might attain, even in the sciences, to say nothing of theological truth, if only goodness reigned supreme, as the interior and predominating principle of his nature. Superficial people think there is no connection here, but there is a most intimate one. It may be illustrated even by the lower animals. They have the instincts which so distinguish them — the correctness of their science, the exactness of their intellect — simply because they are in the true order of their life. The affections with them are supreme. They predominate over everything else. They have not our intellect to guide them, but the same *divine* intellect works through them into the will receptacle. It is the *love principle* which underlies every other faculty, and leads them on, blindly yet not blindly, to its incessant gratification. It is this which inspires and puts in use all their rudimental intellect, memory, mathematical and mechanical skill, prompts them unerringly to the adaptation of the proper means to the proper ends, and makes them, for animals, so much more correct than man is for man. We may be at loss to *perceive* the connection here, but it is here. And it is proverbial that love always finds its way. "Where there is a will, there is a way." It is love that fires the intellect, it is the will which flows into and controls the understanding, it is goodness that is the soul and life of all truth.

Now, it cannot be doubted that, if man was in the order of his life, he would have something perfectly analogous to the instinct of the animals. It would not be blind instinct, but the same divine intellect working first into his will *out into the reason*; — a quickness of intuition, and a correctness which far surpasses his present slow and miscalculating processes, and which would surprise even himself. He would not be deprived of reason, but reason would become intensified and inspired. The truth of this may be seen in

the difference between women and men. The feminine nature, which is love predominantly, has always a shorter and quicker route to truth than man. The perceptions of women are proverbial. They are not generally distinguished for reasoning, but they *see* truth, and *feel* it, by a native instinct, which is love, or goodness, in closer marriage with its partner, truth. Hence it is that a true Christian marriage, a union of *equality*, of *mind* and *spirit*, is so developing to a man's reason, and so quickening to all his perceptions of truth. And hence it is, also, that mere *tyings together* of unsuitable companions tend to stupidity of mind, as well as discord of family relations.

We say, if man were in the true order of his life, without losing any of his reason, having in fact more reason but less reasoning, he would come into something analogous to the instinct of the animals. He would come at truths more readily and easily. He would not so blunderingly and laboriously exert his disproportionate intellect in the solution of problems, and the ascertaining of scientific and theological truths, which now so characterizes the slow progress of the race. The very love which would thus inspire him, and the uses he would seek, would flood the scientific world with more magical achievements. The fountains of the heavens, the sources of all such inspiration, would become open to him. Facility and ease would take the place of labor and hard work. It looks to us the *true order of nature*, that man should toil and labor, fail and re-fail, and be perpetually engaged in this up-hill, tedious, and difficult way of attaining truth. To some degree, undoubtedly, it is true that we shall *always* have to labor with obstructions and contend with difficulties. But how for all this *present* toil and moil? How long it takes to acquire a little! Ages on ages roll away, system after system is adopted, rejected, and other systems take their place, as though truth, and especially divine and essential truth, was thus *eternally* to be the hard and difficult object of attainment, and man was

thus in the true and proper order of his life. But is there not evidence that something is greatly wrong here? So far as ordinary history can trace the matter, such indeed appears always to have been the case. And so far as progression in certain natural knowledge is concerned, it may in a degree continue to be so. But the spirit of seership tells us — and it is confirmed by tradition and the Scripture — of an order of men who were differently constituted, — who, in the Golden Age of the world, which is no mere fable, had a perception of all spiritual truth from good; for the Divine flowed into them by an interior way, — into the good of their will first, and through that into the truth of the understanding. This is philosophical; for goodness is the inmost principle, and truth is simply its outward form.

We have no evidence, indeed, that there ever was a time when men knew so much of a certain *kind* of truth as we know to-day. To wit, purely intellectual and scientific truth. There is no evidence that men in any previous age were pushing on with railroads, steamboats, electric telegraphs, and all the thousand improvements, shorter processes, and more magic application of machinery and the arts to the temporal conveniences of life. In this respect our age perhaps stands unrivalled. But there is evidence of a day, *long since passed*, when the men of our earth had more *moral* and *spiritual* knowledge, — when Christianity, which is old as the creation, was taught from the opening heavens, and the faces and speech of bright angels, — though, we confess, not with that fulness and adaptation to the natural man, because it was not then needed. There is evidence of an age previous to this when men had more of the true wisdom of life, — a simplistic, paradisiacal age, when war had not laid its bloody hand upon the world, when peace and love and plenty for all, and open angel intercourse, blessed the fair earth, and when the heavens and the earth were one. From that state man has gradually deteriorated. He had no *sudden* fall, as theology teaches, but a gradual sensualizing of his better nature.

But whatever conclusion we may come to in regard to a former age, and in respect to *natural* and *scientific* truth, we can make no doubt of the indispensable necessity of goodness to the seeing of *spiritual* and *theological* truths. Was there *ever* a clearer connection than between spiritual knowledge and moral virtue? They stand in the relation of cause and effect to each other. When once it is seen and established as a moral mathematics, that truth is only the form of good, the body of which good is the soul, we are reduced to the practical conclusion of a *good life*, of a well-regulated state of the affections, of a right will principle,—in short, to “do the *will* of God, if we would know of the doctrine.”

There seems at this day, frequently, not so much a *love* of truth as a *lust* of truth,—an unhallowed, because not virtuous, connection between truth and some vile affection ;—a lust of truth, not by its proper partner, good ;—intense desire and application to truth, for the gratification of some selfish propensity, either for self-indulgence, or for the reputation of wisdom, or for its gains and glories, and not for its application to the good of life. Hence the too frequent exhibition of men well versed in all the subtilities of Christian controversy,—men of strong parts, who have manifestly “experienced theology,” whatever may be said for their religion,—who come fresh from their libraries, primed and charged with doctrine, all whose articles stand before them, or can be commanded, in well-marshalled and metaphysical array,—who have, in short, a religion in their heads, but which has there almost an exclusive occupancy. Such men need to be instructed in the first principles of Christian philosophy. Undoubtedly, it is important to settle well the principles of faith; for in our present condition truth is a powerful means to good. But though it is true that a correct faith has a powerful influence on the heart, it is equally true that a good heart has *as* powerful an influence in the formation of a correct faith. This, in fact,

is the more direct and interior way of approaching it. The old metaphysicians were right. The will and understanding are the *whole* of man; and the will, or love, is in the first place, and the understanding in the second. And the understanding is *formed* entirely by the love. Indeed, the connection is so mysterious here, there is such a fine clear-sightedness from the affections alone, that, as before said, nothing is more common than to attribute perception to women, and reason to men. "I hate argument," said a female hearer once to me, in reference to an elaborately reasoned sermon. The reason was, she could do better without it. It is all folly to say that love is blind. It has the keenest eye in the world. Nothing is so penetrating, nothing so sure, as the intuitions of pure and powerful affections. Love is sometimes blind to its own selfish interests; it has not a worldly prudence and an eagle eye to see the *dangers* which beset it; but for seeing truths, for outstripping the intellect in its slow march, for flashes of inspiration, there is nothing like it. "Hence it is that infidelity is generally the work of men. Hence the horror attached to the epithet, an infidel woman! The work of love is constancy; and to what is goodness so unswervingly constant as to truth? It is the other half of itself.

In our overgrown state of mere intellect, we are apt to pride ourselves on intellectual accomplishments, and to overlook or undervalue that peculiar kind of wisdom which is always to be found with the simple and good at heart. They are not the fools we take them to be. Who has not been surprised, many a time, at a quick remark, a judicious turn, a smart repartee, from a kind of persons whose goodness was unsuspected, but whom we do not give credit for much truth, except on these occasions when we ourselves are so quickly outwitted? Where will we find profounder maxims, or more cutting and comprehensive ridicule of the pretensions of the learned, than what fall frequently from these unlettered specimens of simple goodness? It is even amusing, as well as

instructing, to see frequently how the face of some untutored, unpretending, honest, and affectionate child of nature will open into expression, — what homilies are to be read in the unprofessional eye, — and how the whole body and gesture will work itself into a speech which is felt before it is seen, and seen before it is expressed, in reply to some question of the understanding, or some mooted point of doctrine.

Indeed, when we come to Christianity, it would be strange if the best of men did not understand, or were not capable of understanding, its doctrines first. Doctrines which have *originated* in love, and grown out of love into marvellous wisdom, are only to be comprehended most thoroughly by the spirit which dictated and interpenetrates them. The intellect might work forever over the problems, as they are called, of the nature and offices of Christ, the gift of the Holy Spirit, the distinctions between good and evil, and even the inspiration of the word and the truth of immortality; if the *heart* is not enlisted, nothing but scepticism and a cold speculation can exist from such a procedure. Virtue, active goodness, hath in it a divine power of discovery. The trammels and weights of sin being stricken from the soul, it rises at once, by its own inherent capabilities, into purer and higher regions, and solves vast problems. It is surprising, when a man is engaged in active goodness, on errands of mercy to the distressed, or of reformation to the wicked, — when he is thus, for the season, passed out from the sphere of his own selfishness and baseness, — what weights of scepticism are lifted from the soul! Things that before were doubted become quickly invested with a strong probability, as though, in truth, — which undoubtedly is the secret of the matter, — by passing out of the sphere of evil we had passed also out of the sphere of falsity, and by this change of state had brought ourselves into connection with the better angels, who now swarm around us by pure attraction, and, with so many rays of truth from the good of their own heavenly nature, are each endeavoring to dart some of their brightness into

minds darkened with evil and lost in error, and thus to recall us to the fold of Christ.

There is nothing so blinding as evil. And in the present day, when the Church is rent into a thousand fragments, and some of the grossest errors exist at the very foundations of the Christian faith, would it not be well to ask ourselves if some enormous *evils* are not to be found as the cause of all this error and conflict, and if any true-sighted wisdom *can* be had sufficient for the purification of its temples? None, we are assured, out of a simple and divine goodness, though it were enough to start many from their complacency to announce, or even to hint, that some dreadful and pestilential blight had gone forth upon the very *heart* of humanity, which had *generated*, which had rolled up into mountain-heaps of falsities the deformed Christianity of the ages. Sure we are that in the beginning it was not so. And just so sure as goodness and truth exist by the marriage of an eternal and indissoluble union, just so sure may we pronounce *all* the huge errors of the Church, from the monstrosity of three persons in one God to bald humanitarianism, and from total depravity to total scepticism, — yea, the whole round of heresies, from High Church to Low Church, and no church at all, — this mass of confusion, — we charge the *whole* of it to evils which originally existed in the human will. There is no other cause for it. This is all-sufficient. From this prolific mother has the whole spawn of abominations been hatched into being, for the true philosophy is, that, as truth is good formed, so falsity is evil formed. Goodness and truth make heaven with man, evil and falsity make hell with him. The Church will be purified of its errors when it is purified of its evils. Not till then, though it be humbling to the pride of human intellect, which thinks it can see, yet which is ever stumbling, without that “unction from the Holy One which knoweth all things.”

Now, then, let us lift the exhortation to all who would taste that pleasure of fascination which ever attends the pur-

suit and acquisition of truth, especially of divine, spiritual truths, to take the shortest and directest road to it. Put in practice all the goodness of your natures. Be assured, truths of divine beauty will come rushing mysteriously into the mind by the power of an alchemy which God only knoweth. How truly has it been said by one who has gracefully touched this subject: "The merely worldly man, buried amid mean cares, doubts the majestic truths of religion simply from their vastness, which render them incommensurable with his poor fraction of a mind. Let him go and do a few noble deeds, and elevate the proportions of his nature, and it is wonderful what mighty things seem to become possible. Deity is near and even present at once, and immortality not improbable."

Finally, it is not given us to know all the truths of religion; it is not given to perceive even the truths which are revealed, just because of the evils of life which cling to all of us. There is nothing so blinding. We cannot realize it on *account* of our evils. There is an immense amount of truth yet to be learnt, more light to break out of God's Word, finer spiritualities, fairer philosophies, more open communion, and there is one grand highway to it. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." That which now looks so intricate and so difficult to master would become transparent as glass, and the head of every man, to the vision of angels, would be surrounded with a halo like that of Christ, — the visible and luminous sphere of his own purity, the radiations of his own regenerated nature.

W. M. F.

WHEN a man is so fugitive and unsettled that he will not stand the verdict of his own faculties, one can no more fasten anything upon him, than he can write in the water or tie knots of the wind. —
HENRY MORE.

THE POETS PLEA.

WHY sing amidst the strife which reigns around ?
 Will men the poet's heart-felt music hear ?
 Or will they heed the Gospel's peaceful sound,
 And sheathe the sword, and break the threatening spear ?
 Ah no ! yet unsubdued men's passions rage,
 The never-ceasing conflict born within,
 Or outward foes their energies engage,
 O'er which they strive the victory to win.
 But still the poet 'midst the tumult sings,
 Hoping from war and strife men's thoughts to gain ;
 He touches with diviner skill the strings,
 And from his lyre there breathes a holier strain, —
 Such as the watchful shepherds wondering heard,
 When the still night by angels' harps was stirred !

CONTINUED.

That strain harmonious through the war-worn earth
 Shall yet be heard, and every nation move ;
 It tells the glories of the heavenly birth,
 Heroic deeds of Faith and Christian Love.
 O'er the wild tumults of the world it steals,
 Calming the fury of its outward strife ;
 A higher, holier conflict it reveals,
 The victory and the crown, Eternal Life.
 The warrior hears, and drops his blood-stained sword !
 No more with war's fierce flames his bosom burns ;
 Man in God's image is once more restored,
 The golden age of Peace and Love returns ;
 And Nature with new beauty decks her bowers,
 Scattering with lavish hand her fruits and flowers.

J. V.

PICTURES IN CONTRAST.

UPON our walls hang a few pictures which of late have grown upon us strangely. As events have ripened around us during the last six months, and our beloved country seems now to stand sometimes on the verge of its doom, sometimes at the beginning of its really upward and Christian way, — but at all events, at the bar of its judgment, — these bits of canvas, which the old masters so faithfully touched, have taken to themselves a new significance, and glow with a meaning we never before apprehended. We wonder if the warning lesson they now utter comes of human or of Divine intuition? Our faith is, that, while man makes faithful representation of historical scenes, God gives to those scenes their significance; and therefore that the lesson we shall read from these pictures is a Divine warning to us. What that warning is the reader will learn as we study the pictures now before us.

Two of them are taken from the Hebrew world. One is called “Religious Teaching in Moses’ Time”; the other, “Religious Teaching in the Days of the Master.” Seldom will you find two paintings more dissimilar. One is all crowded with earnestness and spiritual animation; the other is peculiarly lifeless.

That strong, prominent figure in the former is Moses. His attitude is that of an earnestness almost painful to behold. To the Israelites so eagerly pressing around him he is declaring what they *must*, and what they *must not*, do, — uttering the Law in a manner which leaves no doubt upon his hearers that he holds himself responsible if these people go astray through ignorance of their duty. He is consciously their divinely commissioned guide. His whole bearing before them is that of a man sent with words direct from God to prevent error, guilt, and war.

Turn, now, to this other scene. Here, the Scribes, sitting

in Moses' seat, lack especially Moses' fire of earnestness. It is noticeable that they *sit* in his seat, for certainly they do not stand in, or fill, his place. They manifestly do not consider their relation to these Israelites identical with Moses' relation to those. They are teaching as under no sense of accountability. They are not realizing that the burden is laid upon them to be true, or to be accursed. Their zeal is not so much the salvation of the people as the retaining the honor and dignity of Moses' seat, — of the *seat*, without the dignity and character of Moses. They dream not that they should honor it, but understand that it will honor them. And you remember that it did honor them with richly-merited disgrace, — everlasting shame and contempt. Nothing in this world is so contemptible as mimicry and assumption, — doing and saying things we do not feel, — putting on airs of solemnity and religion to gain religious respectability, — getting into seats in the synagogue for a living, into seats which are only to be filled with earnestness and sincerity, which, if we have not both, with some power direct from God, we had better, at our peril, be content to see not filled at all. The seats of the mighty crush the purposeless. No wonder that the new Man, when he saw what manner of men sat in Moses' seat, was roused to wrathful pity, and the exclamation, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!"

There, too, — where Moses teaches, — notice the attitude and expectation of the pupils. The Israelites hang upon his lips, awaiting words of more than human wisdom. They are listening with that half-fearful look of men who know that it will behoove them to obey the word about to be spoken, however unwelcome it may be. A reverent determination characterizes their attention. One sees much of their past experience in their look, and perceives that they have learned the sanctifying lesson, that all hardness in discipline comes of love. They well understand that for them the words of Moses are the voice of God; that submission to them will be life, and rebellion against them death.

Here, on the contrary, — before these Scribes at Jerusalem, — what listless faces ! It is sufficiently evident that the words of their teachers are not to them as a voice from God. We imagine that sometimes a faint glow of satisfaction may light up a few of these faces, as the Scribes adroitly explain away some difficult point of the Law. But it dies quickly away, as though it were consciously no ray of real mercy. We imagine that there are some who murmur when the lesson of the hour is stricter than the public morality. But we see clearly that to the most part it is no matter either of pleasure or of indignation, but of pure indifference, what the Scribes may teach. The general expression is of great unconcern : “ Who shall trouble himself about the opinion of the Scribes ? They utter themselves, — not God. They care for themselves, — not for us. Their sayings are not inspired, but invented.”

We have thus, in these two scenes, the most marked dissimilarity. In the one from Moses' time, an emphatic earnestness creating for itself the most reverent expectation. In this, taken at the commencement of our era, lifeless teachers and listless hearers, — comfortable position in Moses' seat, and nobody concerned. There, a teacher upon whom the burden of the people's welfare has been laid through many years, — who has had their tears for his meat night and day, — who feels their sins as though they were in some wise his own, — whose life is wholly devoted to them, — to whom the soundness of their political and personal integrity is of equal and chief concern, — who both against enemies without and invisible powers within prays earnestly, until his hands grow weary in their uplifting, and others must stay them up, lest for one moment he lose his strength from above. He knows — and they who hear him know — that his words are the truest God will give him to utter. They are living and effective words, for in their conception the power of the Highest overshadowed. But here, in this contrasted picture, the teachers have no responsibility for either the political or the

personal integrity of the people. Cæsar takes care of politics, and souls must take thought for themselves! They feel no burden like that laid upon them. They feed upon their own superiority. Do they not sit in Moses' seat? By no means the tears, but undisguisedly a contempt for the want of culture among the people, is their meat night and day. Thus have they begotten unto themselves this appropriate audience, — listlessness, criticism, and counter-contempt.

We remember that after Moses — and by virtue of the spirit which animates this picture — arose the glory of Israel, the height of Hebrew prosperity, the City of the Great King, carrying up the proportions of its majestic temple during forty-and-six years without sound of hammer or of axe, stone fitting noiselessly above stone, and shining plate of gold rising above shining plate of gold, until to its refulgent pinnacle, soaring nearest heaven over ark and mercy-seat, the traveller on hill or plain afar beheld the flashing radiance of the dawn first hastening, and evening turning solemnly back to crown it, last of all the earth, with glowing benediction. And we remember how, after this other picture, where unfaithfulness preaches to listlessness from Moses' seat, Israel went forth vagabond into all the earth, — and of its temple not one stone was left upon another, — and the days dawned no more with gladness, but with sorrow only, to behold it, — and the evenings turned never back again to smile upon its desolation, but darkness gathered first and brooded densest where once its strong foundations lay. Upon the teaching of Moses descended blessing; upon that of the Scribes, a curse.

Opposite these two pictures taken from Hebrew history hang two equally dissimilar, but both under-written with the single word *Tyre*. One is a fair city rising at the "entry of the sea." The other is the entry of the sea left desolate, — the fair city no longer rising, but gone forever. We recall the history. Tyre was once a city perfect in beauty, renowned for its wisdom and wealth, great in commerce, and situate at the entry of the sea. So rich was its adorning,

that it seemed covered with precious stones, and strangers told how its inhabitants walked amid walls of fire; for upon its buildings' outer walls flashed in light of common day the sardius, the beryl, and the diamond,—the topaz, the onyx, and the jasper,—the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle. It was a city, too, as perfect in its ways as renowned for its splendor. The earth filled with its fame, and prophets recited the greatness thereof. In its streets the authoritative voice of God was heard, and the glory of its commerce was subordinate to the glory of its worship. It was great and strong through obedience to One greater and stronger than itself. Such was Tyre when this first and fairest picture was sketched.

But look upon this later Tyre. It is a picture of fishermen spreading their nets near the shore at the hour of twilight. The whole sky is leaden. The waves break along the shore amid fragments of cornice, and ornate capital. Here and there an ominous bird is wheeling heavily through the gloomy air. A few poor dwellings are discernible, but nothing of beauty or even of comfort in human habitation. And this is all that remains of that former greatness and splendor! As we gaze, we recall the words of God's prophet, and receive the secret of the mighty contrast: "Iniquity was found in thee. By the multitude of thy merchandise they filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned. Thou hast defiled thy sanctuaries by the multitude of thine iniquities, by the iniquity of thy traffic. All they that know thee shall be astonished at thee; thou shalt be a terror, and never shalt thou be any more! The sound of thy harps shall no more be heard. Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon; thou shalt be built no more."

Here, too, when purity and earnestness of worship depart, when the sanctuary is defiled by deference to traffic without,—then all its glory rushes quick to this appalling gloom. Where there is no divine authority—we seem to learn again—there descends a deeper than primeval dark-

ness, and upon the people falls, instead of rocks and mountains, the wrath of the Lamb!

And here are two pictures of Venice. She had her contrast. She rose like a fair vision amid the islands of the Adriatic, lifting her multitudinous domes in snowy whiteness to the whiter glories of her sky. Pious hands laid her foundation-stones, and devout hearts sculptured their hope upon her cathedral walls. Pilgrims, and in sorrow, fleeing from the fury of man, her founders took refuge upon these islands of the sea; and Christ walked with them there. They heard his voice upon the waters, and were not afraid. Their city — great in hope, great in reverence, great in worship — became mistress of the sea, great in fortitude and splendor, and from its tear-washed foundations sent light and joy pulsing “round the girdle of the earth.”

But when the obedient men who built her as their ark of refuge, and in building recorded in marble their devout gratitude to their helper, God, — when these believing, worshipping, heaven-trusting men passed from her palaces and her altars, — when other men walked her quays and pushed her gondolas gayly with no pilgrim’s devoutness at their heart, — with only calculation, and grimacing politeness of traffic, and self-sufficiency, and lust of the flesh at their heart, — *then* the lifting forms of her palaces, and all that snowy crest of her surging domes, faded from the earth, as clouds fade that flank the summer sunset sky. Thenceforward only this ghost of Venice haunts the islands of the Adriatic. And that distant range of frowning Alps testifies that God called her, for forgetfulness of Him, swift to judgment.

As we study from day to day these pictures in contrast, we notice always one thing, namely, that none of these contrasts have resulted from the absence of religious teaching. In her hour of dominion, and in her hour of doom, Jerusalem repairs equally to her temple. Tyre rose and sank with incense kissing the preciousness of her sanctuaries. And

Venice, with her mountebanks and maskers, reeled her mad way down the valley of death through walls written all over with the testimonies of the Most High, — with saints, and apostles, and the great Head of the Church, in sculptured warning, looking down beseechingly, imploringly, *resistingly*, upon her every step. It is not in the difference between religious teaching and no religious teaching that we are enabled to find the secret of these painful declinations, for no such difference is afforded us. These people have hastened to destruction despite temple, and sanctuaries, and fretted cathedral spire. Amid each we see religious teachers and teaching, with multitudes enough going up to hear. The secret of their ruin lies elsewhere, and unquestionably is found in *this*: in the different kind of religion taught, in the difference between an authoritative religion and a religion wanting authority, between the influence of words sent burning from heart to heart out of the real truth of God, and under an actual sense of him, and the influence of words dull in leaden custom, uttered conventionally from man to man, uttered by a teaching set of men, desiring chiefly to exhibit their own skill in the orthodox arts of religion, to a hearing set of men, wishing to see that the routine of the sanctuary is done by men who look solemn-visaged in Moses' seat, but who lack, and are expected to lack, both the convictions and the courageous earnestness of Moses. It is the difference between authority and *no* authority; between something really Divine and everything very human; between man beholding an infinite glory, and by steadfast, obedient look changing into its likeness, and man titillating constantly before his own petty figure: — it is *this* which gives up the secret of every other difference in the greatness, character, or fate of men.

There is a law both definite and universal. By as much as they of the temple — both the teacher and the taught — do find their sufficiency of God, by so much does the temple minister unto life; but by as much as they seek this suffi-

ciency each of the other, and all of themselves,—by as much as they echo the fallacies of their own desires, or absolve easily, as somehow providential, the iniquities of the hour, permitting the spirit of policy and traffic, rather than the Holy Spirit, to take charge of ark and mercy-seat,—by so much does the temple minister unto the death of all who take part therein. By this law obeyed, Jerusalem mounted up to heaven; by this ignored, she descended into hell. By this is told the story where nets are spread above marble and porphyry at the entry of the sea. By this, Venice! By this is given the secret of all our pictures in contrast. And by this rise toward the light, or descend toward the gloom, the present populations, the living kingdoms of the world. For say what we will about the interests which govern humanity, there are no interests or motives so powerful with it as the sublime affections of its soul, before which, when set on things above, nothing has been, or shall be, long able to stand, but with which, when grovelling earthward, no course of self-deception, desperation, or dissoluteness has been too beastly or fiendish for it to pursue. Out of its own heart are the issues of its life and death.

Two distinct kinds of religious teaching result to us, then, from these pictures in contrast. We perceive that they are the cause of the violent contrasts in the histories from which they are respectively taken. One gives us the impetus, or Divine help, by which human greatness rises, the other the weakness of which that greatness dies. We see that all teaching which has helped men is authoritative. It is not man speaking unto man, but God speaking through man unto men. While, and where, men have listened unto such teaching, they have prospered, proved the promise, “All these things shall be added unto you.” But when, and where, they have listened unto other teaching, they have seen that which they had taken from them. And while our country is now travailing either in pains of new birth or in pains of death, we naturally enough, with these pictures and their

constant warning before us, look around upon its religious teaching to see if it follows the law of salvation ; to see if in any wise the voice of war and violence in the land results from the *no authority* of our Christian teaching ; or, at least, to ascertain and understand what we are safely to expect ourselves to teach if we speak in God's name at all, and in what expectation alone we may hope profitably to receive religious instruction. And thus what we still propose to say divides itself into, — 1st, Christian teaching ; and, 2d, Christian hearing.

The law of Christian teaching, as of all other that has profited man since the world began, is that it shall be with authority. By this let all men recognize it. The Christian teacher must not utter himself ; Christ must speak through him. The disciple is neither greater nor more prominent than his Lord. Neither let him, when he teaches, be less. He shall be *as* his Lord. He too shall teach as one having authority, and not as the Scribes. It is not he who speaks, but Christ who lives in him. No power is his to add to, or take from, for any conveniences, bribes, influences, or impulses of the hour, whatsoever he finds in the word of life, — the testimonies of the Lord Jesus unto the truths of human salvation. It need scarcely be reiterated, that his feet must not be planted upon expediences, but firm upon the Rock of eternal truth ; that he must not ask what will please the ear, what square with the sentiment of the meridian, what cause inhabitants of city or village to receive and retain him ; but simply, What is Christian truth ? This, in all the strength of a lively faith and perfect confidence in his Master, — without which he has no right ever to preach at all, — he is to proclaim in all the length and breadth of its manifold applications. And even this he has no divine right to do, and therefore no divine efficacy or blessing in doing, except in love for those he teaches, — out of a helpful spirit toward his fellow-men, — the desire to bring them where Christ has brought him. Boldness in Christian teaching must be the

boldness of love; and never, what we sometimes have lamented to see, the boldness of self-sufficiency, of a defiant spirit. With an earnestness commensurate with the infinite weight of his authority, he is ever to speak the truth, and ever to speak it in love. Let him never forget the truth as it is in Jesus; let him never forget the meekness and gentleness of Christ. Even then it will often be too mighty and stern for men fully to bear. It will flash like exposing lightning through the darkness of their iniquities, and cut across their profitable interests, and cause them, by the hardness of its sayings, to walk no more with the Master. Christ was forced to weep while he denounced, and was ever compassionate over the sorrows which his truths seemed to bring. Such is still the law of Christian teaching. The very hearts it yearns to heal, it first wounds. The Christian teacher must never allow, either as his hope or his aim, that truth can be made pleasant to everybody under all circumstances, and at all times. It will fall here, and it will fall there, like the blow of a most uncompromising enemy. Sometimes it will not send peace, but a sword. Its very earnestness and authority in love will provoke the wrath that shall turn to rend it. In the midst of a sinful world, in communities where men are Christian more by etiquette than by their spirit or their lives, where public worship is more one of the customary amenities than one of the solemn obligations of society, where the purest and the vilest alike gather for the hour beneath the same altar,—if there the Christian teacher kindles no enthusiasm, provokes no wrath, but week after week, and month after month, and year after year, sees upon all faces and in all hearts the same listlessness and indifference to the words and life of the Crucified, let him begin a rigid self-examination, look to the strength of his own faith, the earnestness of his own purpose, and doubt whether he has yet learned, or ought, to preach Christ at all. This is certain. True Christian teaching will never leave men as it finds them. It will lift men out

of their baser selves. Either it will do this, or it will gain their undisguised hostility. Where Christ really speaks, — by the mouth of howsoever humble a disciple, — people are moved even to astonishment by his doctrine. He speaks not as the Scribes, but as having authority. Never *man* spake as this man. And those who are not for are soon against him.

We remember that when the children of Israel, who once could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance, came at a later day to look in listless leisure upon those who sat in his exalted seat with painless eyes, — that then the influence and authority of Moses had departed, and the Scribe-taught people met their doom. Is there in this no warning to children of a better covenant? When He whose glory is truth in purest rays swift speeding from the burning throne of God, — before whose unbearable brightness the purest and best of earth have ever veiled their faces, feeling most of all their own unworthiness and necessity to cry, "Lord, save, or we perish!" — when this "brightness of the Father's glory" is toned down to light of common day, so that through those who fill his apostles' seats Christ seems to speak as equivocally as any erring man, without authority, and as the Scribes, — *then*, whenever it shall be, we may be sure that *our* judgment — the great day of His wrath for *us* — is at hand, even at the doors!

To love the laws of Life, and to present them, — to exhibit Christ so that all who come to him shall feel his power, and by obedience shall come to love him too, — this is the lifelong and single aim of the worthy Christian teacher. So long as his eye is single to this, he can always speak with authority, and never need speak with the self-condemned littleness of the Scribes. So long as he contemplates his Lord, rather than himself; so long as he seeks his Master's, and not his own glory; so long as his absorbing interest and joy is in the greatness and everlastingness and stern mercifulness of the message Christ gives him to convey, rather than in the exhibition of his own skill, or adroitness, or

clever cunning in doing it, — so long will there be power in him, and a Christly glory will burn about his brow, and he will be a beneficent helper, guide, comforter, and strengthener of mankind. But the moment he turns from the living word to contemplate himself; begins to admire his own intellect or eloquence, and to demand that others shall chiefly see and admire it too; puts himself prominent in the pulpit, and Christ in some shadowy place behind it, — then nothing that he does will have power in it more, and in stupid steadfastness the people may behold and hear him continually, and henceforth he shall be a cumberer of the ground, worse than unprofitable, in the Lord's vineyard. Without Christ, — his absolute and eternal truths, his authoritative voice, — Christian teaching shall be good for nothing, and worse than nothing. Let the pulpit "propose to itself any other end than preaching *this living word*, and from that hour its fall is precipitate, its destruction sure, its hour has come, and there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither it goeth."

This living word! Immutable truth! The great facts and laws of true living, once made flesh! What should be — what *can* be — more authoritative than these? And what sublimer? From everlasting to everlasting, like their Ordainer, still the same. Upon what else so stable may living man so safely plant his foot? Do we think that systems of interpretation, that theories of inspiration, lessen our authority in these? Do we destroy the spirit, in dissecting the letter? Can we alter God's facts? Can we abrogate the necessity for true living? Can we reverse the established order, so that by sowing to the flesh we may reap life everlasting? By the world's progress is this gradually coming to pass? How much better was it for Jerusalem at her judgment than for Tyre and Sidon at theirs? How much better for Venice than for Jerusalem? How much better will it now be for that portion of our own land where the iniquity of traffic has defiled the sanctuary? The laws of God per-

ceived by holy men of old still live. Christ's voice and authority remain. Still the kingdom of God and its righteousness is set before permanent prosperity. Still does experience confirm, "Enter ye in at the strait gate." Still, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Still soundeth the woe unto all hypocrites, and the sentence, "Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity, for I never knew you." Still likeness to Christ brings rest to weary souls. Still the merciful obtain their joy, — greater mercifulness. Still the pure in heart may see their God. Still the greatest of the three is charity. And still, preaching the Gospel of the living God with great boldness, authority, and power, may the teacher of to-day, quickened by the living word, speak *all* things, keeping back nothing, and, if needs be, *endure* all things through Christ strengthening him. Authority remains, — the never-ending authority of truth and love. He who will accept it, and use it, may have it to the fullest from the Highest. And he alone is fit for a Christian teacher. He who is not persuaded in his own mind, — whose convictions are unstable, — who is sceptical concerning the absolute divineness of Christ's life, principles, and directions for living, — who doubts his authority to speak in boldness these things, — let him not speak at all, except he be willing both to curse himself and they who may be led by him.

And now a final word to readers whose blessed privilege it is to be Christian hearers. You remember what kind of hearing went before destruction, how listlessly they sat, how little it mattered what they heard, and how prominent in that midst was the idea that it was of no consequence, that it amounted to nothing, was without authority, only the opinion of the Scribes. You know too how this hearing differed from that where the people expected to hear, and knew that they should hear, words true as God could possibly give man to utter. That contrast has

been placed before you. Ask yourselves if there is any corresponding contrast between the hearing of earlier Christians, and your hearing of to-day? whether a like difference is perceptible between Christian hearing in New England or New Orleans fifty years ago, and Christian hearing in the same places to-day? Which do you expect that your own minister shall be, — man-pleasing, or God-uttering? For certainly, as a most Christian man has well and truthfully said, “There are two ways of regarding, as there are two ways of presenting a sermon, either as a human composition, or as a Divine message. If you look upon it entirely as the first, and require your clergymen to finish it with their utmost care and learning for your better delight, whether of ear or intellect, you will indeed consider the treatise thus prepared as something to which it is your duty to listen without restlessness for half an hour, or three quarters, but which, when that duty has been decorously performed, you may dismiss from your minds in happy confidence of being provided with another when next it shall be necessary.” Such hearing will profit you little. “But if once you begin to regard the preacher, whatever his faults, as a man sent with a message to you, which it is a matter of life or death whether you hear or refuse; if you look upon him as set in charge over many spirits in danger of ruin, and having allowed to him but an hour or two in the seven days to speak to them; if you make some endeavor to conceive how precious these hours ought to be to him, a small vantage-ground on the side of God, after his flock have been exposed for six days together to the full weight of the world’s temptation, and he has been forced to watch the thorn and thistle spring in their hearts, and to see what wheat had been scattered there snatched from the wayside by this wild bird and the other, and at last, when, breathless and weary with the week’s labor, they give him this interval of imperfect and languid hearing, he has but thirty minutes to get at the separate hearts of half a thou-

sand men, to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sins, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of those doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded, — thirty minutes to raise the dead in, — do you but once understand and feel this, and you will look with changed eyes upon the place from which the message of judgment must be delivered, which either breathes upon the dry bones that they may live, or, if ineffectual, remains recorded in condemnation, perhaps against the utterer and listener alike, but assuredly against one of them.” Then will you care less for conventionalities of style, and ornament of oratory, and all the stately pomp of words, than that your minister stand simply, humbly, and above all truthfully before you, as Moses stood in the valley of Zin with the children of Israel gathered around him in their thirst, smiting with authoritative rod the rock of truth whence gush the waters of life everlasting.

May He who still giveth power both to loose and to bind, to remit and to retain, without whom we can do nothing but labor in vain, — may He, Christ, the great Head of the Church, so quicken and illumine his ministers in all its borders universal, that they teach always as *having authority*, and never as the Scribes, — that through all these earthly temples, by all them that worship therein, may be felt once again His solemn warning when he said, “Take heed how ye hear.”

S. F.

THINK not thyself better for anything that happens to thee from without ; for although thou mayest by gifts bestowed upon thee be better than another, as one horse is better than another, that is of more use to others ; yet, as thou art a man, thou hast nothing to commend thee to thyself but that only by which thou art a man, — that is, *by what thou choosest and refusest.* — JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE PREACHER'S SPECIALITY.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. E. C. GUILD AS PASTOR OF
THE FIRST CHURCH IN CANTON, SEPT. 11, 1861, BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

1 COR. II. 2:—"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

WHAT is it that the Christian minister must be and know and do? It is a question which must be asked anew from time to time even in congregations of Christians. Because the question is familiar, we must not take for granted the ability to answer it. The reply is very likely to become merely traditional. Churches go on sometimes after a manner, and congregations are kept together to some extent from generation to generation, whilst perhaps the fewest who are gathered for worship from week to week can give any account of the aims and methods of their fellowship. Meanwhile the purposes and plans of other workers and organizations are very clearly apprehended. What the merchant or the manufacturer, the statesman or the soldier, the engineer or the farmer, must be and know and do becomes perhaps plainer and plainer every day. All about the old Church, men group themselves into companies for the pursuit of science or for the accumulation of wealth, coming together for these ends with enthusiasm, whilst a thronged temple becomes an exception to the prevailing fact of meagreness, and feet that run in every other direction loiter in the way to the sanctuary, or gladly fall, upon the slightest hint, into some other path. I am told by those who claim to know, that a large number of persons in New England, in spite of all the religious traditions of her early days, have practically said in reply to our question, There is nothing of any moment which the Christian minister must be and know and do. He is obsolete, or at the worst obsolescent, in our world. His occupation is gone. His mission is accomplished. You should bear yourself towards him respectfully and tenderly,

as towards the weaker vessel, but there is no more gain to be looked for in behalf of the world from that quarter. Merchants, manufacturers, inventors, chemists, men of letters, artisans, and artists have not passed away, but the minister has passed away; we have seen, or soon shall see, the last of him. And even those who have not been betrayed into this thinly-veiled contempt or absolute neglect of the Church may be much instructed and refreshed by a little earnest reflection upon the work which is especially assigned to her in the world. Let the preacher sometimes magnify his office by his words, as he should ever strive to do by his works. Let him show what precisely he must be and know and do amongst the crowd of busy laborers in a world, which ought not to tolerate drones or triflers, or come together from week to week in a solemn way without proposing some very real end. Let him state what is essential and everlasting and universal in his aim, in contrast with all that is only accidental and subsidiary, and show that although there may be and are dead branches upon the vine, the vine itself never dies, and compel men to say unto him, as they said unto his Divine Lord, Evermore give us this bread and this water that we hunger and thirst no more. What is it that the Christian minister must be and know and do?

After eighteen hundred years of Christian life, I can find no answer so fitting as this of Paul, that king of apostles and preachers. "I determined," he says, "to know nothing amongst you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Of course, if we will be literal, there was much else that the Apostle knew. He was skilled in tent-making, and all the better Apostle doubtless for that. He was a man of large intellectual culture, Jewish and Gentile, and he knew how to make great use of his learning for the promotion of his one cherished object. Plainly, too, he was a man of affairs, — no helpless, impracticable abstractionist, but one endowed with practical wisdom, a good, wholesome common-sense, a faculty to deal with men and to cope with obstacles in a ge-

nial way, — and these were undeniably singular advantages ; nevertheless, not by virtue of all this, or the like of this, was he an Apostle. As an Apostle, he was but one thing, he knew but one thing, he did but one thing ; he had his speciality, as every man who means to accomplish anything must have, and more than ever in an age of high and varied culture, when proficiency is not to be reached save by concentration and zeal. He had his speciality ; and inasmuch as it was to know and to make known in all his gracious offices, and especially in his redemptive act, the Son of the Living God, his word is the rule for the ambassador of God in all lands and in all times. It is what the Spirit saith to the churches to-day. Gathered in the interests of the soul, the conscience, and the heart, the realities which no sane man utterly neglects, and for which wise men gladly sacrifice their earthly all, the Church finds the knowledge of Christ and him crucified sufficient for wise and simple, for rich and poor, for the prosperous and the sad, for this world and for the world to come. Here is a real supply for a real want ; as bread for our hunger, as water for our thirst, as pictures of beauty for the eye, as melody and harmony for the ear, so is Christ for the reason, the conscience, the heart in man.

Wherever the reason, the conscience, and the heart of man have been truly appealed to in the name of the crucified Redeemer, no matter by what speech or language, the appeal has been justified. By the grace of God the Church exists in the world to satisfy the wants of the human soul, — that highest reason in man which is the candle of the Lord, that commanding conscience in man which is the voice of the Lord, that wonderful heart of man which a million of worlds complete in worldly glory and beauty could not content, because it desires something other and higher than they, because it thirsteth for God, even the living God. Only indirectly does the Church reinforce the mere intellect, or serve the tables at which the wants of the body are supplied ; her ministry is primarily and chiefly spiritual and moral,

and he who is in the midst of her assemblies — yea, wherever, be it in the most magnificent cathedral or in the humblest upper-room, two or three are met together in his name — is Christ, once crucified and now glorified. Through him spiritual signs and wonders are evermore wrought. Whenever and wherever the Church is true to Christ, she is successful, and her voice is heard with gladness. Whenever and wherever the Church forgets Christ, she is unsuccessful, and becomes a weariness and a hindrance.

I assume here that what the soul needs more than anything else is God, to believe in him and love him, to obey him and feed upon him, to glorify and enjoy him forever. If you are not content, you who are prosperous any more than you who are unfortunate, it is because you are living so far from God, because all your wisdom does not extend to a real knowledge of him and of that life everlasting, to share in which shall be your blessed immortality. Men and women make out catalogues of wants, and think that, if these could only be supplied, all would be well with them; but experience shows that it is not so, — that God does not suffer the aspirations and affections of his forgetful and wayward children to die. They must see his face; they must feel his hand; they must be refreshed by his spirit.

I assume, further, that the deepest and most universal necessity of man is to be reconciled to God, — *reconciled*, I say; because the ignorance which you may be inclined to emphasize and make account of before or rather than any aversion or estrangement is largely the fruit of sin, because the blindness is a moral blindness, and comes of turning away from the light through a fear that it will shine down upon our ruin and upon our shame. Our ignorance of God, our worship of him as the Unknown, our failure to find in him a Person loving and helpful, to whom it is good to pray, and upon whom it is blessed to cast every care, be it little or great, belongs to a neglected and perverted moral nature. "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man!" is the solemn re-

frain, the burden not only of inspired prophets and apostles, but of the natural conscience, that divine witness. And I add, that we seem to be in this thing almost as much without remedy as without excuse. And there are always many who know, or almost know, their miserable spiritual condition, and yet this knowledge does not bring with it a cure of the mischief. Somehow they do not get any nearer to God. Somehow they cannot make religion seem any more real and beautiful to them; it does not relieve them from any care; it does not help them to live, or cheer them when they look forward to bereavements and death. Interested in other things, though not satisfied with them, they have no heart for the highest and the best, or only a divided heart, which is never really warm except when it is fanned by the flames of bigotry, and can pervert what ought to be the service of God into a poor will-worship and self-glorifying.

“Who shall deliver me from the bondage of this death?” Not Nature, I think. It is sweet, it is even uplifting and soothing, to trace the Divine signatures upon the flowers of the field, and to study the flaming signs which God has set in the heavens, to gather from the refulgent summer and the fruitful harvests lessons of a faithful providence; but all experience teaches that Nature is not a Redeemer, that Nature does not mediate between man and God, that in the midst of scenes of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the poor orphaned and alienated heart still cries in bitterness and despair for the living God! the Ever Near! who shall speak with articulate, human speech to the wanderer, and fold the poor prodigal to a yearning heart. “Who shall deliver me from the bondage of this death?” Not human wisdom, I think, nor anything that is of the earth, earthy. For the time it may beguile our restlessness to taste the sweets of literature, or to explore the hidden things of science, or even to chase one and another shadow of wealth or name or fame, but all the while we are strangers in a strange land, and the question of questions remains unanswered.

No adequate help comes in these ways ; but Paul and all Christians have an answer for our question, and only one answer. They are ambassadors for Christ, beseeching men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. It is enough for the believer and preacher, it is the speciality of the Church, to know Christ and him crucified, because it is a fact, it is a part of man's history that Christ crucified did reconcile men to God, and that this new life of love is transmitted from generation to generation, from believing parents to believing children, the best gift to His children from Him who giveth all things, the spiritual miracle which witnesses for a Real Presence, the blessing which you have a right to expect from your religious institutions, and which you will surely gain, unless they are fatally defective or you are signally unfaithful. Reconciliation to God is a fact of Christian experience ; it belongs to all of every name who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, — to Romanist and Protestant, to Anglican and Calvinist, to Trinitarian and Unitarian, to Congregationalist and Episcopalian, — and it is wholly independent of all theories in philosophy or theology, as well as of all discussions about Scriptures and evidences and miracles and institutions. "The Christian," says Jacob Behmen, "is of no sect. He hath but one knowledge, and that is *Christ in him*." And again, "The kingdom of God consisteth in no opinion, but in power and love." Christ and his spirit produce this experience. Where it is not realized, the Gospel is only in word, not in power. As you look for grapes from the vine, for light and heat from the fire, — as you expect to be cooled by the flowing river, and to be nourished by your daily bread, so you may be persuaded that Christ creates a new heart, which is free from distrust and fear and the servitude of sin. It is the duty and privilege of the Church to have this experience and to reproduce this experience, to know and to preach Christ and him crucified.

Paul had this experience in all its fulness ; it was the experience of his life, the beginning of the new creation of God

in him, and he freely gave what he had freely received. Never in all his life, spite of all his Jewish ritualism and Hebrew moralities and zeal against heresies, had he come to himself, and realized that he, the much-deserving Pharisee, the friend of the high-priest, was the chiefest of sinners, and needed more than anything else to be reconciled to God, and taken into the charge of a merciful Saviour, — never, I say, until he heard the voice sounding through the visible heavens, but falling upon the ear of the invisible soul, as he journeyed to Damascus: “Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?” Is it not enough that the Lord of glory hath once laid down his life in agony and shame? Must his heart still bleed for thee? Perhaps he had already been brought to serious misgivings as to the justice of his fierce behavior. Already, it may be, the spirit of the Crucified had wrought upon him through those who had so manfully taken up his cross. Perhaps it had not been in vain that he had looked upon the suffering death of Stephen. He may have engaged in this very journey of persecution partly for the sake of overcoming his own hesitancy. I gather as much from those added words, spoken by Him who knew what was in man, — “It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks!” — hard to resist, impossible to yield. But Jesus, whom he was even then persecuting, had come to put an end to the inward strife. It was then no wretched outlaw, no factious agitator, no vain pretender (as his poor Jewish heart, deluded by bigotry and spiritual pride, had taught him) who had died upon the cross; it was the Lord of Glory, who even then was pleading with him by name, out of the heavens of light and peace. How upon the instant was he convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment! — of sin, because he believed not on Christ; of righteousness, because the Crucified had gone to the Father; of judgment, because the prince of this world, with all his professions and pretences, had been judged. Then perished from his soul forever all conceit of righteousness, all trust in will-worship; the Hebrew and Phari-

see became as a little child, — the proud professor a broken-hearted penitent, his spirit even more prostrate than his body, the eyes of his soul blinded by the exceeding brightness of the heavenly fire, as the outward eyes were closed by the flashing lightning. And Jesus, whom he was persecuting, was his Saviour. He led him through that night of agony and remorse and darkness, he gave him rest and peace. He had convinced him of sin only that he might assure him of forgiveness. He had brought him down into the valley of death only that he might make the grave the gate of life. His communion and fellowship now were with the Father and the Son. He had done forever with abstractions and with rituals, — he had found a Divine Person. Religion and Christ were henceforth, for him, two names for the same reality. Through Christ he came to God. Christ was to him the express image and person of God ; the Father's face and voice and hand ; the Father's way, truth, and life in the world ; the manifested Word ; the Life seen, heard, and handled ; the Divine in the human ; the Absolute and Eternal brought within the range and reach of our human conditions, according to that prophetic announcement, " His name shall be called Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." Ever after, Christ was his life. What he had done in the service of a narrow bigotry was as nothing compared with his heroic labors and sacrifices as a follower of the Crucified. He lived to serve him, — to bring others, as many as might be, into the same glad fellowship, — to perform friendly offices to the brotherhood of faith, and to the brotherhood of man ; and he looked forward to death as a gain, because it would bring him into the visible presence of the Heavenly Lord.

Can we wonder, when we have read such a tale of human experience, that what Paul determined to know — the one thing which he resolved to take with him to Corinth, the one thing upon which he exclusively relied, even in a city so devoted to the aims of a splendid and proud civilization —

was the Gospel of redemption by Christ. He had in this the keys of the kingdom of heaven. He was there to use them. He was not there to teach philosophy or rhetoric, or the morality of the reasoners,—others could do that better than he; he was not there to paint pictures, or carve statues, or recite poems; he took no part in the discussions and projects of Corinthian merchants and statesmen; his errand was to the conscience and heart. He came to bring a credible creed, a usable religion, to inaugurate an age and a company of faith and love. He was successful. God's word never returns to him void. Poor human words fall short, and fall impotent; God's word never.

And this is the reliance of the Church in all ages. In this Christian experience, this vital and spiritual Christianity, the generations of believers are at one. It is its own evidence, and the evidence of much else about which, save for this inward testimony, we might remain in painful doubt. It is the wisdom revealed unto the babe. It commends itself to our aspirations and affections, to the hopes and longings, to the fears and griefs, of a humanity which is at once so great and so grovelling, now soaring in thought at least towards the heavens, now trembling upon the brink of hell. It justifies the sublime audacity of the affirmation,—“If our Gospel is hid, it is hid to them that are lost, whose eyes the god of this world hath blinded.” And since the Church is founded upon a rock, and shall endure to bless the world forever, we see that this experimental knowledge is never suffered to perish, that after seasons of decay and decline it is revived with peculiar freshness, and becomes the life of a new generation of believers.

Sometimes, for example, the children of the covenant lapse into formalism, and like the Jews of old observe days and months, and tithe mint, anise, and cumin, and though the ceremonies of the religion are punctually performed, the function of the Church is no longer discharged; men are not reconciled to God; they receive the wafer at

the priest's hands, but they get no bread from heaven; they scarcely believe in God, or if they believe it is only to tremble, and again they ask, "Who will deliver me from the bondage of this death?" And He who said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," is there to answer the question, as he answered it for Luther and Melancthon,—and first those who are cast out as heretics, then the Church that cast them out, begin again to believe in the crucified Redeemer, as only they believe who have found in him the power of God and the love of God. Then experience asserts itself again above tradition; then the priest for the time must yield to the prophet; believers rely upon the old promise,—It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say,—and the tongue of the dumb is loosed, and the Gospel, which had ceased to be proclaimed in the magnificent cathedral, rolls out eloquent and persuasive from the lips of the peasant, because he too, as well as the wise, has been reconciled to God, and knows that there is One in the heavens who has redeemed him, and shall bear him evermore in strong arms of love. The Church is reformed. It may accept little or much of the new doctrine; it cannot choose but be a partaker of the new life.

And the same relief is near in all the straits of the Christian fellowship. It has often been the case, even amongst those who would be thought believers beyond the rest, that a faith in propositions has been substituted for faith in the Divine Person, and a form of sound words has failed to create discipleship. Or perhaps, when the aching soul has sought a shelter against the stings of conscience, and an infinite heart of love to feed upon in a cold world, there was nothing to be had in the sanctuary save an intoned service, and the sweet voices of singing boys, or the dreary platitudes of some respectable hireling, telling you how good it is to be good, and how mischievous it is to be righteous over much, or to imagine that we can be sinners

in these days of enlightenment, like those who dwelt once in Judæa, Samaria, and Galilee. Then Wesley must come, and make the village green more sacred than the village church, preaching Christ and him crucified until they who come to stone him are reconciled to God, and stay to pray with him, and, being themselves converted, strengthen the brethren. Then men believe again in the Holy Ghost. They know Christ and are glad.

Or perhaps the Church, which should be more than anything else a seeker for souls, is occupied with criticisms and controversies and discussions; learned in the philosophy of religion, but untaught in religion itself; proving the Gospel, or disproving it, as the case may be, instead of preaching it; curious about the authorship of this and the other book, but sometimes scarcely so much as naming the Author and Finisher of the faith; feeding the intellect and that with doubts, and suffering the conscience and the heart to starve; promising to give you some truth by and by, if only we all live to learn it, but as yet finding no sure word of prophecy. Or leaving all these matters as probably antiquated and certainly obscure, the congregation may be summoned to high discourse upon moralities impossible save for those who have welcomed to their hearts the grace of God which is by Christ Jesus, or for rhetorical displays upon themes that have already been exhausted by the journalist or the lecturer or the platform declaimer, and which, although they may supply the preacher with illustrations, certainly are not his speciality; nay, the minister may practically abdicate his throne of power, and commend the congregation to such edification and comfort as choir and organist can supply. Can we wonder that men and women forsake temples which are so misused? Is it not plain that the remedy for such desertions is at hand, — that the Church must do the thing she lives to do, and not something else which she does not know how to do, and that she will be respected, loved, sought, just in proportion as she is true to her special charge, and, forsaking all other,

cleaves to Him whose chosen bride she is on earth and in heaven? There never was a more patent or more mischievous fallacy than the very common one, that we can interest men in the deep things and the precious thoughts of God and duty, and the everlasting life, and recover them from worldliness and misery by pleasant essays upon sacred criticism and philology, and the topics of the day. These may well enough be the "Recreations of a Country" or city "Parson," but they are wholly secondary to his proper and most sacred work, which is by demonstration of the Spirit to reconcile men to God. No matter though some who have little seriousness of purpose call this uninteresting, even tedious. "I came unto you," said Paul, "not in excellency of speech or of wisdom. I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and with much trembling." There were not a few who frankly said, it may be said to him, that his discourses were wearisome and insignificant, and not up to the times, and quite aside from the great interests which then occupied Corinth, and these doubtless might have heard him gladly for a few weeks or months, had he harangued upon Hebrew literature or Grecian philosophy. But he knew that what he was sent to give, what the world needed, and what the world would welcome, was the foolishness of preaching, — that for Christ crucified many a Jew would ere long forego his craving for a sign and many a Greek his search after wisdom, — that He who was lifted up from the earth would indeed draw all men unto him. I would encounter at once the bigotry and the indifference, the superstition and the scepticism of our times, with this knowledge of Paul. Ritualism is powerless against this vital and spiritual Christianity. When the cruel Papist, Stephen Gardner, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor to Queen Mary, lay upon his death-bed, Bishop Day thought to comfort him with the assurance of justification through the blood of Christ. The rejoinder of the dying priest is very significant. "He might speak of that," he said, "to him or others in his condition; but if he opened that gap

again, and preached that to the people, then farewell all together." He knew how dear the Romish ritual still was to the people of England, but something in his heart told him that the crucified Redeemer would be dearer; that a spiritual Gospel would dwarf and eclipse the ritual; that the cathedral cannot hold its own against the upper room to which the living Christ is heartily welcomed. And so wherever men are either careless, or only concerned to criticise and doubt, I would not merely appeal to the old miracles, firmly and heartily as I accept them, but with the help of God I would go about to work new ones, believing the promise, "Greater things than these shall ye do." I would not offer the evidences or the philosophy of religion, but strive rather so to appeal to the heart and the conscience, that the way would be opened for preaching Christ as God's gift to the hungry and thirsting soul, believing that religion is its own best evidence, that divine things are to be known by a certain divine look, that belief begets belief through persistent and consistent testimony, and that, when once the heart has closed with Christ, the questions of the understanding are more than half answered, and the freest dealing with the externals of religion no longer formidable to faith.

Let us then, my friends, reconsecrate our Church and our ministry to Christ—God's way to us, and our way to God—and to his cross, by which we are still to get the victory in our life-conflict. When our religion is Christianity, and our Christianity filled with the spirit of Christ, there will be ears to hear it, hearts to love it, lips to utter it, hands to do it.

Come all who are not content to live by bread alone, to eat and drink to-day and to die to-morrow! Come all who are without hope, because without God in the world! From you, at least, the Gospel will not be hidden; unto you, at least, the Word of God shall be precious, as in the days of old; and he who determines not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified, shall be highly esteemed amongst you for his work's sake.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE NEW CHURCH AND THE PARACLETE.

OUR article entitled "Wants," published in the June number of this Magazine, gave, as we understand, great offence to some of our Swedenborgian neighbors. As we only meant our article to be an honest answer to honest inquiries, and not charges against any one, we review our statements.

We said that the New Jerusalem Church, technically so called, that is, the peculiar and well-known ecclesiasticism that goes by that name, "lacked the Paraclete," and that, in the opinion of the most competent judges who had acted within its pale, it had been a "signal failure" both in America and England. We said this not from a hostile attitude, but we uttered what we have heard scores of good New-Church believers bitterly lament, and what we believe at this moment to be strictly true. Touching the English New Church, we quoted Mr. Brotherton's pamphlet, who, bating his spiritualism, writes with intelligence and gives his facts. If we remember rightly, Mr. Weller of "The Crisis" has made similar statements, himself an English New-Churchman. If we are mistaken, we should rejoice to believe it, but facts, not slurs and exclamation-points, must show it. Touching the American New Church, we referred to Professor Bush, whose life was a protest against its polity, while he took meekly its rebuffs and censures. For obvious reasons, we did not refer to the testimony of living witnesses, numbers of whom would testify to the same purpose. It should be said, however, that Professor Bush never acted within the dominant New Church organism. He always regarded it as sadly in the way of the true growth and prosperity of the genuine New Jerusalem. It has been represented that he changed his mind on this subject before his death. We have excellent reasons for knowing that the representation has not a shadow for its foundation.

So long as the huge personality of Emanuel Swedenborg comes between Christ and the believer, the Comforter in plenteous showers of grace and peace will never descend. This ought to be repeated

again and again. That Swedenborg may be so used and read as to bring the soul into a more loving communion with its Saviour, not abolishing a man's rationality, but lifting it up and helping it to a more living apprehension of Christ as the Eternal Logos, where the Father comes down into personality to meet his children and save them, is very true. That his works may be taken in the mass — the whole thirty volumes — as of Divine authority and "continuous from the Lord," received by the memory and not the reason, and reproduced in dead formulas, is also true, and a person may then think he has got a theology, when he has only got a "nomenclature" whose terms stand for unknown quantities. And he may get the conceit that he is a great deal wiser and better than his neighbors, when in fact his heart has not been warmed, nor his will subdued, nor his understanding enlightened. It is not the pride of "self-derived intelligence," but self-derived stultification, — one about as bad and hopeless as the other. Truth merely memorized and formulated is never made to glow with the Comforter. Swedenborg is learned, but not Christ. And this is "noxious idolatry."

That we may do nobody any injustice, we give the statistics of the Swedenborgian Church, as represented by the societies included in the General Convention. It appears from the *New Jerusalem Magazine* for July, 1860, that there are in Massachusetts thirteen Swedenborgian societies. The largest of these is the Boston society, which has 525 members. The others range from 70 members down to 12. The Boston society are not all resident members, as we learn, but it includes persons living in Maine, New Hampshire, and "all over the country." The Boston society is the largest in the country, and in the world. The actual average attendance on its stated worship is 350, not 450, as stated in the published statistics. From among the names of those who hired seats, 117, as we learn from the best authority, dropped off in the space of six and a half years, not including those who removed to other societies of the same faith. All the thirteen societies in Massachusetts have in the aggregate 859 members, averaging 66 persons to a society. In Maine, there are four societies. The numbers of three are reported, having an aggregate of 79, or averaging 27 to a society. In Pennsylvania there are six societies, having an aggregate of 221, or 37 to a society. In Ohio there are three societies, having an aggregate of 106, or 36 to a society. In Illinois there are seven societies, having an aggre-

gate of 246 members, or 35 to a society. In the whole United States we find reported thirty-four societies, having an aggregate of 1,496 members, or averaging 44 members to a society, and we find four other societies reported whose numbers are not given. The returns cannot be complete, but they are all we find in the latest statistics, and they represent evidently the main body and active force of ecclesiastical Swedenborgianism. It has a weekly organ, whose subscription list does not support it.*

People will judge for themselves whether, so far as statistics can show, this result indicates signal success or signal failure. Not long since, they celebrated their first centennial. In the early Christian Church, after the Paraclete descended, "three thousand souls" were added in a single day, not by "enthusiastic spirits," but by the Lord himself; and if at the end of a century such results as we have detailed above were all that could be shown by the early Church, we apprehend they would not have been regarded by the first preachers of the Word as a very signal success.

This New-Church ecclesiasticism, however, does not number one half, we presume not one third, of New-Church believers, there being hundreds, and probably thousands, who regard it as Professor Bush did.

After all, however, it is not the statistics of numbers that we must principally regard. That the Paraclete comes to all who seek it humbly, whether in New Church or old, and obey the Lord, is very true. The pertinent question is, Does the Paraclete use this special ecclesiasticism for its agency, promoting unity among brethren, and diffusing around it a sphere of blessed influence, heavenly charities, and working energies? Does it produce such results as St. Paul names as "fruits of the Spirit," — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith, gentleness? If this beautiful sisterhood of the Christian graces waits upon its action, the Paraclete is certainly in it, and it will win its victories at last. If, on the other hand, it chills and repels, promoting strifes, divisions, alienations, censoriousness, and Jewish intolerance, until the very word *charity* must be put in quotation-marks as belonging to a foreign tongue, then it is a failure both signal and deplorable.

* Rev. B. F. Barrett stated in a public lecture, that the New Church represented by the "General Convention" numbers in the United States sixty societies, averaging about fifty members each.

It has been said that we "keep aloof" from Swedenborgians. How very strange! Some three or four years ago, ignorant of their divisions or church polity, but loving the central truths they hold, our heart was going out towards them in fraternal sympathies, when we saw our humble name paraded through four columns of personal abuse and misrepresentation in the weekly organ of the denomination. More shocking than all the rest, the sweet and tender imagery of the Saviour, in the parable where he calls himself the "door of the sheep," was turned from its original and touching significance, — the door being made to mean the Church, and the Church only the Swedenborgian society, — so that those receivers who do not think it best to walk straight into Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism were reckoned as "thieves and robbers," and "climbing up some other way." This by the accredited and approved organ of a body of people who, if gathered from the four quarters of the Union, would not fill one of our larger churches. Subsequently we saw the Unitarians — the communion with whose younger Ware we had been brought nearer to the Saviour than ever before, with whose Palfrey we had learned new fealty to conscience and to truth, with whose elder Ware we ought to have learned a heavenly candor and catholicity, whose Mary Ware had exalted all our ideals of a noble and saintly womanhood — this communion we saw assailed as dangerous company to keep, and extracts from Swedenborg were dug out and paraded in such connection as to leave readers to infer that Unitarians were regarded as doomed to the hells. Rather strange that people should learn to keep aloof from an ecclesiasticism that makes such exhibitions as these!

But no, we keep aloof from none with whom we can find the spirit of the Master. Very soon after the "organ" aforesaid had published its slanders, letters came to us from all directions, from people we had never seen, deploring and condemning their editor's vituperations, and breathing towards us the kindest of brotherly love. They should have rebuked their organ openly and publicly, for it was not hurting us, but hurting their own cause, and hurting the man who in their name was bearing false witness against the neighbor. Yea, there are men and women, good and true, in this as in other communions, into whom the spirit of sect and division enters not, from whose society and converse we always come away, knowing that we have been with the Paraclete who has with them an abiding-place. There are New-Church Christians whom we

know but to love, — would that their faith, charity, and gentleness were more completely ours, — while we take precious care to keep aloof from the ecclesiastics whose maledictions fall harmless afar off, beautifully mellowed by distance. And we know perfectly well that there are many less fortunate than we are in this respect, who will thank us now for our faithful words.

It is one of the laws of retribution, that the evil we seek to do unto others always comes back upon ourselves. If we try to exclude others, we find ourselves excluded. As we judge, so we must be judged. If our neighbors use Swedenborg, not to judge their own hearts and lives, but the "states" of their brethren, making him a kind of posthumous Pope to doom others to the pit, they will find that the Paraclete is withdrawn, — themselves left behind as a waning ecclesiasticism, from which Christendom will keep aloof as the stream of living history is sweeping by. If they love cursing, it will come upon them; if they delight not in blessing, it will be far from them. But if they use Swedenborg only to give them the living Christ and show him to the world in brotherly deeds, genial charities, and just and kindly judgments, they will soon get a candid hearing, not only from Unitarians, but from all Christian people, for all that is true and good in their form of religion, and the Lord will make them a vital force in changing the face of society.

Meanwhile we turn from sects, divisions, and ecclesiasticisms to the real New Jerusalem which is everywhere descending. Wherever there is a receptive mind and an obedient will, and Christ is more than sect, there the conditions are preparing for its ushering in. In all the denominations, if we mistake not the signs, the old theologies are becoming transfigured, and the skies are flush with the dawn.*

S.

* Perhaps Unitarians ought to know the awful case of those who keep such bad company as theirs. The following deserves a place among the curiosities of religious literature. It first appeared in the "New Jerusalem Messenger," February 19, 1859.

"The doctrine of 'spheres' is a sad but sure revealer of states of character. In the spiritual world every one may be recognized by his '*sphere*.' In this world, where there is so much of hypocrisy and pretension, we are often deceived as to the characters of men. Persons of external eloquence, or who are fired by a love of power or distinction, often show an apparent understanding and devotion to the truth which misleads many, particularly novitiates. But there is often an '*invol-*

THE PROMISE OF IMMORTALITY.

WHO, that has seen the bright, the gifted, the beautiful, closing his eyes forever on this world, and sleeping in death, can be insensible to the power of this glorious passage from St. Paul, "For this corruptible *must* put on incorruption, and this mortal *must* put on immortality," and of the verses immediately following?

Deeply and thankfully do we feel the sublime consolations resulting from our intuitions and our spiritual longings for the unseen and the immortal, owning that their very existence is a proof that these cravings may be answered and supplied; but what can be so inspiring as the promises from the holiest of books, the highest Divine

unity correspondence, which discloses the real character in unmistakable light. The idea which any man has of the Lord is the great central idea, from which all his other ideas flow as from a fountain. The great central idea in the New Church is the DIVINE HUMANITY OF THE LORD. '*In Heaven the Divine Humanity of the Lord is ALL.*' A. C. 7211. This is what distinguishes the New Church especially. The central *negation* of the Unitarians (for I believe they profess, as a body, to have 'no creed') is that Jesus Christ is *not* God. From each of these central points there goes forth a 'sphere,' which, like that emanating from the sun, attracts such objects as have an affinity for it. This universal sphere, Swedenborg teaches us, is about every person or thing. It is recognized in the world by the maxim that 'a man is known by the company he keeps.' If a professed New-Churchman is attracted by the sphere of Unitarianism, if he love to associate with those who deny the Divine Humanity of the Lord, and selects for the medium of diffusing his opinions in relation to the New Church the organs of that denomination who are the most avowedly, the most openly and unreservedly, opposed to the great central doctrine of the New Church, he unmistakably shows not only where are his sympathies, *but what is his 'sphere';* and this sphere discloses the character of his mind, — his present actual state, — and no amount of professed devotion to the New Church, or talk about *charity*, can long conceal the internal desire, whether it is known to its possessor or not."

The cream of all which is, — Associate with Unitarians, and you will be known as a bad character: be drawn to our "sphere," and you get in among the elect. Or, as the editor had put it before, — We are the Door. Try to get to heaven by some other entrance than a Swedenborgian society, and you are a thief and a robber, "climbing up some other way."

"In this world there is so much of hypocrisy and pretension." We reckon so.

A writer in the New Jerusalem Magazine has been using our name very freely through two successive numbers, as we find, and implying that we have made false "charges" when speaking of New-Church ecclesiasticism. To refute us he devotes a whole page, describing a "prosperous and flourishing society" in Abington. We happen to have its statistics, and as the intelligence is taken from the New Jerusalem Magazine itself, we trust it will not be considered "self-erived." Thus, —

authority, which we read and drink into our sorrowing hearts as a revelation from heaven itself? We have known its power of consolation. The stricken father has pored over, and marked for the comfort of those who afterward laid him to rest, the holy passage, closing with the sustaining, the soul-stirring words, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Thanks be to God, who giveth us indeed the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, by his written word. Deep experience knows and owns this blessed power over the longing, the loving, the suffering heart.

Number of members in 1856	54
" " " 1857	56
" " " 1859	62
" " " 1860	65

Increase in five years, 11; or *two and one fifth* per year.

We are making a long note, but a very instructive one, we think, and we will close it with an extract from Swedenborg, which will afford an exit through the ivory gate from the stifling "sphere" of human conceit to the broad upper air:—

"There are also societies of interior friendship, which do not take away another's external delight, and derive it to themselves, but take away his internal delight or blessedness arising from the affection of things spiritual; they are in front to the right a little beneath the inferior earth, and some of them somewhat above. With those who were beneath I have occasionally discoursed, and on such occasions they who were above in-flowed in common. They were such in the life of the body, that they loved from the heart those who were within their common consociation, and also mutually embraced them as united in brotherhood. They believed that *they themselves alone were alive and in the light*, and that they who were *out of their society were respectively not alive and not in the light*; and this being their quality and character, they also thought that the Lord's heaven consisted solely of those few; but it was given to tell them, that the Lord's heaven is immense, and that it consists of every people and tongue, and that all are therein who have been principled in the good of love and of faith; and it was shown that there are in heaven they who have relation to all the provinces of the body as to its exteriors and interiors; but that, if they aspired further than to those things which correspond to their life, they could not have heaven; especially if they condemned others who were out of their society; and that in such case their society is a society of interior friendship, the quality whereof is such, as was said, that they deprive others of the blessed principle of spiritual affection when they approach to them, for they regard them as not the elect, and not alive, which thought communicated induces what is sad, and yet this sadness, according to the law of order in the other life, returns to them." A. C. 4805.

THE following very touching and beautiful verses we find in the June number of "Tales of the Day."

"O, IT'S HARD TO DIE FRAE HAME."

The evening sun is shining noo
On bonnie Lochanside,
And to the byre are creeping doon
The kye, my mither's pride ;
The weans are sporting on the green,
I see things just the same
As if amang them a' mysel', —
O, it's hard to die frae hame !

I see the house, the loch, the burn,
The boat lying on the shore ;
My faither working in the yard,
My mither round the door ;
The cradle rocking by the fire,
That burns a bleezing flame,
And Jeanie singing to the bairn, —
O, it's hard to die frae hame !

To keep my faither in his craft
I left to win a fee,
And many a tear it cost us baith,
For I was young and wee :
I'm feared he'll break his tender heart,
And think he was to blame ;
Gin I could only grip his han', —
O, it's hard to die frae hame !

My ain dear mither little kens
Her Mary is sae ill,
For 'tween us there's a weary gate
O' stormy sea and hill ;
And will I never see her face,
Or hear her speak my name,
Or clasp my arms about her neck ? —
O, it's hard to die frae hame !

I thank ye a' beside me here
For the love ye've shown to me ;
Ye've gi'en me meat, ye've gi'en me claes,
And gi'en a gentle fee ;

To think o't maks my heart grow grit,
 And maks me feel like shame;
 But yet — forgie me if I say 't —
 O, it's hard to die frae hame !

And when ye write to tell our folk
 How Mary ga'ed awa',
 Be sure ye tell them how I thoct
 And spoke aboot them a';
 And tell them, too, I ga'ed in peace
 Because I kent the Name
 O' a Father and a Brother dear, —
 Fareweel, I'm noo gaun hame !

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

THIS subject is brought out in the very interesting paper of a contributor to the Magazine, "Cosmogony." The subject is exciting much discussion among French naturalists, chiefly through a treatise of M. Ponchet, who proclaims and defends the doctrine of spontaneous generation in the interest of the development hypothesis. The doctrine is ably combated in Blackwood's Magazine for February, 1861, and those who wish to follow up the subject will find it there fully discussed, and facts and experiments given in detail. The question has religious as well as scientific bearings, though the theory of spontaneous generation may be made to fit in as well with the highest Theism as the baldest Pantheism.

POETS are prophets, and Whittier seems likely to turn out more of a prophet than he knew of when, in the Presidential campaign, five years ago, he produced the following exquisite lines : —

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

All night above their rocky bed
 They saw the stars march slow;
 The wild Sierra overhead,
 The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
 The gray bear from his den,
 Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
 Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned with anxious strain
The leader's sleepless eye,
When splinters of the mountain chain
Stood blank against the sky.

The night waned slow ; at last a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

" Up men ! " he cried, " yon rocky comb
To-day, please God, we 'll pass,
And look from winter's frozen home
On summer's flowers and grass."

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And, faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn ;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the winter at their backs
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward with the cataracts
Leaped to the lap of spring.

Strong leader of the mountain band,
Another task remains, —
To break from Slavery's desert land
A path to Freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo ! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light !

Rise up, Fremont, and go before, —
The hour must have its man ;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in Freedom's van !

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Southern Rebellion and the War for the Union. A History of the Rise and Progress of the Rebellion, and a consecutive Narrative of Events and Incidents, from the first Stages of the Treason against the Republic down to the Close of the Conflict; together with Important Documents, Extracts from Remarkable Speeches, &c., &c. New York: James D. Torrey, Publisher. — We have received two numbers of this History, and commend it as a convenient repository of facts and documents given in the order of their occurrence, which will always be valuable for reference and for the uses of history. The first number begins with Mr. Lincoln's election, and the second brings down the record to the meeting of the Thirty-sixth Congress, including President Buchanan's Message. s.

Tales of the Day. Number 5. — They continue with unabated interest, and we hope are well patronized. — *Short Stories for Leisure Hours*, selected from *Tales of the Day*, — every Story complete, — are for travellers and leisure hours, when something is wanted which is not "to be continued." They are got out with the same neatness in print and paper as the "Tales," and make an attractive series.

Relation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Slavery. By CHARLES K. WHIPPLE. Boston: R. F. Walcutt.

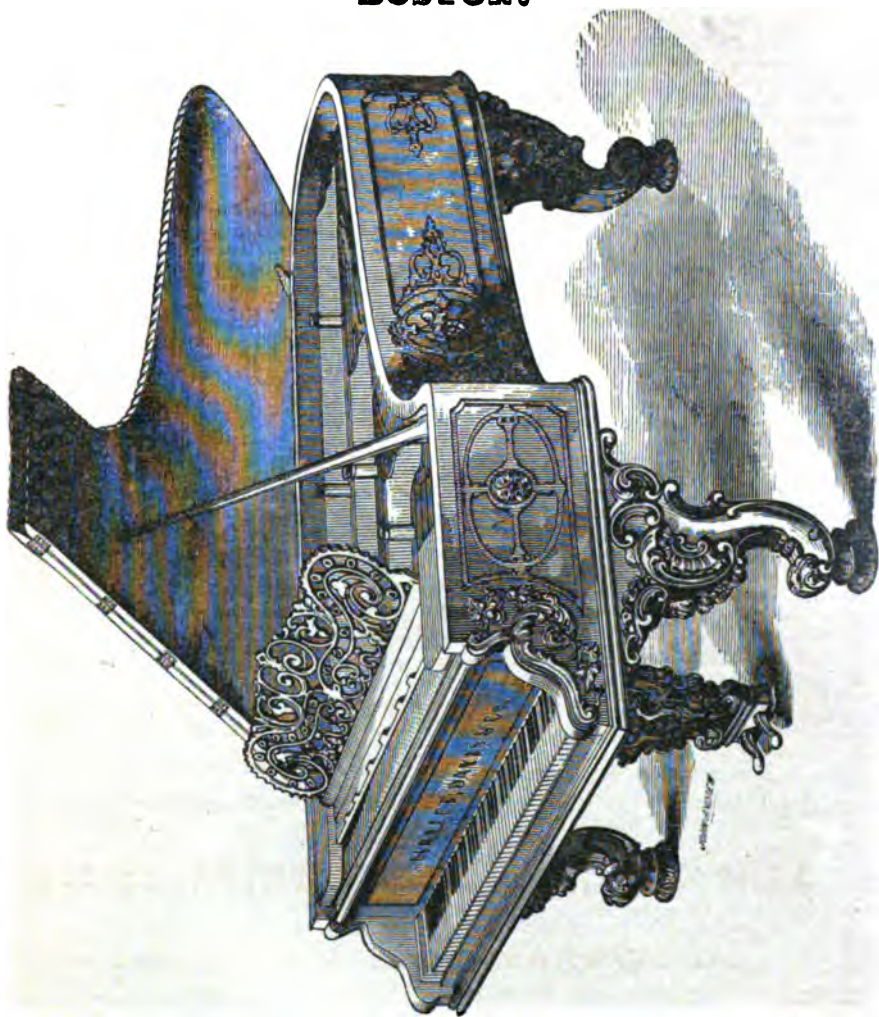
The Recreations of a Country Parson. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. — This second volume is printed and bound uniform with the first, having the same raciness and a tinge of the same genial humor. Some of our readers will remember the admirable essay in the *Atlantic*, "Concerning Future Years," which reappears in the present collection. The essay "Concerning the Pulpit in Scotland" abounds in choice anecdote and sensible criticism. "Concerning Disappointment and Success," "Concerning Churchyards," "Concerning Summer Days," "Concerning Screws," "Concerning Man and his Dwelling-Place," "Life at the Water-Cure," are the titles of some of the remaining essays, all of them exceedingly pleasant reading either for hot weather or cold, replete with good sense and pungent suggestion. s.

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THE
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NOVEMBER, 1861.

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Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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TERMS.

The object and intention of this Periodical is, to furnish interesting and improving reading for families, to enforce the duties, illustrate the truths, and strengthen the principles of a practical, renewing, and cheerful faith, and, by a devout spirit, a sympathy with all the truly humane movements of the times, and a good measure of literary care, at once quicken the zeal and encourage the trust of those who are seeking to attain "the life that is hid with Christ in God." Besides original articles of a miscellaneous character, each number will contain a sermon, not before published.

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Two copies to *Clergymen*, \$ 5.00, " " "

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

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BA'ALBEK: THE SYRIAN HELIOPOLIS.

THE Under-secretary of State during the administration of the Earl of Chatham, a hundred years ago, was one Robert Wood, who lived at Putney, between the roads which lead to Wandsworth and Wimbledon, in the same house in which the celebrated Gibbon was born, the former having bought it of "Edward Gibbon, Esq.," the historian's father. "The farm and pleasure-grounds which adjoin the house are very spacious, containing near fourscore acres, and surrounded by a gravel-walk which commands a beautiful prospect of London and the adjacent country." In the cemetery near the upper road to Richmond Robert Wood lies buried. He died in 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age; and in the inscription over his grave, written by Horace Walpole, are these words: "The beautiful editions of Ba'albek and Palmyra illustrated by the classic pen of Robert Wood, supply a nobler and more lasting monument, and will survive those august remains."

The hundred years last gone have swept away all trace of the Under-secretary of State to the Earl of Chatham,—himself the shadow of a name; but the scholar dreamily wandering in Eastern lands, all silence and ruins, or straying

among dusty folios in dark corners of great libraries, will long cherish the memory of Robert Wood.

He was born in the castle of Riverstown, near Trim, in the County of Meath, in the year 1717. Graduated with distinction at Oxford, he gave himself for several years to the study of the classics, especially to the language and literature of Greece. Frequent journeys in Italy, and the society there of artists and scholars, made him familiar with the antiquities of that charming land, only to lend a greater fascination to the memorials, which dot still the hills and plains of Greece, of an earlier and riper and loftier culture. We find him, in 1742, sailing from Venice to Corfu, and tarrying in the island of Chios, and, later, tracing, Homer in hand, the places made immortal by the Iliad and Odyssey. In this travel he was accompanied by two of his most intimate friends, Dawkins and Bouverie, who shared his enthusiasm for antiquity. They prepared themselves for their task by an exhaustive reading of the ancient writers, and, having passed the winter in Rome, embarked at Naples in the spring of 1750, "on board a ship hired for us in London, with a library consisting chiefly of all the Greek historians and poets, some books of antiquities, and the best voyage writers, what mathematical instruments we thought necessary, and such things as might be proper presents for the Turkish grandees," together with a skilful Italian artist by the name of Borra. They explored the islands of the Archipelago, a part of Greece in Europe, the Asiatic and European coasts of the Hellespont, Propontis, and Bosphorus, and penetrated into Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt; — not hurriedly, but with scholarly leisure, reading with new zest as they went the lives of Miltiades and Leonidas on the plain of Marathon and in the straits of Thermopylæ; finding "new beauties in the Iliad on the banks of the Scamander, and the Odyssey most pleasing in the countries where Ulysses travelled and Homer sung." Not content with copying inscriptions, they carried off, when they could, the marbles them-

selves. With the Greek architecture, also, not less wonderful than the Greek poetry, whose profound mysteries have eluded explanation till within the last years, they became familiar in all its forms from the days of Pericles to those of Diocletian.

The only shadow which came to darken this bright enjoyment was the death of Bouverie in the desert. They returned at last to London, loaded with riches "more precious in our eyes," says Barthélemy, "than those of which Lucullus and Pompey stripped the Orient."

Wood published afterwards, successively, two great works, profusely illustrated, on the ruins of Palmyra and of Ba'albek, which place him, assuredly, in the foremost rank of archæologists to whom the world is to be forever indebted. While occupied with his last work, his *Essay upon the Genius of Homer*, he was called into the public service of his country. That work, however, was finally accomplished, and Heyne, reviewing it in Germany in 1770, said of him: "We know of no one who has penetrated so deep into the spirit of Homer. . . . It is the eagle flight of genius detecting in antiquity the footsteps of genius." But the companions of his travel had gone before him, then, upon that longer journey from which there is no return. We recognize a touching, yet manly, grief when he speaks of his friends: — "Yet I must not disown a private, perhaps an idle consolation, which, if it be vanity to indulge, it would be ingratitude to suppress, viz. that as long as my imperfect descriptions shall preserve from oblivion the present state of the Troade, and the remains of Ba'albek and Palmyra, so long will it be known that Dawkins and Bouverie were my friends."

On the 27th of March, 1751, our travellers quitted Palmyra for Ba'albek. Several days' journey, over sterile sands, through a wasted country and a scattered people, the prey not more of brigands than of their own rulers, brought them to the plain of Bukâ'a, once more fertile than

the famous plain of Damascus, lying now in silent desolation, as if to show to all men how society decays, and nature even droops, under the lowering clouds of Eastern fatalism. What was true in the days of Wood and Dawkins is truer in these. Where they found scanty villages, we find only crumbling ruins; the silence of the plain is more oppressive; there is a crushing monotony of desolation which you can nowhere escape. Ba'albek was then a much larger town than now. It had, as they reckoned, at least five thousand inhabitants; now you count barely a hundred hovels. "We waited on the Emir," says Wood, "and found him in a chiosque in his garden, reclined upon a sofa, near a fountain, and indolently smoking his pipe. We presented him with our firman from the Grand Signor, and a letter from the Pasha of Tripoli, and were most courteously received. A pipe, coffee, sweetmeats, and perfume are successively presented on these occasions, and the last is understood as a hint to finish the visit. He applied the firman respectfully to his forehead, and then kissed it, declaring himself the Sultan's slave's slave; and told us that the land he commanded and all in it was ours."

The sun was going down behind the Lebanon, one soft, clear day in the spring-time, as we rode along the silent plain of Bukâ'a, the ancient Cœle-Syria (Hollow Syria), which lies between the two parallel ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, when at last, far away in the distance, we caught sight of a blue-white cliff, which they said was Ba'albek. All around us was desolation, where once were smiling fields. The plain which stretches from Ba'albek southward, containing nearly two hundred square miles, was the garden of the city whose ruins we journey to see. There was a fervid life lived centuries ago between these steep ranges of mountains, which seem but a half-hour's walk apart; a life shut up and little known, but ripe with the long culture of the Roman world, dying out here at last on foreign soil, splendid in decay. But before the Romans came, there was another

people, whom we may follow back to the verge of authentic history, yet the notices which have come to us of it are too scattered to flow together into a living picture. Science may build up an extinct race from a fossil bone, but imagination is powerless to grasp and hold the whole period of its existence. Not so with the Roman civilization : that has a beginning and an end ; it is a completed whole ; its history precedes ours ; its monuments throng the lands we love most to wander in. Uncovered cities, weather-stained temples, silent amphitheatres, bronze and marble, are ever recounting to us its triumphs and its fall. And so, as you ride along the silent plain, the ghosts of the past come flitting by you in the fading twilight ; the light grows golden as you muse ; the rustling wind has a voice for you ; the fleecy clouds take shape, and down the years and along the hills come forms and visions ; the fields laugh again with flowers, and merry human voices tinkle up and down at the sunset time. Behind and before and about you stalks the shadow of the Roman power, and chariots and glittering helmets are symbols for you of a striving which was only not successful because not consecrated. The last colors fade in the west, and the dream grows intenser. The columns of great temples stand out against the sky, and the lurid light plays, as leaping fire, along the sculptured friezes and the volutes of the capitals. You see the ancient time as through a Claude-Lorraine glass, idealized. You forget the scourging of the nations, the systematized oppression which drank the life-blood of the people ; you recognize only the nobler elements, the beauty, the grandeur, the power, the civilizing forces. In haughty contrast with the meaner life of the toiling world from which you have escaped, breathes there the ancient time with its exquisite poetry, its elaborate philosophies, its lofty rhetoric. For a moment, it may be, you are confused, and human living seems a wearisome thing, with decay and silence tracking it thus evermore ; the gorgeous picture fades, the framework of nature crumbles, and time, pitiless and ceaseless, sweeps all

things on and on, and the end no man knoweth. Yet it is ever wholesome thus to quit for a little while the world you live in, for another beyond the seas or beyond the years ;— the mind deepens with the wider view. That Roman world on the verge of which we stand now is not one of the imagination ; it had an existence ; it has one now, purer and more extended than before. Out of the confusion of nations, out of the tumult of the centuries, has come order and a better ideal. The individual may die and make no sign, but the collected life of the nation endures forever. It utters itself in these far-off solitudes, admonishing you of the solemn stillness which shall settle down also upon your throbbing age at last.

It was a calm, bright Sunday we passed amongst the ruins of Ba'albek, not busy with archæological exploration, — Wood and Dawkins did enough of that for us, — but quietly musing on the ancient time. There is a certain mystery about the ruins, which adds to their fascination. We may conjecture readily enough when the temples were built, but no conjecture will supply the want of all authentic record touching the condition of the people who erected them, — what its life was, how it developed there, what greatness it attained, how it decayed. The rise and fall of Ba'albek would be a fruitful theme for the ingenious antiquary ; the great master of historical painting could hardly select a more striking subject. As the name Ba'albek was the first, so it is also the last name of the city which through untold ages has looked down from these heights on the fertile plain of Bukâ'a. A thousand years before the Romans established there the imperial colony of Heliopolis, it was under the Phœnicians the city of Baal. It lay on the high road from Tyre to Damascus, the commerce of the East and West flowed through it.

Frequent description has made the ruins of Ba'albek familiar to the untravelled, yet an occasional word touching relics so interesting is not, perhaps, unwelcome. " When we compare the ruins of Ba'albek," says Robert Wood,

“ with those of many ancient cities which we visited in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and in other parts of Asia, we cannot help thinking them the remains of the boldest plan we ever saw attempted in architecture.” There confront you now in Ba'albek the remains of two temples, the great temple, called by some the Temple of the Sun, and the lesser, called in a certain arbitrary way the Temple of Jupiter. Three hundred yards off also are the relics of a little circular temple, which we do not dwell on, for it sinks into insignificance when compared with the others. The first aspect of these ruined temples may not produce that impression which one does not fail to receive at sight of the august and beautiful structures which make the plain of Pæstum as sacred to us as it was of old. With the exception of the exquisite temple of Theseus at Athens, those are perhaps the best-preserved temples of antiquity. The architectural effect is as perfect now as in those far-off ages when they first rose upon the rapt vision of the Greek, an effect which modern skill has failed either to imitate, or indeed wholly to explain ; it is as if the Greek had discovered the everlasting type of beauty, and kept the secret of it to himself. The six columns of the great temple raised high in air, the first thing you see from afar on approaching, the last thing your eyes cling to as you go your way nevermore to wander there, are alone of wonderful beauty ; — but the total effect comes out only as you sit there in the silence, building it all up, with column, Corinthian capital, and entablature richly sculptured, so that rather what it was than what it is abides with you as a permanent memory, while the temples of Pæstum and the Parthenon stand out clear against the sky, touching the nerves of sight as a delicious melody touches those of the ear, with instantaneous effect ; it is as if the pulse of the ancient time were throbbing against yours.

The great temple at Ba'albek, like almost all other ancient temples, faces the rising sun. Let us reconstruct it as we may, with the help of those learned people who have been

kind enough to take the trouble to delve among the rubbish, and measure things and make plans and conjectures, sadly mindful of the truth of Wood's observation that "descriptions of ruins, without accurate drawings, seldom preserve more of their subject than its confusion." It stands at the end of a low range of hills which jut out from the base of Anti-Lebanon, a mile off, on an artificial platform, from twenty to thirty feet high, with vast vaulted passages beneath; an immense flight of steps led up to the portico, which was about thirty-seven feet deep by one hundred and eighty broad, with a tower or pavilion at each end, and twelve columns along the front between them; in each wing a chamber entered by three doors from the portico, thirty-one by thirty-eight, ornamented with pilasters and niches for statues; the outer wall, also, was decorated with pilasters to correspond with the columns of the portico; the diameter of the columns, we may add, was four feet and a quarter, with an interval of nine and a half feet between them. Three great gates, the middle one seventeen feet, those on each side ten feet wide, open from the portico into an irregular hexagon-shaped court, two hundred feet across, with recesses (*exedrae*) on all sides except the west, with columns in front of each. That on the east side forming a sort of vestibule for the entrance from the portico, opposite which, on the western side of the hexagon, was a magnificent portal fifty feet wide, with two side portals each of ten feet, through which you passed into the great quadrangle, — a vast court, of the full grandeur of which we can hardly form a conception. It is four hundred and forty feet long from east to west, and about three hundred and seventy wide, — all around it recesses and niches for statues; the shafts of the columns in front of the recesses being of Syenite granite from Egypt, and the interior of each recess profusely decorated with pilasters and richly sculptured friezes. Over the recesses all around the quadrangle ran a vast entablature, its friezes rich with sculptured garlands of fruits and flowers.

On the western side, near the centre, was a raised platform for statues, ascended by a vast flight of steps, up which the morning sun moved majestically to its sanctuary. In their general character, the decorations and arrangement of the recesses and niches in both courts resemble, it is said, those in the Baths of Diocletian. Wood is persuaded that they were designed either for public schools, or for the accommodation of the priests of the temple. Architecture and sculpture rarely ever combined to produce anything more imposing than this great quadrangle at Ba'albek. Fronting this vast court, at its western end, was the *temple*, of the sort which the Greeks called a peristyle, two hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and sixty broad, surrounded with columns, nineteen at each side and ten at each end, eight feet apart, with a diameter of seven feet at the base, the shafts sixty-two feet high, with a huge entablature of single blocks fourteen feet high, reaching from column to column, in all seventy-six feet high; the parts of which the columns were composed being fastened together by iron cramps a foot long and a foot thick. With the exception of the temple of Jupiter Olympius at Athens, it was the largest in the ancient world. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and the sculptures of the entablature betray in their profusion the later, we can hardly agree in calling it the declining, period of Roman art. "In the frieze are garlands hung between projections, each of which is adorned with an acanthus-leaf and a bust over it." To us it seems as if, always with the exception of the Parthenon, towering above the Acropolis, no other temple of the ancient world, not even that of Jupiter Panhellenius in Ægina, could have produced a more striking effect than this Temple of the Sun at Ba'albek, lifted high up on a vast platform fifty feet into the air, visible for miles up and down the great plain of Bukâ'a. In the softening moonlight, or when gilded with the last rays of the sun sinking down behind the snowy tops of the Lebanon, it must have been worth a jour-

ney from the ends of the earth to see, thickly strewn as were the ancient lands with the creations of the ancient art.

Outside of the walls which support the platform on which the temple stands, on the northern side and western end, at a distance of thirty feet, is some of the most extraordinary masonry in the world, consisting of external walls encompassing those of the temple. In the western wall, which rises to the level of the bases of the columns, are three blocks of stone, of such huge size that, as Maundrell says, "a man had need be well assured of his credit before he ventures to relate, lest he should be thought to strain the privilege of a traveller too far." "A wall made of such monstrous great stones," he adds, "that the natives hereabouts (as it is usual in things of this strange nature) ascribed it to the architecture of the Devil." These blocks are in one layer, one of them sixty-four feet long, the others sixty-three feet eight inches, and sixty-three feet, respectively, in all one hundred and ninety feet eight inches long, each thirteen feet high and as many thick. They are twenty feet from the ground, and below them is a layer of seven others of like thickness. It was from these three stones that the great temple obtained the name it bore so long, of the *Τρίλιθον*, or Three-stoned. Half a mile to the west of the temple, close to the base of the hills, are the quarries from which Ba'albek was built. There lies still an enormous block of stone, ready hewn, but not wholly detached, sixty-eight feet long, fourteen high, and as many thick, containing about thirteen thousand cubic feet, and weighing, it is conjectured, more than eleven hundred tons. It was doubtless designed for the northern outer wall of the Great Temple, which was never finished.

It was masonry, this, of an age far anterior to the Roman period; it points back to the Phœnician people, and the temples which of old time stood on that spot in this city of Baal. Human history is silent touching the structure which once stood there, but the stones of the earth testify of them. It was a rude people, just feeling its strength; it was a skilful

people, first developing its powers; it was a superstitious people, weighed down by the mysteries which haunted the bright skies and sighed along the hills; it was men, earnest, solemn, vigorous, who made these huge floors for the temples of their God, — after a decade and more of centuries to serve again the wants of a people who, more skilful and not less in awe of the Divine, if in a false, idolatrous, pitiable way, came to found the Syrian Heliopolis and plant another civilization; — yet more, after two thousand years have dashed against them, telling still their story to men wandering hither out of the night of ocean. The superstition has long ago exhaled, but the pious purpose will testify of itself to the end of time.

Such was the Great Temple as we remember it, — not in ruins, not desecrated by Saracen invaders, or the barbarisms of modern tourists, but completed, beautiful, august. And over the place where it was still keep guard the six great columns of the peristyle, standing out against the sky, solemn and sad, as if they too longed to lie among the ruins, if their office of admonition through the weary ages were but done. Thus far, they seem to say to you, strode the Roman power; at our feet its last flowers blossomed and withered; — but thither westward goes a brighter, endless path, over the Lebanon, over the seas, toward the setting sun, in a new world, among a new people, not marshalled any longer by Olympian Jove, whom we vainly worshipped, but by the Christ, the divine Son of Man, at whose coming an age was shrivelled as with burning, and fell forever dead.

On the south side of the Great Temple, parallel with its peristyle, on a platform of its own, but less elevated, stands the Temple of Jupiter, small in comparison with its colossal neighbor, yet in itself “at once the most perfect and the most magnificent monument of ancient art in Syria.” Some parts of it, we may add, as fragments of the entablature of the columns of the peristyle, and the ceiling of enormous stones which connected it with the walls of the cella, with

the richly sculptured hexagons in the soffits, set with a bust of a hero or god, are among the best-preserved relics of ancient architectural art ; and the better preservation of the temple in general makes it in some respects more interesting than the Temple of the Sun. Yet, for our part, we remember, as before, rather what it was than what it is. The iron hand of time sweeps over the works of man, and they lie all bruised and broken and dead, but the thought of man comes riding down the years, triumphant and enduring, fresher with every spring-time, profounder with every change. As we sat among the ruins, with wild Metâwileh prowling about us, and the startled birds careering overhead, all silent and grim there, as if it were the burial-place of a nation, the mortal seemed to fade for us as we mused, and out of the night of it, black and dismal, came the sun of the new hope and the purer living, — for so the race marches, and the glories of one age become as phantoms in the next.

Larger than the Parthenon, the Temple of Jupiter at Ba'albek measured two hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and one hundred and seventeen in breadth. It was peripteral, and faced the rising sun. You ascended by a flight of thirty steps, with a low, sculptured wall on each side, surmounted by a pedestal fifteen feet high for statues. Around the cella extended a magnificent peristyle, with fifteen columns on each side and eight at each end, those across the entrance forming, with a second interior row of six columns, the portico. The columns of the peristyle were six feet and a quarter in diameter at the base, seven inches less at the top ; eight feet and a half apart on the sides and western end, and nine feet eight inches from the wall ; forty-five feet in height, and over them the splendid entablature seven feet high, with a double frieze elaborately sculptured. The cella was one hundred and sixty feet long, and eighty-five broad, with a vestibule in front twenty-four and a half feet deep. The *great portal*, by which the cella was entered, is one of the most magnificent creations of ancient art which have

survived to us. It was twenty-one feet wide and forty-two high, the sides composed of a single huge block, the top of three large blocks. Around the whole runs a border four feet wide, with delicate sculptures of fruit and flowers and vine-leaves in high relief; in the architrave are little figures of Cupids or Bacchuses with bunches of grapes in their hands, and over it a frieze of scroll-work and acanthus-leaves encircling Cupids. On the lower surface (soffit) of the top of the portal is the celebrated figure of the eagle, a caduceus in his talons, and in his beak the strings of long twisted garlands, on each side, their opposite ends borne up by flying genii. "The crest shows that this is not the Roman eagle; but, as the same figure is found in the great Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, Volney and others regard it as the Oriental eagle consecrated to the sun." The nave of the cella was ninety feet long and seventy-four broad, and was richly ornamented with fluted semi-columns on the sides, with niches above and below, the lower having a scallop top, the upper surmounted by a pediment or tabernacle. The altar was at the farther (western) end, considerably elevated above the floor of the nave, from which it was probably separated by a range of columns. It is not clear whether the cella was hypæthral. But nevertheless we build up the temple so; there are no windows whatever on either side; and as you look upward, the bright-blue veil of the heavens seems the best covering, resplendent at day with the Syrian sun, and hung at night with lamps of stars.

Thus these ancient temples rise up for us again out of broken columns and heaps of rubbish. Possibly we may have formed an exaggerated conception of their beauty, but in vastness of size and in architectural grandeur we know of nothing to equal them. The temples of Egypt were vast also, but they were the result of a civilization far inferior to that of Greece and Rome. It is the grace of lightness combined with size which makes the columns of the Temple of the Sun a wonder of architectural genius. With the tem-

ples of Athens we can put nothing in comparison, for there is the perfect flower of Greek art. The temples of Ba'albek betray the Roman workman following the Greek type, but six or seven centuries had passed since the age of Phidias, when the Roman colony of Heliopolis built and consecrated its new temples in the ancient city of Baal, and the traditions of the pristine art had lost something of their purity ; yet, assuredly, it was genius of the first order which conceived the plan of these great temples, and carried it out with such perfection of detail ; — a fertile mind, which had drunk deep at the fountain of ancient beauty ; the unknown master speaks in his works. You can almost fancy him wandering there, a thoughtful man, with a great poetic fire in him, struggling with the thought whose beauty and profoundness touch us still, now when he and his age are become as the shadows which stretch from column to column, as if striving to cover the ruin of it all.

In the presence of ruins so august, one cannot fail to ask himself what people it was that dared to raise in an obscure corner of Syria these monuments, surpassing those of Egypt, rivalling those of Greece ? First, again, Robert Wood has explored that topic for us with his habitual thoroughness ; subsequent writers have for the most part but followed in his footsteps, gleaning a little here and there to confirm the theory which he suggested. With the tradition of the natives, who ascribe them to Solomon, or the Devil, we need not detain ourselves. The platform of the Great Temple, a thousand feet long and three hundred wide, with its bevelled foundation-walls and colossal stones, indicates a Phœnician origin ; but every scroll and acanthus-leaf, every capital, architrave, and soffit, every niche and column, are stamped as with the sign manual of the Roman art. Of the identity of Ba'albek with the ancient Heliopolis of Syria, mentioned by several writers nearly contemporaneous with the Christian era, there can be no possible doubt ; but there is no notice of Heliopolis by any other writers which is not later than the

third century after Christ. This to us distressing and unaccountable blank of history is supplied to a certain extent by coins and medals which still survive to testify of the Roman colony established by Julius Cæsar or Augustus, who sent hither the veterans of the Fifth or Macedonian Legion, and the Eighth, or Legion of Augustus. The same legions appear on a medal of Augustus struck at Berytus, and as Strabo says that Agrippa established two legions in Berytus, one may conclude that the Fifth and Eighth Legions were divided between Berytus and Ba'albek, which, with the Roman roads to facilitate intercourse, could not have been more than a day's journey apart. From the same passage of Strabo it appears, also, that the whole territory from Berytus to Heliopolis, even as far as the sources of the Orontes, had been assigned to these veterans. No writer earlier than the fourth century speaks of Heliopolis as a place of heathen worship, and the earliest notice of the temples is by John of Antioch, surnamed Malala, who says that "Ælius Antoninus Pius erected at Heliopolis in Phœnicia of Lebanon a great temple to Jupiter, one of the wonders of the world." Antoninus Pius reigned from A. D. 137 to A. D. 161. Of the time of Septimius Severus, only thirty-two years after the reign of Antoninus Pius, there is extant a coin with the figure of a temple on the reverse, with a portico of ten columns, and another with a temple with many columns of a peristyle and steps seen from the side, which correspond with the greater and lesser temples.

But it is not our purpose to follow minutely the proof; the current of testimony — an inscription, a coin, scattered notices of history — determines the period of the erection of the temples of Heliopolis to have been the age of Antoninus Pius, in the middle of the second century after Christ, — a date which the architecture also abundantly corroborates.

Under all forms of the Syrian-Phœnician culture, the Greeks found the god Baal ever as the highest god; and called him, therefore, Zeus, Jupiter as well as Helios, or the

Sun. It was out of Babylon, the oldest seat of the Sun-god, that the worship of him spread westward to the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. Movers, indeed, — one of the ablest German writers on this obscure portion of history, — maintains that Ba'albek was the oldest colony of the Phœnicians on the great highway of their commerce through Damascus to the Babylonian countries of the Euphrates. It was a natural thing, therefore, for them to erect a temple to the protector of their caravans, to the wealth-bringing God, on the very pathway by which his worship had travelled to them.

The worship of the sun was one of great pomp and extent. The Empress of Septimius Severus was the daughter of one of the Priests of the Sun. Heliogabalus, the Roman Emperor, who had been a Priest of the Sun in Syria, was proud to style himself *Invictus Sacerdos Augustus, Sacerdos Dei Solis*. The people of Israel exterminated this culture among the Canaanites; but it clung long to its ancient shrines in Heliopolis, which suffered severely in the last conflicts between the expiring idolatry and the victorious Christianity. In Rome also there lingered till late images of the sun, for Jerome speaks of the destruction of them in his day. The story of Gelasinus, the player in Heliopolis, well illustrates the terrible persecutions by which Paganism sought to prevent, or at least to revenge, its fall. "In the year 269 after the Ascension of our Lord into Heaven," reads the Paschal Chronicle, "St. Gelasinus ended his life by martyrdom in the city of Heliopolis of Lebanon. Now he was the second mime, and there were games going on in the theatre, and a multitude beholding them, when [either as a farce to amuse the people in the intervals of the games, or as a part of them] the other mimes threw him into a large basin full of tepid water, in ridicule of the faith of the Christians and the sacred rite of baptism. But thereupon this Gelasinus, the second mime as aforementioned, having been baptized [in jest thus, in ridicule of the Christians], and

having come out of the basin clothed in white garments, refused to play any longer, saying, *I am a Christian, for I saw the awful glory in the bath, and I die a Christian.* And when they heard these things, the people who were beholding the games in the theatre at Heliopolis burned with rage, and having rushed from their seats upon the stage, and got possession of St. Gelasinus outside of the theatre, still clothed in the white garments, they stoned him to death. And so the righteous man perished. His relations bore the body to the village called Mariamme, where he was born, and there erected a chapel to him."

And to this day is read in the solemn service of the Greek Church: "In memory of the sacred martyr Gelasius, who, commanded to make a jest of the rite of baptism, is baptized in truth, and perishes with the sword."

Φώτισμα μέλλων ἐκγελᾶν, γελᾶς πλάνην·
Πλυθεῖς δὲ Γελάσιε ἐκτέμνη κάραν.*

Macrobius, in the fifth century, in that irksome book of his called the Saturnalia, instructs us that the sun, whom the As-Syrians worshipped, is no other than Jupiter, — and that the image of the sun which they worship in the Heliopolis of Syria was brought from the Heliopolis of Egypt, — of gold, holding in his right hand a whip, like a charioteer, and in his left a thunderbolt and ears of corn, — carried round as in the Circensian games, supported by the chief men of the province with shaved heads; — thus confirming the common origin of the Syrian and Egyptian worship. To this Syrian shrine, also, at Heliopolis, men went as to an

* Dr. Robinson, in his *Later Biblical Researches* (pp. 521, 522), as well as the great Carl Ritter in his *Erdekunde* (Vol. XVII. I. p. 241), spoil this beautiful incident by an account of it not less bungling than erroneous. Robinson doubtless followed Ritter, but who could Ritter have followed? It is impossible to suppose for a moment that either looked at the original text of the Chronicle. The Ritual of the Greek Church, in which our martyr appears as St. Gelasius, is a better authority for the name; although in Butler's "Lives of the Saints" of the Latin Church, he figures also as St. Gelasinus.

oracle. It is related of the Emperor Trajan, that, being about to pass into Parthia with his army, he was solicited by his friends to consult the oracle at Heliopolis. He consented; but first, to test its genuineness and to secure himself from fraud, he sent to it a sealed letter, to which he craved an answer. To the consternation of the priests, the oracle commanded a piece of blank paper to be sealed up and returned to him. Trajan received it with admiration; — his letter also was blank. He then sent a written message, sealed, to inquire whether he should return to Rome after ending the war. The oracle replied by commanding a vine-branch to be taken from among the gifts laid upon its shrine, and, broken in pieces, to be concealed in a napkin, and then carried forth. The meaning appeared at the death of Trajan, when his bones were carried to Rome.

Constantine, it is said, founded a great Basilica in Heliopolis, — by which is understood that he converted the Great Temple into a church, and consecrated a bishop, with his presbyters and deacons. But they had little power to exorcise the demons which haunted the Temples of the Sun. When Julian the Apostate came to the throne (A. D. 361), the persecution of Christians was more terrible than ever in Heliopolis, and it is related that no man there could bear to hear the name of Christ. But the day of wrath was not to be long deferred. In the Paschal Chronicle it is recorded of Theodosius the Great, who ascended the throne A. D. 379, that, "while Constantine only shut up the temples of the Greeks, he destroyed them, and likewise the temple of Bala-nios at Heliopolis, the great and renowned, the Trilithon, and converted it into a Christian church."

After Omar's first tempestuous inroad upon the border provinces of Syria, and the capture of Damascus, the Arabian army succeeded in checking for a little while his swift advance, but in the fifteenth year of the Hegira (A. D. 636) Heliopolis was taken by storm, and the Emperor Heraclius fled from Syria to take refuge in Constantinople, and

throughout Asia Minor the cross lay prostrate before the crescent, and for three centuries the City of the Sun is veiled from the eyes of men. It reappears then in scattered notices of Oriental authors, who speak of it as a fortress. A sort of lurid glare surrounds its final downfall under Tamerlane. Scheriffeddin, his biographer, relates that, after the capture of Emesa, he pushed forward his camp to Ba'albek, where the imperial standards were erected before the walls of the fortress, whose colossal proportions excited the wonder of Tamerlane. The city was famous, says the Persian historian, for the beauty of its walls and for the height of its buildings, which were erected by genii at the command of Solomon,—which Allah only knows. But these things did not save it from conquest; yet it was spared that visitation of fire and blood which as a whirlwind of wrath waited on the footsteps of the conqueror. The tradition that Solomon built it, and that the prophet Elias had sanctified it, may perhaps have had some influence on the superstitious mind of Tamerlane, but of that nothing is said. From Ba'albek he made a pilgrimage to Kerat, where, according to the tradition, is the grave of Noah, whence, as with a benediction, he passed on, with his wild horde of thirty thousand horsemen to that terrible destruction of Damascus, the memory of which abides there to this day. For a hundred and fifty years Ba'albek, lying away from the route between Damascus and the sea and the cities to the north, fades from the memory of men. But the long night of the new birth of the race was passing into the brighter day, whose grateful beams rest now in the ruddy dawn on these far-off temples of the Syrian Heliopolis. The French traveller, Belon, in 1548, opens the long procession of pilgrims to the shrines of the phantom gods of Paganism, and now and then through the coming years some curious Frank traveller goes peering into the East, as if the silent deserts had some grim secret to tell. De la Roque in 1688, and Maundrell in 1697, and Pococke about 1737, are the only predecessors of Robert

Wood and his companion, Dawkins, whose narratives have worth for us. "But," says Gibbon, "every preceding account is eclipsed by the magnificent description and drawings of MM. Dawkins and Wood, who have transported into England the ruins of Palmyra and Baalbec."

"The monuments of Balbec shall henceforth be known through all time and in all countries," writes Barthélemy, the guide of the young Anacharsis in the first journeyings of modern scholarship in the footsteps of Pausanias; "the work which contains them will make a memorable epoch in the history of the arts, and will be distinguished among those which our age consecrates to their glory and to that of the ancients."

THE BEAUTY AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY.

THE Bible, especially the Old Testament, may be called a book of surprises. You cannot turn to it without discovering some passage which seems to have been written with reference to your own mood of mind, your own experience or want. You see yourself reflected from these old pages. Nor yourself alone, but everything of to-day seems mirrored there, and you cannot describe the history of to-day, with its strange national tragedy, more aptly than in the words of some of the prophets. And where can you find language more accurately, felicitously, and briefly describing the peculiar beauty of our New England autumn than this of Isaiah? — "The glorious beauty which is on the head of the fat valley shall be a fading flower." As he uttered it, indeed, it was meant to prefigure waste and destruction and havoc; but taken by themselves, how exactly do these few words describe the peculiar beauty of the American autumn. The seeming paradox each year shows to be one of great Nature's facts. It is a glorious beauty that the world around us puts on — clouds,

trees, flowers, fields—as the year wanes, growing more and more beautiful till the clear, cold frost falls, and strips the branches and scatters their glories. Of all weeks in the year, this through which we have just passed—that of the full October moon—is most noticeable and most beautiful. God has no grander witness to himself than these shades, above and below, which so garnish the earth and sky, and make these few fleeting days so marked in the calendar of the year.

A few cool nights, some autumn rains, have succeeded to the heats and showers of summer. The grass retains its earlier vigor and freshness, while just over our heads, silently, rapidly, a mighty change has come, till tree and wood and vine are dressed in hues with which the tropics cannot vie, such as no art can copy, and so arranged as no human taste can arrange them. A neighbor's house hangs with festoons of delicate beauty, arranged in folds and colors so as no horticultural hall can exhibit. Nature trains, and paints and sorts her colors, and brings out effects as no man does. A neighbor's tree drops its graceful branches over the sward, and no tiny leaf seems missing, and no tint is changed, while around its trunk clings and clusters the crimson vine. Up out of the garden of the dead rises the hill, forest-crowned, and to the distant eye its various colors, crimson, scarlet, claret, russet, gold, blended with the still rich green, present a picture such as never graced the gallery of a king. Upon my roof, responsive to the morning and the evening breeze, patter the leaves, looking, as you lift them one by one, faded and rusty and soiled and dead, yet playing, while they hung from the graceful branches, no mean part in the charms of the landscape. Upon all lies the slant sunshine, over all is the mantle of the autumn haze. The sun goes royally attended to his rest. The moon, in beauty above, looks down upon a scene made yet more beautiful by her, and all the things of God above, around, combine to fill the eye with delight and the heart with joy. It is of just these days and just this beauty that our own great poet, true child and interpreter of Nature, speaks in these sweet words:—

"Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South! O still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away."

And what is all this beauty over which the autumn clouds hang their richest drapery, upon which the unwearied sense feasts without sating, which crowns the distant mountain as no mortal diadem upon king's temples? What is this along the bank of the winding river, up the steep hill-side, at the head of the fat valley? What is all this glorious beauty, that comes even to your own threshold, transfigures your own tree, and with no stint hand adorns the highways even of a city? Is it some new life sending its quick juices into exhausted channels, and recruiting nature for some other work? Is it the sign and prophecy of yet greater things to be accomplished, quickening hope in man and stirring him to toil? Is it the garniture of a fresh season, to stay, as the green leaf has stayed, through weeks and months, a daily luxury and a nightly joy? No, — one chill, sharp frost, one dull, cold rain, one quick, abrupt wind, and all is over. Even now these gentle southwest breezes deal too roughly with this frail glory. But a few short days, and leaden skies and stripped branches will be above us, and the winter wind will whirl the withered leaf hither and yon, till it find some nook in which to hide and die. No; it is not life, it is not promise, it is not hope, but it is fulfilment, the end of life, the ripe success of all the seasons. It is the sign and symptom of decay, the forerunner of death. The glorious beauty at the head of the fat valley is a fading flower.

And it is a beauty that no other season has, not that to which all look forward so anxiously and welcome so gladly. Spring has all hues at her command. She comes with exuberant life, delighting to throw into all shapes and shades her

new strength. What nature cannot do alone, assistant art accomplishes, through crossing and recrossing of varieties, making combinations unknown in Eden, filling the sense with pleasure and the soul with wonder. Yet nature and art both fail to produce what some subtle chemistry of these October days accomplishes ; no training and no care give what seems by accident, or in very wantonness, thrown broadcast for human admiration and enjoyment. The fading leaf is adorned as was not Solomon in all his glory. The pride of the garden must give way to it, and the gardener's skill grow faint beside it. God touches the leaf, the leaf that has done its work, the leaf still full of sap, upon maple, birch, and oak. He breathes upon the creeping vine, and the whole face of things is changed ; the green of summer becomes the matchless glory of autumn ; and the thing about to fade and drop and mingle, unsightly, with other perishing matter, is robed with splendor, its latest life its noblest, that its memory may be a thing of beauty and of joy, and take from the heart of man something of the sadness which will steal in upon every vision of decay.

Like the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we speak and think of this autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task ? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and a rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed ; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams

upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, — when the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, — one may well be sad ; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur ? And so a life that is ready and waiting for “the well-done” of God, whose latest charities and virtues are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, while we rejoice that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.

I have seen much that was beautiful in life, but the holiest beauty at its fading. I have seen the strong man about amid his duties. They were all well done. He met adversity and trial calmly, and serenely took the offered will of God. Temptations rose to dazzle and seduce him, as they did others, and thought to find an easy victory, but they shrank away and left him. The poor and the weak and the oppressed came round him, and called him blessed, and wherever there were sorrow and distress his word or deed was. He kept close by the Redeemer's side, and all his life was true. But there was something more than this when that life came to fade, when sickness claimed her own, and Nature showed her limit. The active laborer became the passive sufferer. He who had always quick limbs to do his errands of mercy must now be a pensioner upon the mercy of others ; he who had brave hopes to buoy and bright prospects to encourage had now no hope on earth, his only prospect here to suffer. He who had stood in his place, and by character and ability bended all things to his purpose, now must lie like a little child, and let the world go on its way forgetting him. All this brought no despair, no complaint. Virtues which life had cultivated and established, by which it had been made honorable and beneficent, shone more brightly as all other power waned. The sick-room gave out a beauty that active life could not. His last days were his brightest and his last days best, and in presence of

that daily beauty you forgot that it was but the beauty of decay.

So is it when the decay of life is the decay of a virtuous age. I have seen an old age that was the old age of passion and vice and selfishness,—an old age querulous, childish, hideous,—the natural, inevitable, just finishing of years of self-indulgence and license. It was a revolting sight, the saddest earth has to offer, the full harvest of a long sin. But I have seen an old age calm and holy, the just and beautiful evening of a well-ordered life. Men everywhere felt its presence, and delighted to do it honor. Instead of a burden, it was a blessing at home and by the way. Decay might have wasted its bodily energies, but nothing of its interest in others, nothing of its affection, nothing of its childlike spirit. It might have dimmed the quickness of the intellect, but it had in no way touched the heart; something of the spirit of enterprise was taken, but if anything a richer harmony was given in the gentle and meek and loving spirit which looked out upon the world and up to God, and felt that all was well. There was no peevish complaint, no fretting because it was not allowed its place or influence, no attempt to set itself against the plans and progress of the present, but the calmness of submission and hope, a keen enjoyment of the present, and an earnest looking forward to the future. Its words were the well-weighed words of a ripe and considerate wisdom; its counsel was sought and heeded; its presence was a power. Useful to the end, its days glided serenely, and nothing but the peculiar grace, the full ripeness, suggested to you decay.

There must be decay to every life,—the decay of disease or the decay of age. That we may make it beautiful, as the decay of nature is made in autumn, let us have the same fidelity as the leaf, which all the season through has spread itself to receive the influences of day and night, heat and rain, and now as it goes away all this glory attends its going, because of its faithful accomplishment of its work. So

may our fading be beautiful, and life's last hour attest the fidelity with which we have borne our part and done our work.

If you have not gone out under the October sun into the autumn fields and woods, if you have not seen Nature in her richest mood, draped as at no other season ; if you have come and gone to your business only conscious of a bright sun amid shortening days, go ere the leaves grow dim, or the heavier frost or the bleak wind scatter them, and see what is the glorious beauty, at the head of the fat valley, of the fading leaf. The robin and the blue-bird, after a summer silence, are delaying amid these gorgeous bowers, singing a farewell song, and lingering as if they would not leave these scenes of their domestic joys for the uncertainties of a long flight. If you would see Nature's carnival, go out where she holds rule to-night, fill your senses with beauty, your heart with gratitude ; and, quickened by the eloquent teachings of the fading leaves, go to-morrow where duty calls to work wisely and live well.

J. F. W. W.

SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL SYSTEM.

I HAVE been often asked to give a general outline of Swedenborg's theological system. Conscious of the difficulty of doing this in a clear and satisfactory manner within narrow limits, I will, nevertheless, endeavor to sketch in a rough way a few of its more prominent features, hoping thereby to remove misapprehensions from some minds, and to encourage others in a path of inquiry which, if reverently pursued, cannot fail to conduct to fields of unspeakable richness and immortal verdure.

I remark, first, that the theological system of the illustrious seer is grand, symmetrical, and coherent throughout.

All its parts are in admirable harmony with each other. What he teaches on one subject is found to tally with what he teaches on all others, and not only so, but logically to require it. Like the various parts of the Copernican system, which puts the sun in the centre and sets the planets whirling in order around it, so all the parts of Swedenborg's theological system are nicely adjusted to each other, and bound together by links of more than adamant strength. His doctrines fit into each other so perfectly, that whoever admits one of them will, if he push his investigations far enough, find himself compelled by a strict logical necessity to admit substantially all the rest. His system, therefore, has the merit of harmony and consistency.

I speak of *Swedenborg's* theological system, as though it were a system which he wrought out by his own wit, or through the ordinary process of study and investigation. But this he does not claim. On the contrary, he claims to have had a special Divine commission to teach what he taught. His writings, therefore, come to us, not as the result of laborious thought or the excogitations of a mighty intellect, but as a veritable revelation from God. To unfold the spiritual and true meaning of God's written Word, and to disclose the grand realities of the spiritual world,—this is claimed by Swedenborg as his great mission. For the accomplishment of this work, he professes to have been favored with an extraordinary and divine illumination. To cite his own language: "It has pleased the Lord to open my spiritual sight, and, as to my spirit, to elevate me into heaven and to let me down into hell, and to exhibit to my view the nature of both"; and for this alleged purpose,—“lest, from ignorance of the existence of such a world, and the doubts respecting the reality of heaven and hell which result from such ignorance, men should be infatuated to such a degree as to become naturalists and atheists.” And concerning his divinely gifted insight into the spiritual meaning of the Word he says: “Lest, therefore, mankind should

remain any longer in doubt concerning the divinity of the Word, it has pleased the Lord to reveal to me its internal sense, which in its essence is spiritual, and which is to the external sense, which is natural, what the soul is to the body."

Conformable to this claim, one of the distinguishing features of his theology, and that which pervades, shapes, and gives color to the whole, is the kind and degree of inspiration which he attributes to the sacred Scripture, and the peculiarity, as he alleges, in the style of its composition. He maintains its plenary divine inspiration, declaring it to be the Word of God in the most strict and unqualified sense. He insists, however, that the Word was never meant to instruct us in the facts of natural science or the laws of the physical universe, but to teach us concerning spiritual things, as the character of God and our relation to him, the nature and manner of human redemption, the nature and reality of the spiritual world, the condition, capabilities, and wants of the human soul, the laws of our inner spiritual life. Through the blinding influence of sin, man lost the knowledge of the things which it most concerns him to know. He lost all knowledge of his inner and immortal being, all perception of the laws and of the higher capabilities and wants of his own soul. It was this, therefore, which rendered necessary a divine revelation. What else, then, but spiritual things — God, the soul, immortality, redemption, regeneration, retribution, sin, holiness — can the Bible, when understood according to its true sense, have been given to teach us? Yet we know that it *appears* to treat much of merely natural and temporal things. We know that it abounds in the mention of times, places, persons, things, and events belonging to this natural world. But these natural things, according to Swedenborg, are all symbolic. They all have a spiritual signification. So that, within or above the *apparent*, which he calls the natural or literal sense of Scripture, he recognizes a higher sense, which he

calls the internal or spiritual. This higher or spiritual sense, he says, is to that of the letter what the soul is to the body which it animates. And it dwells in every part of the Divine Word, as the soul dwells in every part of the body. As the body without the soul is dead, so the literal sense apart from the spiritual is dead also. As the body derives all its life and strength from the indwelling soul, so the literal sense derives all its vitality and power from the spiritual. And as the body is the normal outbirth of the soul in the sphere of nature, and corresponds with it as an effect with its producing cause, so the literal sense of the Word is the normal outbirth of the spiritual, and corresponds with it in like manner.

This idea, however, of a spiritual sense in all parts of the Scripture was not original with Swedenborg. It was the received doctrine of the primitive Church. It was believed and taught by Augustine, Chrysostom, Justin Martyr, Theodoret, Tertullian, Origen, Irenæus, and indeed by all the Christian Fathers. But the Fathers had no recognized rule for unfolding this inner sense. Each one's own fancy or spiritual perception was his only guide. A hundred different expositors, therefore, might give you as many different expositions of the same text. But Swedenborg not only teaches the existence of a spiritual sense, but has made known the rule by which this sense is to be elicited. The science of correspondences, — which is not a mere human invention, as some suppose, but has its foundation in the very constitution of things, and is exact as the science of mathematics, — this, he says, is the grand key, and the only key, to the true spiritual meaning of the Word. And this key every one who is sufficiently familiar with it may apply for himself. And a hundred different expositors, equally skilled in the use of this key, may thereby arrive at substantially the same spiritual sense, just as a hundred different translators, equally versed in the original languages of the Bible, will give substantially the same literal meaning to the same text. There

is little room, then, for the play of fancy in this matter. Fancy may, indeed, provide the dress for the spiritual sense; it may array it in apparel more or less rich and attractive; but it has as little to do with the substance of that sense, as it has with the rendering of Greek or Hebrew into English, or with the results of a chemical experiment.

According to Swedenborg, then, the sacred Scripture is divine throughout, — divine to the very ultimates, — divine in its structure as well as in its substance. It differs from all human productions in the style of its composition as well as in the nature of its contents. It infinitely transcends them all, as the works of God transcend the works of man. And as in nature the greatest wonders are not obvious at first view, — lie never upon the outside, — but the deeper we descend beneath the surface, the more we analyze, the farther we penetrate into the interior nature and structure of God's works, the more wonderful and perfect do we find them, — so is it precisely in regard to his Word. It is literally, what Paul pronounces all Scripture, *theopneustos*, — God-breathed. It is so constructed that the Divine can dwell in it in all fulness, as in seeds and germs, in suns and planets, and all things else in the realms of Nature. It is this, pre-eminently, which stamps the sacred volume with the impress of divinity. It is this which distinguishes it as God's Word, and makes it a divine medium of celestial intelligence and of man's spiritual conjunction with his Maker. It is this which gives it its quickening and transforming power, — a power over the human heart which no word of man, no mere utterance of human wisdom, however exalted, ever had, or ever can have.

But although the Word, according to Swedenborg, is spiritual in its nature, given for man's spiritual edification, and filled to overflowing with spiritual nutriment, yet it is not to be inferred that only those who accept this doctrine, and who understand the science of correspondences, can receive any spiritual instruction from the Word. This is not the case;

nor does the gifted seer teach anything of the sort. On the contrary, he teaches that the spiritual meaning of many parts of the Word, and these, too, the most essential parts, is sufficiently obvious to all minds. The cloud of the letter in many places is so thin, that the light from above manifestly shines through it. Almost all have an instinctive perception of the correspondence and spiritual signification of many things; consequently they have a perception of the spiritual meaning of many portions of the Divine Word. For example, when our Saviour declares, "I am the light of the world," Christians generally think, not of natural light, but of that to which it corresponds, the light of divine truth. When he says, "I am that bread of life," it is commonly perceived and believed that he is speaking of spiritual bread and spiritual life. When he says, "He that eateth me, even he shall live by me," few understand him to speak of natural eating or natural living, but of the spiritual things to which such natural acts correspond. When he says, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink," what Christian thinks of natural thirst or natural drink, or any coming through natural space? When he says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," do not all Christians perceive that he refers to a spiritual birth, a spiritual kingdom, and spiritual seeing? Yes, and that he means by *man*, not the natural and perishable, but the spiritual and immortal part, — the soul or spirit, which is the *real* man? And when, as in the Apocalypse, the holy city, New Jerusalem, is spoken of as coming down from God out of heaven, probably there are very few Christians who think of the descent through actual space of any such city as is there described in the literal sense. All perceive that something spiritual and heavenly is here referred to, though they may not see, or be able to declare, precisely what it is.

And so it is that all have some perception of the spiritual sense of God's Word; and the measure of that perception with each one depends on his fidelity in keeping the Divine

commandment,—on the purity of his heart and the innocence of his life. It is the pure in heart who *see* God,—that is, who understand him in his word and in his works.

Now, we should expect that the logical consequence of Swedenborg's doctrine concerning the sacred Scripture would be apparent throughout his whole system of theology,—especially since all his teachings are professedly drawn from and based upon the Scripture. Ascribing to every portion of the Word a spiritual sense, we should expect Christianity, as expounded by him, to be eminently spiritual. We should expect an elevated and spiritual view of whatever subject he handles. We should expect that, under his treatment, the naturalism of the old theologies, imbibed and confirmed by a too literal exposition of the Word, would disappear, and that the doctrines of the Christian religion, as he expounds them, would be presented under a modified and altogether different form,—would be, indeed, new and spiritual doctrines. And in these expectations we are not disappointed. By the transforming power of his spiritual exegesis, the great doctrines of Christianity, as hitherto believed and taught, are seen to undergo a marvellous change. They are actually transfigured before us. They rise from the dead, cast off the grave-clothes of naturalism, and appear arrayed in robes of spiritual light and beauty. However hard for the carnal mind to understand or accept, they are doctrines which the spiritual mind receives with great delight. They are *new* doctrines, as the Word itself, when its spiritual treasures are unfolded, is to us a new Word, or as the regenerate man is a new man, and the spiritual life he lives a new life. So that, in reference to doctrines, the saying, "Behold I make all things new," is now fulfilled.

Briefly to illustrate. From the literal sense of the Word, we know that the Divine Trinity *appears* to be a trinity of persons; and accordingly Christians have hitherto for the most part so believed and taught. But as we ascend from the letter to the spirit, the three persons disappear, and

only One Divine Person remains, in whom, nevertheless, is a trinity of *essentials*, signified by Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—a trinity whose image and likeness may be seen in every regenerate man, and which is fitly illustrated by the soul, body, and their united action, or by the sun's heat, light, and their proceeding operation.

Again : from the literal sense, the Atonement (originally syllabled and pronounced *At-one-ment*) *appears* to be a natural, forensic, *ab extra* affair,—the suffering of the innocent to appease the Divine wrath, and so to atone for the sins of the guilty. Hence it has been called a *vicarious* atonement. But as we rise above this sensuous appearance of truth in the letter, and grasp the spirit of the Word, this natural idea fades away, and a spiritual idea takes its place,—the idea of an internal and spiritual at-one-ment with our Father in the heavens. And this spiritual union is seen to be effected solely by the power of the Divine Humanity, or that living and perfect union of the Divine with the human, in the person of Christ Jesus our Lord.

Again : it *appears* from the literal sense as if the promised second coming of the Lord was to be outward, personal, upon the natural clouds, and manifest to the natural eye ; and this, too, has been the prevailing belief of the Christian Church. But as we rise out of the letter into the spirit, this sensual view fades and disappears, and we perceive that the predicted second-coming is not to the outward sense, but is internal and spiritual,—a coming or manifestation to human minds of the inner glories of the Word,—a coming, through the accumulated clouds of naturalism, to the understandings and hearts of men, of the spirit and life, the wisdom and love of Him whose name is called “The Word of God.” And this inward coming of the Lord Jesus is, to every soul that experiences it, “with power and great glory.”

So, again, of the Last Judgment. The prevailing view of this subject, it is well known, has been in strict accordance

with the teachings of the letter. But as we are borne by Swedenborg's spiritual exegesis above the clouds of the literal sense, the sound of the archangel's trump dies away upon the outward ear, and the still, small voice of God's pure truth alone is heard within; and in the place of falling orbs, smoking continents, and ruined worlds, we behold only the upheaval, eclipse, and utter dispersion of those vain imaginings of men, which never had any solid foundation, and could not, therefore, endure. We see that the judgment referred to is internal and spiritual, executed upon the minds and hearts of men, and by means of the searching power of spiritual truth from on high.

So also of the Resurrection. From the sense of the letter it appears as if the body—that which dies—were to be resuscitated; and this, too, has been the general belief of Christians. But as we rise from the letter to the spirit, this carnal view is exchanged for one more elevated and spiritual. We see by the light of the spiritual sense that not the body, but the soul or spirit, is *the man*; and that the resurrection, therefore, is the separation or rising of the real man from the encumbrance of gross matter, and his entrance into the freer and more congenial realm of spirit,—into a world where all things are spiritual.

So of the doctrine concerning heaven and hell. It cannot be denied that the literal sense of the Word represents both these as natural localities,—as having an outward objective existence in the realms of space. But as we get within or above the letter, space vanishes, and we perceive that the heaven and hell of Scripture are not *without*, but *within* men,—in the soul. We perceive that they are not natural localities, but spiritual conditions,—not places, but states of life, for places correspond to states;—heaven a state of supreme love to the Lord, which is the fountain of all other good loves in angels and men, with their ineffable delights; and hell a state of supreme self-love, which is the source and father of all other evil loves, with their

consuming and tormenting fires. Neither heaven nor hell, therefore, according to the spiritual sense, can be said to be here or there, for they exist not in natural space. They are everywhere where human spirits exist who are in a heavenly or a hellish state. Wherever a human soul is found whose ruling love is angelic, there is heaven; wherever the opposite kind of love bears sovereign sway, there is hell.

And so with all the other doctrines of the Christian religion. The naturalism with which they have been imbued, more or less, from a too literal interpretation of Scripture, is dissipated in the light of Swedenborg's spiritual unfoldings, and these doctrines appear as altogether new. They are the old doctrines transfigured, or unveiled and exhibited in a new light and from a higher spiritual stand-point; and are designed and fitted, therefore, to raise Christians into loftier and more spiritual states. And central among all the other doctrines, as the sun is in our planetary system, stands the doctrine concerning the Lord,—the Divine Humanity,—the union of the Divine with the human for the redemption of our fallen race,—“God *in* Christ reconciling the world unto himself.” This doctrine is all-pervasive in the great seer's theology. It breathes through all his other doctrines, harmonizes them all, irradiates them all, vitalizes them all. It would require several pages fully to unfold and elucidate this great subject, involving as it does the philosophy of the Divine Incarnation and of human redemption and regeneration. I will only say here, that, according to Swedenborg, Christianity is nothing, or but a cold and hollow thing, without Christ himself; that he is its central Luminary, its living Force, its ever-present and vital Power; that its doctrines were empty and dead, unless filled and vitalized by his quickening presence; that repentance, reformation, and regeneration were utterly impossible without him; that it is his spirit, his life, his power, alone, that can drive back the foul malignity of the hells, and

redeem humanity from their terrible infestations; that he is the ever-living and ever-present and *only* Redeemer and Saviour, — “Immanuel, God with us.”

Another marked feature of Swedenborg's theological system is his beautiful and substantial pneumatology, — a pneumatology which, it has been well said, “brings the shores of immortality so near that we can almost hear the chimes of the bells of heaven.” Outside of his writings, I know of nothing that really deserves the name of pneumatology. Talk of “the pneumatology of St. Paul”! It is to that of Swedenborg as a mere farthing rush-light to the great orb of day. It cannot be denied that, to most Christians, however familiar with the writings of Paul, the spiritual world is a vague, shadowy, unsubstantial realm. They admit its existence; but beyond that they have no doctrine concerning it. They believe in the immortality of the soul; but what the soul is, and whether it exists in the human form or in any form after it leaves the body, — whether it is subject to any laws and conditions, and if so, what, — whether it is capable of thinking, remembering, reasoning, and loving, — whether it grows old or young, or remains forever stationary, — whether it has an objective world of its own, homogeneous with itself, — what is the precise nature of heaven and hell, and what the denizens of each delight in, — what are the employments of spirits, if they have any, and what their bond of union with each other and with men on earth, — these and a hundred similar questions find no satisfactory answer in the old theologies. But Swedenborg answers them in the most explicit terms. He — or more properly the Lord *through* him — comes and rends the veil that hides the grand realities of the spirit-world. He brings that world near to us, proclaims its laws, exhibits its phenomena, introduces us to its inhabitants, reveals their social arrangements and the law that determines them, gives definiteness to what before was dim and shadowy, makes it a real and substantial world, — yea, more real than the world in which

we now live. With him the soul is the real man ; the body that is laid off at death is only his outermost garment. The *material* world is shadow ; the *spiritual* world is substance.

And his pneumatology is as rational as it is substantial and definite. It builds itself impregnably upon the constitution and known laws of the human soul, and is in harmony with numerous phenomena recorded in the Bible, which at the same time it satisfactorily explains. Only admit that the soul is immortal, and that it cannot exist as a *human* soul except in the human *form*, and admit, also, the Scripture doctrine of a heaven of angels and a hell of devils, and Swedenborg's grand system of pneumatology in all its details results by a strict logical necessity. You cannot avoid even the snow and ice (not material, of course) in the region of those *boreal* spirits who were principled in the doctrine of justification and salvation by faith alone ; — certainly you cannot, unless you are ready to deny the truth of these lines of the poet : —

“ It is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate :
If right itself, then all around is well,
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the soul its joy or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.”

According to Swedenborg, this is true in the other world in a sense more nearly allied to that of the letter than the poet himself intended. There, every soul makes its own surroundings, and makes them in perfect correspondence with itself, — makes them lovely or loathsome, beautiful or deformed, according as moral beauty or moral deformity dwells within. This is the unvarying law. And is it possible to conceive of any law more reasonable ?

And so with all his disclosures concerning the spiritual world. They are all in agreement with reason, experience, observation, and the known laws of our inner life, as well as with the teachings of Holy Scripture. And it is worthy of

remark here, that, although he enjoyed open intercourse with spirits for nearly thirty years, (if we may take his word for it,) yet his writings furnish the most salutary restraint to the practice, and the surest safeguard against the evils and dangers, of that modern necromancy miscalled Spiritualism, of any writings of which I have any knowledge, or have ever heard.

I have said that Swedenborg teaches a spiritual Christianity; and I will add, also, that what he teaches is no less rational than spiritual. He nowhere inculcates a blind or unquestioning belief. He would have us *doubt*, but not *deny*, the truth itself, until we are rationally convinced that it is truth. He never asks our assent to any doctrine that seems to us unreasonable. He insists on the faithful exercise of our understanding in matters of faith. Never exalting reason above Revelation, he yet would have us regard our reason as one of God's noblest gifts, and exercise it reverently in determining the true nature and meaning of Revelation. He addresses us as rational beings, never requiring us to surrender our own understanding to his *dicta*, and never threatening us with pains or penalties if we do not accept his teachings. He is positive; indeed, no writer was ever more so. He says in substance: "*I have seen, I have heard, I know.*" But examine for yourself what I say. Test it by the light of Scripture, and reason, and history, and experience, and the accepted laws of the soul, and all known truth. And if you do not see it for yourself, if it approve not itself to your rational intuitions, then reject it, or at any rate do not accept it. This is your indefeasible right, your manifest duty." He insists that the truths of the Word, which are the truths of Heaven and the Church, ought to be received *rationally*, that is, received with the understanding, and that a blind faith, or faith in the mere *dictum* of another, "is not faith, but only a persuasion." "Who can acknowledge truth and retain it," says he, "unless he sees it? What is truth not seen, but a voice not understood?"

He assures us that even in heaven no one believes any truth unless he sees it to be truth, that is, understands it. "Wherefore, when it is said to any angel that this or that is to be believed, although it is not understood, the angel replies, 'Do you suppose me to be insane, or that you yourself are a god whom I am bound to believe? If I do not see, it may be something false from hell.'" (Ap. Ex., 1100.)

So strongly does the great seer protest against a blind or unintelligent faith! So warmly does he encourage the exercise of reason and understanding in matters of religious belief! So profoundly does he respect, and so earnestly vindicate, the great Protestant principle, the right of private judgment! And this right he would have us all assert with just as much freedom and boldness when we approach his writings, as when we read the writings of far humbler and less illumined minds.

Swedenborg's writings are also distinguished in an eminent degree for their marvellous searching power, and for their beautiful charity and catholicity. It is these characteristics, I think, which especially betray their heavenly origin. They search the deep places of the unregenerate heart. They lay open its most intricate windings. They reveal its most secret and subtile workings. They bring to light its inmost motives. They reveal, too, with wondrous clearness, the way of salvation,—the nature and manner of regeneration. And much as they have to say about faith and doctrine, and positive and sharply defined as their doctrinal teachings are, they everywhere exalt charity above faith, life above doctrine. Without ever undervaluing the importance of sound doctrine, Swedenborg nowhere allows us to rest satisfied with this alone. With him heresies of the head are less dangerous, less damnable far, than heresies of the heart. "Heresies themselves," he says, that is, heresies of the head, "do not occasion a man's condemnation, but *an evil life*." He teaches that regeneration and consequent salvation are attainable in any church and under any creed which is hon-

estly believed to be derived from the word of the Lord. He lays down only three doctrines as absolutely essential to Christian fellowship. These are, the divinity of the Lord, the divinity of the Word, and the necessity of a good life,—a life according to the commandments. Life,—charity,—a state of disinterested neighborly love,—a meek, humble, trustful, Christlike spirit,—this he declares to be the *end* of all doctrine. And this life, this Christian spirit, he says, may coexist along with many doctrinal errors. And all who have this spirit, however they may differ in their beliefs outside the limits just stated, belong to the family and household of Christ, are really children of the kingdom, and should acknowledge and be acknowledged by each other as brethren. Even the angels themselves, he informs us, do not all agree perfectly in their doctrinal beliefs. Yet they are all united in spirit; they are all bound together by the strong bonds of charity; they are all one in Christ, for his spirit inspires and animates them all. And so he says: “If charity were in the first place, and faith in the second, the Church would have another face; for then none would be called Christians but they who lived the life of charity.” “In this case, too, every one would say of another, in whatsoever doctrine or in whatsoever external worship he was principled, ‘This is my brother; I see that he worships the Lord, and that he is a good man.’”

But let it be remarked that charity, as he expounds it, is an internal principle as well as an external act. It reaches inward to our motives of action. It consists in the faithful performance of all our duties *from a religious principle*. This he regards as the highest worship. “By merely believing, and by merely loving,” he says, “the Lord is not worshipped, but by *living* according to his precepts.” “The real worship of the Lord consists in performing uses; and uses consist, during a man’s life in the world, in every one’s discharging aright his function in his respective station. Frequenting the temple, hearing sermons, and

saying prayers, are also necessary things; but without the above *uses* they avail nothing, for they are not of the life." (A. C., 10645, 7038.)

Nor does Swedenborg condemn, or teach that the Lord condemns, even those without the pale of Christendom simply because they have not the light of the Gospel. On the contrary, he says that God has most graciously provided a medium of salvation for every people on earth; that there is a heaven for Mahometans and Pagans, though it is not precisely the same as the heaven of Christians; and that all in heathen lands who are careful to follow the light that is vouchsafed them, are saved, — and saved, too, precisely in the degree that they are faithful.

Such is the large and benignant spirit of these remarkable writings. Such is the beautiful and heaven-born charity which they breathe. While no writer on theology was ever more affirmative than Swedenborg, or more positive in his doctrinal statements, no one, I am confident, was ever more tolerant, more catholic, more universal, more *liberal* than he in the best sense of that much abused word. And if his followers, or that class of Christians popularly known as *Swedenborgian*, fail to exhibit these characteristics in a marked degree, as I am constrained to admit that many of them do, the defect, I am sure, is not to be reckoned among the legitimate fruits of the writings they so much admire, but is to be credited solely to the infirmities of poor, fallen human nature.

B. F. B.

ORANGE, N. J., August 10, 1861.

"EACH in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow, —
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL, sweet Summer ! thou art fading now
From wood and hill and sky,
And, bidding us farewell, the weary earth
In a wan grief doth lie,
And Autumn comes, all wet with chilling tears,
Although her regal face such beauteous radiance wears.

Sweet Summer ! I have lain upon thy breast
When my heart ached with grief ;
Have come to thee all weary with unrest,
And found a soft relief ;
And, gazing on thy loveliness, keen pain
Softened and passed away, and Faith arose again.

I love thee, with thy tender, murmurous voice,
Thy brilliant wealth of flowers,
Thy tranquil dewy nights, and long, bright days,
With warm and languid hours ;
Thy many-tinted fields and whispering trees,
Thy glancing birds and golden-wingèd bees.

Farewell, sweet Summer ! with a desolate dread
I feel the clamorous winter drawing near ;
Thou liest 'neath the fading sunset, dead,
Yet one star watches, shining o'er thy bier ;
And I do feel, though dark the earth may be,
Though sunset fades to gloom so constantly,
The stars in heaven shine on, serene, eternally.

TREADING THE WINE-PRESS.

A SERMON BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

ISAIAH lxiii. 3:—"I have trodden the wine-press alone."

No fact in the life of the Saviour impresses us more deeply than that of his utter solitude. For what solitude is like that of being alone in the midst of crowds, — among a great company, and yet so wide apart from it that the distance is infinite and impassable? He drew around him a band of disciples and believers; but the one that stood nearest, and leaned on his bosom, remained in almost total ignorance of the being whom he followed, until after his death and resurrection. He stood under a load of mortal anguish heavy enough to crush one of us to the earth, yet there was no one to help him bear it up, or even to know it was laid upon him. And when it was heaviest, and he went away by himself and fell beneath it, no mortal was a witness to it, and even his disciples were fast asleep.

No solitude is like his. And yet it represents a condition of human nature. For this very reason the Saviour bore the trial, that he might come to every one else who has the same trial to bear, and clothe him with strength from on high. For every one of us must bear it in our place and degree. The longer we live, and the more our being becomes individualized, the more shall we find ourselves alone. Every man is separated from every other man, and probably no person was ever perfectly understood by any other person. There are common tastes, feelings, sympathies; but at the same time there is an individualism that keeps apart, and refuses to yield itself to the crowd. No one knows his fellow a great way beneath the surface. There is something in you that has never been disclosed to your neighbor who sits beside you, — something in him to which you are a stranger, and with which you cannot intermeddle. Looks, language,

actions, reveal a little, but there is that in every one which finds not a symbol nor a tongue.

This fact has a very important bearing on the whole subject of human sorrow and trial. As your eye rests on almost any group of people whom accident may have brought together, you would see ordinarily nothing but cheerful appearances and salutations. If the concourse were gathered from what are usually called the favored classes, — those, namely, who are not subjected to the hard necessities of toil, and have abundant leisure for enjoyment, — you will find, perhaps, not only cheerfulness, but hilarity and gayety. “Happy people!” you would say. “They taste the sweet without the bitter; they drink the wine of life without the lees.”

But could you follow that concourse as they separate one by one, and part off each to his own place and home, could you enter that home, and look back through the continuous line of its history, you would generally find that each went to some place of sorrowful recollections; that in the sunshine of every house there was a blank spot, or it may be the outlines of a grim and fearful shadow. I do not say that this will always be found true, at any one moment, of all the families you might name, but I say it is true of every family before its history is wound up. Not a hearthstone shall you find on which some shadow hath not fallen. Further than this, you will probably find there are few households which do not cherish some sorrow not known to the world; who have not some trial which is their peculiar messenger, and which they do not talk about except among themselves. Some hope that has been blasted; some expectation dashed down; some wrong, real or supposed, which some member of the household has suffered; trembling anxieties lest that other member will not succeed; trials from the peculiar temperament of somebody in the house, or some environment that touches it sharply from without; some thorn in the flesh; some physical disability that cripples our energies when we want to use them most; some spot in the house

where death hath left his track, or painful listenings to hear his stealthy footsteps coming on;—these, and a thousand other things, touch human hearts quick to feel for each other; and they render it certain that there is no house which must not some day have a secret shadow on its hearth.

Further than this even: there is, perhaps, no individual who has not some trial which you know nothing about, and which perhaps no one knows but himself. This we may assume,—partly from the fact that there are struggles of the hidden life where none but God can be a helper, that there are doubts, fears, tremblings, disappointments, combats, hopes that rise and fall, which always gather about it,—partly, too, from the fact that the most pungent and wasting sorrows to which the human heart becomes a prey are the very ones that retire farthest inward, and refuse even to be breathed into the ear of friendship.

This is quite as likely to be the case where Grandeur or Station have thrown their glittering semblances around the heart; for very often it occurs that those who are poorest in inward satisfactions are more assiduous in making up for the same in those which are more external and more visible to the envious multitudes.

I assume it, then, as an undeniable fact, that, while there are vast inequalities in appearances touching our natural allotments of sorrow and joy, yet when you lay off these appearances, and come to the naked facts of the case, it is quite otherwise. The secret sorrows of human hearts put them on ground of equality before God. And though no man's trials are just like any other man's, yet they are all his own, and every soul has its own secret burden to bear. There are common griefs and condolences; yet after these have all been talked over, each has something left which he has not shared with his neighbor, and that may be the very thing that touches him most nearly and tenderly. So that, while there are common burdens to be borne and common consolations to be shared, it is also true in a most important sense that every man must tread the wine-press alone.

Let us now see if we cannot derive some very important lessons from this economy of things. What are the teachings of these secret sorrows?

1. The first is this,—to cease from all those false comparisons that breed discontent and envyings between man and man. Almost every individual at some period of his life seems to himself to be separated by Divine Providence to some peculiar hardship, and he wonders why this is so. Why am I singled out, and thrust beyond the circle of Divine favors? Why is it that I have this burden laid upon me, while this other individual and that other family send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance? Very likely, if his feelings were candidly analyzed, he would find himself at issue both with his neighbor and his God, because, while he had failed, some one else had succeeded, and outstripped him in the race of life. He does not remember that appearances serve as a protection to keep out the glare of the world from the sacred privacies of grief. If the protecting coverings were all swept away under which each one struggles with his lot and treads the wine-press alone, every pretext for envy or discontent on this score would disappear, and every man would see that every other man was separated to some burden quite as peculiar as his own.

And here we have room to remark on the admirable compensations of the Divine Providence. Every man has his own adversary to struggle with apart, and his own victory to gain, for the simple reason that God designs to educe from our diversified experience every variety of the graces and virtues. He never repeats himself in nature; but from the cedar of Lebanon to the lily of the vale, he seeks a fresh evolution and efflorescence out of his own grandeur and beauty, that infinite diversity may make up the infinite completeness and harmony. Just so it is in human character and moral excellence. God never repeats himself here. He gives to each a varied experience. We march not in serried numbers to conquer a common foe. But he leads

us through separate paths, — each one to struggle with his own adversary alone, — that, when the victory is gained and the crown of glory is won, each shall have in it a leaf or a chaplet which is unlike any other, so that all together may reflect every possible hue of the Divine loveliness.

2. A second lesson comes to us from these secret sorrows. If the fact were pondered and appreciated as it should be, it would strengthen very much that bond of sympathy and brotherhood which ought to exist among all the members of the social state. I doubt whether in this our earthly condition we ever come to the *feeling* of sympathy and brotherhood without the consciousness of a common frailty and sorrow. You may reason with men, very finely plying the argument that we have one Father, that we are all partakers of his nature, and therefore are all brethren. Very true, doubtless, but nobody cares for it in the day of his strength and his pride, and you never will melt any man's heart towards his fellow by all this beautiful theorizing. But suppose some common calamity were to sweep over these people and bend them low, suppose some angel of sorrow were to pass over every house, and leave his victim bleeding, it would do more a thousand times to make every man feel that he is a part of every other man, than all this fine philosophy. But what I have put as hypothesis is simple and sober fact, though the fact is veiled under thin and artificial disguise; for I say to you that the angel does pass over every house and leave his victim bleeding; and if you could draw the curtain aside, you would see where he lies in pain.

It was found, when one of the great ocean steamers was on the verge of shipwreck, the passengers, who represented almost every sect in Christendom, and who before had kept apart in groups, forgot all their sectarianism in the pressure of a common danger, and they knelt and prayed together as one family in Christ, about to be summoned to his bar. Precisely so it would be in the great voyage of life. Let

the fact be fully pondered, that there is no Utopian independence of the common lot, that there is a woe that presses down separately on every man's soul, and that he, like myself, is wrestling hard with it, though it comes to each man in variant shape, and suited to his condition, — let this be pondered as it should be, and every man will look upon every other man as bound to himself by a more interesting and tender tie. Yea, when I meet the man of show and equipage, I shall not be found gazing so much on the glitter and the gilding, as musing with myself how it fares with that man under the protecting shadows where he treads the wine-press alone.

There was once a fierce battle fought, and a glorious victory won; and foremost in the battle, and most honored in the rejoicings of victory, was a brave old Count, whose heart and arm seemed both to be made of steel. The feast is over and the rejoicings are hushed, and the stillness of night has come down upon the plain. But lo! there is a taper burning in the tent of the iron Count, while all but the guard have gone to rest. Why sleeps he not upon his laurels? Why burns his lamp at midnight after the day has covered him with glory? They lift a corner of the curtain and look in, and lo! the iron Count sits alone over the body of his dead son, and great drops are standing in his eyes. A German poet has described it, and a German painter you know has put it upon canvas. And it describes very well what takes place after most of the conflicts of life, after the glory is won and the festivities are over, and the chief man among them treads the wine-press alone.

3. A third lesson, and still more important. For aught that yet appears, there need have been no burden to any man which others might not share, no grief of the heart which he might not tell to his neighbor. And yet we have seen that every man is separated to his own burden, — that each has a reserved fund of trouble, which to him is a special dispensation. Now see the necessity of this! If I

could share everything with my fellow, I should have nothing left to share specially and sacredly with Him who bends his ear from the heavens for this very purpose. I should come to depend altogether on human aid ; in which case my mind would go out laterally to my fellows, and not upward continually unto God. Every sorrow which you have that other people cannot understand ought to be a secret tie that binds you more closely and indissolubly to the throne.

I doubt whether God ever won a soul to heaven on which he had not first let fall some separate drops of grief, which, from their very nature, are a secret between the soul and her God. This holds especially true of that sense of unworthiness, that haunting conviction of sinfulness, or a spiritual nature unrestored, which to many minds is the most pungent of all hidden sorrows, and which from its very nature no one can share, and few can comprehend. It is in these grapplings with some secret woe, where all human help is unavailing and where no human eye must look in, that the soul lays hold mightily upon God, and the strengthening angel comes down to her, and she finally prevails, and puts on victory like a robe. This is the highest meaning, and this the grand result, of all secret troubles rightly improved. I doubt whether any saint, who has now passed on and holds the waving palm in his hand, without this economy would ever have gained the laurel and the crown. To be dependent on others for sympathy and comfort makes you weak ; to be self-dependent makes you weaker still, for that fails you in the day of your greatest need ; to become independent is a dream of your pride, for no such thing is possible ; to become dependent on God makes you strong, yea, clothes you out of his own Almightiness, and draws you up into his safety and refuge.

“Lifted up and separated,
On the hand of God he lies.”

There is a practice familiarly known in the churches as the “relation of experiences.” It is well sometimes, and

under proper guards and limits. Indeed, I think with us there is no danger whatever, and that there is too little confidence of heart with heart, and too little conference on the highest themes. But when the whole heart's experience is laid open, we always feel that piety has lost her special grace, and that the finest affections have been soiled by coarse and vulgar handling. As if God had said distinctly, "I claim your special confidence. There is a region of experience where no priest shall come between us, where we will tread the wine-press and gain the victory alone." And here precisely is the spot where God fastens on the soul the chords which grapple her closest to his embrace.

4. Yet one more lesson from these secret sorrows. They point the one great lesson,—the insufficiency of all human comforts to satisfy the cravings of the soul. That man whom your eye follows perhaps with envy, around whom successful fortune has piled up its ingots, or whom the crowds follow with applause, has precisely the same want which you have,—a spiritual need; and if that be not satisfied, there is a worm preying at the core of that man's heart. And if he does not feel it now, he will feel it, with tenfold pungency, when this outward show of things has crumbled away like the framework of a dream, and the spiritual nature rolls up its awful mysteries into his consciousness. It may not come till after death. It may come sooner, and prophesy of the solemn possibilities within us. "Why can I not make you sensible," said Madame de Maintenon (secret wife of Louis XIV.), and sadder words were never written,— "why can I not make you sensible of the uneasiness that preys upon the great, and the difficulty they labor under to employ their time? Do you not see that I am dying of melancholy in the height of fortune which once my imagination could scarce have conceived? I have been young and beautiful, have had a high relish of pleasure, and been the universal object of love. In a more advanced age I have spent years in intellectual pleasures. I have at last risen to favor; but

I protest to you that every one of these conditions leaves in the mind a dismal vacuity." There is one secret, all-consuming woe which preys on peer and peasant alike beneath the concealments of circumstance, — that of a soul unreconciled to God. It becomes distinct in the consciousness and makes itself audible as earth recedes with all its shams and shows. It is the secret sorrow of many a heart too proud to own it to itself, and seeking diversion from itself by the trinkets of human vanity.

Such are the lessons of these hidden sorrows. They are an antidote to all envy and false comparison. They are a bond to draw all families and individuals together in stronger sympathy. They are a special bond let down to every soul, on which it may be gathered closer to the feet of Mercy, and they teach mightily the superiority of inward riches over the trappings of outward circumstance.

Finally, there is one passage of life through which we must pass alike, and in which there is no human arm to lean upon, no human ear in which to tell the secret of our troubled spirits. "All men," says a living writer, "come into this world alone and leave it alone. Even a child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that, if he should be called upon to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, no mother to carry him in her arms, no little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk these mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appalls and fascinates, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude through which he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still through which he has to pass, — reflex of one solitude, prefiguration of another."

And yet this is rather the appearance of reality than the reality itself; for not alone shall we tread those silent and solemn galleries. We shall enter them alone; but happy is he who, when the curtain uplifts, shall see on the other side the wicket-gate in which stands the guiding and beckoning angel.

A WORD ABOUT THE WAR.

In April last we went out to battle against our enemies. We, every one of us who remained loyal to our country,—to these United States,—took then our stand for the country against the disturbers of its peace and welfare. To the maintenance of its power, its honor, its unitedness, we are all, as citizens, pledged. There could be then, there can be now, no doubting, no neutral position; we are either the nation's foes, or its defenders; if not its foes, then its defenders. And not a few, or a portion of us, but every one of us. Not only men, but women,—not only men and women, but children can contribute, and ought to contribute, some act or some word, however trifling, however seemingly insignificant, to the common cause. There must be, for our ultimate success, a union of hearts and hands. There must be a *common* yearning for the triumph of the state, and a common hostility to the rebellion against the state. Each one must not only say, but heartily feel, and not as a transitory emotion, but as an abiding sentiment: This is *my* country. This is *my* war. It is against *me*, against *my* convictions of truth and justice, that foes have arisen and are fighting now. Let there be among them father or mother, or brother or sister, or son or daughter; as far as my duty is concerned, it matters not. God demands of me to stand up for his truth; and zeal for his truth must prevail over the callings of human affection. Nay, all the less because of my love for these dear ones dare I follow them wrong, or refrain from opposing and striving to stay their hands raised for the committing of wrong. God speaks to me and in me, and bids me do what I can to maintain the Right, through all hazards, through all griefs, through all, however terrible, yet passing tumults, and transitory bitterness of bloody conflict. If we succeed, I shall have wherein to rejoice forever. If we fail, and I survive to see the failure, when shall I cease

to despise myself, to regret my own short-comings, to mourn over my own backwardness to follow the Lord's banner?

I take it for granted, you observe, that we are right, that God does lead us and bless us and cheer us, and will continue to help us as long as we earnestly seek, and try to deserve, his help. And so you may charge me with a begging of the main question at issue. But I cannot—I cannot for the life of me—go through with the dreary task, so often repeated, of *proving* that we are doing right in arming ourselves, and bringing together every available resource to keep our nation safe and pure and strong and united. If by any speech or writing we could convince the deluded insurgents that they are wrong, then might we, full of rejoicing, speak and write even till breath and power failed us. But for us here, what need of logical proof? What greater proof, indeed, can we ask than this marvellous joining of parties and oneness of sentiment, this union of hostile elements,—a spectacle, I believe, in our nation unprecedented since, in her natal hour, all men from North and South and East and West, with one impulse and one love, gathered around her matchless chief, her Washington,—whose name God grant we may now more than ever lovingly prize, and his example unhesitatingly follow! *Proof* now for us that our brave men have gone out to fight not for evil, but for good,—not for Satan, but for God! And in such a terrible business as war, be it remembered, there is no half-way principle. It must be either Satan's work or God's. Nay, we need not proof; I should tire of making out proofs, you would tire of listening to them. Wondering silence, for the most part, best answers the rare man in our midst who demands them;—except when in some slow town or out-of-the-way village the people, it may be by the reading of some openly or secretly traitorous sheet, have gotten themselves utterly befogged and bewildered, and need to have it calmly proved to them that this is *not*, as they insist on believing, primarily and essentially an *Abolition* war. Which if it were, I, and not

only I, but the large majority of Union men, would be as ready to denounce as we are now to uphold and advance.

For, to consider very briefly the special topic which we have fallen upon, whatever may be our opinions concerning the right or wrong of slavery, (and I, for one, have never been able to persuade myself that temporary forced bondage of a people in their native state, wretched and half-brute, is an essential violation of the Divine law, to be classed with murder, lying, swearing, and theft,) we are at least almost all of us agreed in desiring an early separation of two races, which, it is as clear as the day, cannot long live together on the same soil as perfect equals, simply because they cannot and ought not to intermarry; and the restoration of the great body of blacks, for *our* good at least as much as for theirs, to their former home. And *nevertheless*, however eagerly we may long for such a consummation, we must keep out the idea that this is directly a war against slavery, for emancipation. It is not so; it is a war for Union, and that at any cost. And though, in the process of reuniting and firmly cementing the Union, every slave should become a freeman, it would still be a war, not for emancipation, but for Union. This, if we would be consistent, — nay, if we would succeed, — we must ever maintain, as our government is steadily and righteously maintaining.

And if it be replied, that slavery is the original cause of the war, and as such must be put down, let it be answered, as thousands and thousands of men who are now battling valiantly for us will answer, that, if we are going back to original causes, we must look about us for other elements of the strife, and remember that not only the slavery propagandists, but the advocates of immediate and unconditional emancipation, the men of unrestrained and virulent speech, have done much, more than they can easily answer for, towards bringing the present fearful woe upon us.

But, in prosecuting the war, it will not do to go back to original causes. There is *one* question only, — the nation's

life or its death. And as, in punishing offenders, the law does not stay to investigate all the causes of the offence, but simply seeks to investigate the fact and the manner of the offence, — and, moreover, does not chastise, but rather is willing for the time to work with, for the speedier apprehension of the criminal, those who may have in some way, by speech or act, provoked the commission of the crime, — so we now simply seek to put down the men who have defied the law of the land, and are glad to join forces even with those whom we hold to have been by no means guiltless of the evil under which we groan.

And it must be further observed, that, unless we make this the issue, Union against Disunion, loyalty to the government against rebellion, and nothing else, we have no right to expect assistance from any slaveholding State. It is sheer folly, it is the very height of absurdity, to openly assert, or even insinuate, that a slaveholder cannot, as such, be heartily loyal, and at the same time to complain because he does not, at our bidding, renounce at once the system to which he has been bred, and *in that way* become or remain loyal, — to declare our earnest desire to keep the Southern Border States in the Union, and, in the same breath, to maintain that it is the object, or one of the objects, of the war to banish negro servitude from those States. A method more effectual of forcing such States from us cannot easily be conceived. And yet to such an end some of our public speakers, some of our public prints, constantly contribute. Witness, for example, these words from the pens of brilliant writers for a certain popular Magazine: "The fiery tongues of the batteries in Charleston harbor accomplished in one day a conversion which the constancy of Garrison and the eloquence of Phillips had failed to bring about in thirty years." And again: "Henceforth the first duty of an American legislator must be, by the use of all legitimate means, to weaken slavery. *Delenda est servitudo*. What the peace which the South has broken was not doing, the war which

she has instituted must secure." Suppose such sentences as these to meet the eyes of the true and valiant Kentuckian who lately visited us, and by his fiery eloquence aroused us to a renewed enthusiasm, and to stand to him, and consequently to those — not a few — whom he represents, as the expression of the public opinion of the entire North. Hardly with any heart, I think, would he — would they — continue to uphold our cause in a State which patriots are just rescuing from the hands of traitors. Not Anti-slavery, but Union, be it repeated, must ever be our watchword. We must be consistent in our cry, "No more parties!" Against the tendency to form an Abolition party of the whole North, the government firmly takes its stand. Nothing that countenances the suspicion that the war is waged against slavery as an institution will the government in its acts permit. Let it be our duty to imitate and second the government's wise policy. Let us not foolishly seek to make a side issue the main issue, and delay the nation's longed-for success and final peace, by widening the breach between the sections, and transforming perforce many present patriots into despairing insurgents.

Those, indeed, whose anti-slavery sentiments overtop their love of country I do not wish here to notice, or to answer, save to insist that it is quite in opposition to their principles that our constituted rulers are at present acting. But they who, however strong their dislike of slavery, desire Union first, last, and always, — who would shrink with shame and horror from living as citizens of some dissevered fragment of a once glorious whole, — need to be constantly reminded that, while professedly advocating Union, they must beware of sowing more widely the seeds of Disunion.

And if we would prove to those ignorant people so far away as not to have been moved, and, in spite of their prejudices, convinced, by the sight of the thousands and the tens of thousands hurrying from store and farm and workshop and quiet home to maintain our threatened Liberty and

Law, we must be consistent, and, while one vital question is before us, keep to it, and drag in no other to interfere with its settlement. We have gone out to battle, and as long as the battle lasts we must not one moment forget for what we are fighting.

But what we all want most is, to keep up good hearts. We need to realize, without any vain boasting, our independence, and, to this end, to be filled with the ever-strengthening conviction that "the Lord our God is he that goeth with us, to fight for us against our enemies, to save us." What such words as these mean, we can now, if we will, understand. We can understand, also, with what feeling David cried to his God: "Blessed be the Lord my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." His foes were God's foes. He knew God to be on his side. And so doubt not that God is with us. He *must* be with us, unless we confess that our opponents are right, and we are wrong. And if this conviction were deep in our hearts, we should soon get rid of our miserable dependence upon some foreign nation, this alternating exaltation or depression because some foreign writer approves or condemns, cheers or discourages. We do right, we do well, when we rouse ourselves up to declare, *in the right spirit*, our independence of others. "Let England do what she will," is not an empty boast, if there be spoken, after, the solemn announcement, "We follow the Lord's leading." It is not vain to say, if said religiously, in the fear of God, "Let us all sooner perish together than yield." Not those, at least, can be charged with any empty boasting, who — God bless them! — go straight forward into the very jaws of death unflinchingly; not those wives, those mothers, who, willingly, with steadfast trust, send forth their beloved, perchance forever, from their sight. And as long as there are enough of these, and such as these, for that strengthening of our armies which still daily goes on, it is not an empty boast for us, as a people, to declare that, even to death, and utter destruction, we will fight for the right.

But no such utter destruction do I see before me. Dark and portentous is the cloud that hangs over us now ; but there is brightness beyond, and we, if we are true to ourselves and to our God, shall see once more the glorious, peaceful light of the sun. Hither and thither drift the battle mists, but they shall be cleared, and the fields now stained and trampled shall again blossom and wave with the harvest. Face to face, steel to steel, brothers and kinsmen are fighting ; but there shall come a reconciliation and a forgetting, and the now loosened bond, whose severing both God and Nature forbid, shall be drawn once again fast and firm.

Is that day far off, or is it near ? God leaves the decision with us. Two stumbling-blocks, two rocks of offence, and none others of any moment, stand in our way. The one, *party-spirit*, in whatever form it find vent, — the tendency to make some secondary question of chief importance. This, for the present, — would it might be forever ! — must be put down and kept out of sight. Over it we must all rise superior. And the other is *down-heartedness*, the inclination to *give up*. Every doubt, every tremor, every spoken word of discouragement, even by the lowliest of a nation whose people are themselves rulers, retards the coming of the day of peace. The time asks, God demands, from each one of us, hopeful hearts, cheering speech, ready hands.

J. G. W.

WINGED WORDS.

BIRDS wing the air ; and like to birds
Are free, thought-laden, winged words ;
A nest to build or young to feed,
The bird bears home twig, straw, worm, seed ;
And words with love and wisdom fraught
Build up the dwelling of the mind
In men who are by all things taught.

RANDOM READINGS.

MISTAKE CORRECTED.

WE give place to the following communication, because it corrects one of our own mistakes. We quoted our friend's lecture from memory, and it seems made it overstate considerably the statistics of the Swedenborgians, as represented by the General Convention.

Having shown, once for all, our estimate of the spirit of the sect as exhibited towards us, and as we suppose it will continue to be, we dismiss the subject altogether, and do not imagine we shall ever return to it. In taking leave of it, we make three reflections.

Reflection first. That we do not believe there are any better people, or of purer Christian lives, than are found "shut in" by the Swedenborgian ecclesiasticism, and that when its hard shell which now separates honest minds breaks away, as it certainly will, the Paraclete will come to them in more abundant measure, and that we hope they will understand us, as we them, in the day when the sons of God are manifest to each other, and Christ makes up his jewels.

Reflection second. There is no better ground, at least in this transition age of the Church, for Christian men to stand upon and freely do their work, than the ground of good Congregationalism, or Liberal Christianity in its genuine, not its latitudinarian sense, and those who lightly abandon it are making work for future repentance.

Reflection third. Till the walls of sect tumble down, and permit us to know each other, let us try, each in his sphere, to keep the breast open to the Lord Jesus, being sure that those who come nearest to him come nearest to each other, and will so find themselves when the tumble-down of the walls is accomplished.

Our friend Barrett's language takes point and vigor from some of his personal experiences, but there is no unkindness in it, as every one knows who knows the goodness of his heart.

MESSRS. EDITORS : — May I be permitted to correct a slight inaccuracy (not your fault, I suppose, but the fault of some reporter) in the last number of your Magazine? In a foot-note on page 264 you say: "Rev. B. F. Barrett stated, in a public lecture, that the New

Church represented by the 'General Convention' numbers in the United States sixty societies, averaging about fifty members each." On turning to my manuscript, I find that the passage referred to (and I cannot suppose it was differently stated in the delivery) reads: "New Church societies have been organized, but they have not multiplied rapidly, and their growth has generally been slow and feeble. Their number at this time in our country does not exceed sixty in all, and these not averaging, probably, more than fifty members each." This statement you will see — although I was not aiming at mathematical precision — does not differ essentially from your own statistics, given on the same page with the above note. I was speaking in my lecture, not of the number of the New Church societies in connection with the "General Convention," but of the *entire* number of New Church societies in the United States. And on turning to the published statistics for 1859, which were before me at the time I was writing, I find the whole number of societies at that time to be *fifty-seven*. Several of these — and two or three of them the largest societies in the country — are not connected with the "General Convention," and cannot be said to be represented by it, not being at all in favor of its church polity. From the printed statistics of the same year, I find the societies which reported to the Convention, either separately or in connection with some Association, to be *forty*. Of these, however, several are so small as hardly to deserve the name of societies, not numbering over a dozen members each.

Permit me further, now that I am writing, to express my great surprise that the editors of the Boston "New Jerusalem Magazine," who cannot be ignorant of the actual condition of the so-called New Church in our country, should have invited, and even compelled, such a humiliating exhibit as you have given; and if the whole truth were told, it would, I am very sorry to say, be more humiliating still.

This I state as a New-Churchman, who prizes the doctrines of the New Jerusalem above all price, and one who has *not* "stood aloof" from its organization, but became intimately connected with it more than twenty years ago, and who has enjoyed unusual opportunities of learning its character, condition, and wants. And after these many years of observation and experience, I am free to say, — and the remark may be instructive and useful to some of your readers, — that, had I been half as well acquainted with this New Church eccle-

siasticism, its *animus* and its workings, some twenty years ago, as I am now, I too should have "taken precious care to keep aloof" from it. Certain it is, that I never would have connected myself in any way with the Swedenborgian sect. And although I might differ from you somewhat in opinion as to the real cause of that state of things in our communion which is so much to be deplored, I must acknowledge the substantial truth and justice of all else you have said about the New Church, while I cordially thank you, as I believe hundreds of others will, for your honest and faithful words.

Yours truly,

B. F. BARRETT.

ORANGE, October 3, 1861.

ROBERT BROWNING.

How much nobler a man becomes for having loved a noble woman! Who but the lover and husband of Elizabeth Barrett Browning could have written the following verses? — well characterized by the North British Review as "a carolling little song that quite sings of itself, and, once it gets into the head, makes the brain a sort of music-box, that some sprite keeps starting off on a sudden."

"There's a woman like a dew-drop, she's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart's the noblest, yes, and her sure faith's the surest:
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid 't the harebell; while her tresses, sunnier than the wild grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted marble:
And her voice's music! call it the well's bubbling, — the bird's warble.

"And the woman says, 'My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,
If you loved me not!' and I who (ah for words of flame) adore her!
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her, —
I may enter at her portal soon as now her lattice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight, make her mine as hers she makes me."

HYMNOLOGY.

WE presume there are not more than three hundred hymns that are ever sung in our churches. It would be safe at least to say that there are no more than that which deserve to be. Are we

never to have this gold sifted out from the sand among which it lies, and a Hymn-Book compiled which we can use without losing so much time in tumbling over the leaves? From the Cheshire Collection, from the bulky compilation of Dr. Huntington, from the smaller one of Longfellow and Johnson, containing less sand than is found in most collections, but with some good old hymns wretchedly tinkered, and from the collection of Dr. Robbins, in which Watts is more largely restored, one collection might be made with nothing but the gold preserved.

The Unitarian Hymn-Books seem to us too exclusive and too chary as to orthodox evangelical phraseology. The following hymn, which will probably be new to most of our readers, is pronounced by the New-Englander "unsurpassed in the English or any other language," and "as near perfection as an uninspired composition can be." It was written by A. L. Hillhouse, brother of the well-known poet Hillhouse, and erroneously ascribed to the latter. Without by any means agreeing with the critic in such extreme praise, we certainly think it must come home to a sense of sin newly forgiven with indescribable tenderness. It does not of necessity involve the vicarious theory of atonement.

"Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own!
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend! O, smile and heal the strife!

"The Saviour smiles! upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

"Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —
The new-born peace of sin forgiven!
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

"Ye saw of old on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies;
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

"Bright heralds of the Eternal Will,
Abroad his errand ye fulfil;
Or throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.

"Loud is the song, — the heavenly plain
Is shaken with the choral strain, —
And dying echoes, floating far,
Draw music from each chiming star.

"But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord that mine will bear."

The following, from the collection of Rev. T. L. Harris, which we noticed recently, and which we fear we hardly did justice to, has lingered with us sweetly ever since reading it.

DELIVERANCE.

"We cannot touch thy hands and side,
As Thomas did of old;
But, Jesus, may we still abide
Within thy bosom fold!

"We cannot weep as Mary did,
To balm thy sacred feet,
But may our lives in thine be hid,
And odors yield more sweet.

"We cannot move as Peter moved
Beside thee on the flood;
Thy breath that sea and storm reprov'd
Pour through our bosoms, God!

"We cannot lean as John reposed
Upon thy human breast;
But thy heart's heaven is now unclosed; —
In it our hearts would rest.

"Be ours, with graces all divine,
Thy image to express;
No life, dear Lord! no life but thine,
Of sinless holiness."

FIRST AND LAST.

THE first, — the last, — what words are these!
The first green leaflets on the trees,
The late brown flutterers in the breeze,
The last, last leaf the sad eye sees
When Autumn yields to Winter's might,
And the year sleeps to dream all night
Of fairy Spring and Summer bright, —
Of these I think when First and Last
I read or write ; and o'er the past
Of my life's year a thought I cast.
When life's last leaf is blown away,
What word shall the Fruit-gatherer say
Of growth and fruitage day by day ?
Through life till then His help I pray.

AUTOGRAPHS.

MY autograph you ask. You have it now,
Long ago written, — for my life on yours
Has made a mark, we know not when nor how,
Indelible, and while your life endures,
Even forever, something in that trace
Which naught writ over it can e'er efface
From memory's palimpsest, will make you be
What you would not have been if not for me.
Is this a singular, peculiar power,
Given to me alone ? No, even as mine
Is your own life, are lives that every hour
Touch one another. O for help divine
That we on one another's lives may write
Invincible spells of love and truth and might !

REFLECTIONS.

Weak men spurn advice ; wise men profit by it.

The way to have work well done is for every one to do a little more than his share.

Duty confronts us wherever we turn ; it is ubiquitous, like its Author.

To-morrow cannot do to-day's work without neglecting its own.

A slight excitement often helps a man to shake off sluggishness and indecision.

Forms which have survived their usefulness resemble a snake's old skin hanging round his new one.

If a man would maintain self-control in emergencies, he should strive to maintain it habitually.

Studied peculiarities of style, like studied peculiarities of dress, are usually tricks of the weak and vain to attract attention.

It may not be true that the best man is the happiest man, for happiness depends much on temperament; but is it not true of every individual, that the better he is, the happier he is?

Satire is keenest when edged with courtesy.

The existence of evil is discouraging, but the thought that we can limit it is encouraging.

Envy of others' good poisons our own.

Fashion demands new dresses and second-hand thoughts.

The white-haired think the gray-haired young.

Our happiness depends as much on the kindness which we show, as on that which we receive. We lighten our own troubles by trying to lighten those of others.

Whatever impairs self-respect impairs moral energy.

The acts for which a man of merit receives praise are only the representatives of many others for which he has received none.

We think too little of others' difficulties, and too much of our own.

No one can afford to make enemies unnecessarily.

A man should be humble because of what he is, and hopeful because of what he may become.

Judicious yielding often effects more than direct opposition, for, in many cases, if a man thinks he can have his own way, he is less likely to insist on having it.

E. W.

THE HOURS.

THE hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's record up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar
Our heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly in with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darkened hue.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison-flower.

ORIOLE, in the *New York Evening Post*.

"COSMOGONY."

THE last of the very carefully prepared and very suggestive and interesting papers bearing this title, is crowded from our pages the present month, to appear in our next number.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harvard College. By JAMES WALKER, D. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Have you ever had your attention asked for an estate which has been suffered to lapse into utter confusion, the buildings in various stages of decay, the fields worn out by slovenly culture, the fences more or less dilapidated, the vegetation rank here and starveling there, the promise of a harvest the remotest and slightest possible? And have you presently had occasion to observe the wonderful success,

even in such circumstances, of a born organizer, a man of energy, tact, and skill, who knows how to work to advantage, and to set others at work? What boundless satisfaction in watching the thrifty worker as, little by little, at first and then very rapidly, the chaos becomes a *cosmos*. We are amazed to find how much there was under all the rubbish and the ruins that was really sound and valuable. One who should turn from much of the popular religious literature to these Sermons would experience a satisfaction of this kind. We can well believe that clear-headed persons must often find what is written or spoken upon religious subjects hopelessly confused, uncertain, involved, cumbered, without basis, or at best with very shaky foundations. Honestly they would like to know what you would be at. They must say to themselves, Surely that statement is very obscure, that reasoning cannot be sound, those alleged facts would seem hardly to have been verified; and how we forever compass the subject about and about, and never are really brought to it face to face! Unspeakable will be the relief for such sufferers, if only these Sermons come into their hands.

Dr. Walker never gives you the uncomfortable impression of a man who is trying to do a little more than he can, to grapple with a subject which is over large, to cover more ground than he can hold, so speak a little louder than is easy or natural for him. He seems to say to you, Just so much of all this which looks so confused is well ascertained, and there is a great deal more that is well ascertained than you may at first have supposed; — there! so much is solid; don't you see that we have touched bottom there? — don't you hear the steel ring upon the granite? Don't you see those clear, sharp outlines? You may live accordingly or not, but so much is real, so much you cannot get away from. The hearer or reader assents, and if he is an honest man you will not hear him either depreciating or patronizing Christianity any more, whether (and this may be still a question) he is stirred to any enthusiastic discipleship or not.

These Sermons are easy reading, because they cannot have been easy writing. No such wonderful clearness of statement, no such simplicity in the treatment of abstract themes, ever came without the most conscientious painstaking brought again and again to bear upon the same point, until the thing to be said was said in the very words of all others, and those neither too many nor too few. The Dis-

courses are an exceedingly valuable contribution to our homiletical literature, and we would suggest amongst the charities of the day a fund for placing a copy of the volume in the hands of every sensation preacher in this sorely vexed Christendom. It might suggest to many a "smart man" to strike out every other word in his sermons, and to change all the rest for others more intelligible and appropriate.

E.

The Rejected Stone : or Insurrection vs. Resurrection in America. By a Native of Virginia. Boston : Walker, Wise, and Company. 1861. — Until it can be shown that the rebellion which is in progress in our country is too strong to be put down under the existing constitution of society, the time has not come, as we judge, for inaugurating on our part a radical revolution, and we think that our emancipationists would do wisely to adhere to the policy which commended itself to them at the opening of the war, in still abstaining from pressing their favorite methods.

It will be well to have a real, unquestionable victory to use ; then we will ask, What shall we do with it? All are agreed that the rebellion is to be put down with an iron hand ; we are a great way off from that now, and if we begin to reconstruct, or even to talk of reconstructing, our nation just at present, we shall want a Dictator at once. President Lincoln is unquestionably an honest man, but we have seen no evidence yet that either he or his Secretary is equal to an extraordinary enterprise of this sort. Even the measure proposed by Fremont, much as it seemed to be needed, and welcome as it was to us, was hardly a practical measure, as will be plain to any one who will suppose the case of a loyal slaveholder living by the side of a rebel slaveholder, the slaves of the one still in bondage, the slaves of the other set free. Such a condition of things would hardly be endured. When the time comes to proclaim emancipation *throughout* Missouri, as a military necessity, with the offer of compensation to men of approved loyalty, the case will be very different.

For these reasons we cannot agree with the doctrine of this very spirited pamphlet.

E.

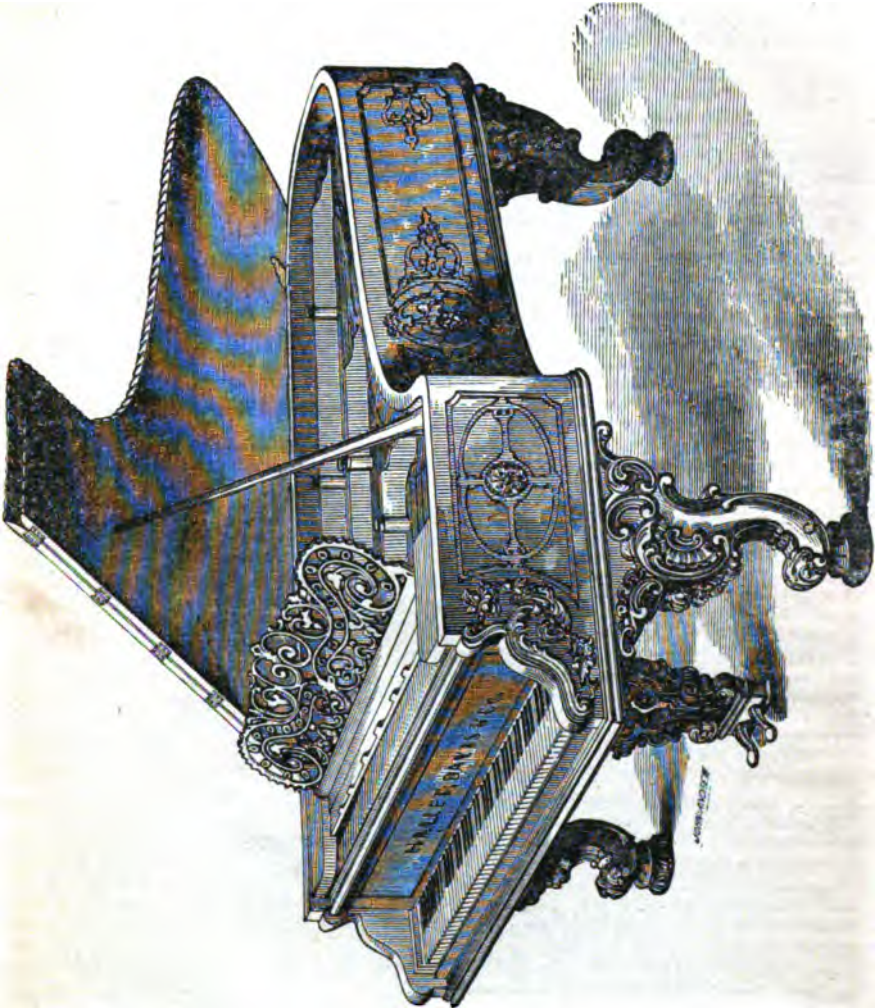
We have received very able and interesting Discourses by Rev. Drs. Dewey and Hedge, delivered on the National Fast Day. Messrs. Ticknor and Fields publish the Sermon of Dr. Dewey, and Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co. that of Dr. Hedge.

E.

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THE
MONTHLY
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI. — No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1861.

EDITED BY
Rev. EDMUND H. SEARS
AND
Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.

"THE CHURCH HEARETH NONE BUT CHRIST." — *Martin Luther.*

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THE

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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THE NEW ENGLAND HOME.

THE character of the New-Englander, perhaps more than that of any other man, is the result of his home. It is not national so much as it is domestic. The virtues which make him stand out among men are not the acquirements of schools and colleges, of travel and society, the transmission of caste, the result of institutions, but virtues brought with him in all their power from the home, and set to work upon the world. He is not a conformer to things as he finds them, but sets himself to make them conform to him. Most tenacious is he of his identity, and, while others lose themselves in their surroundings, he is a Yankee to the end. No clime, no polish, no position, takes that out of him. It is told of a dervish, that by certain signs in the sand he not only decided that a camel had passed that way, but that he was lame and blind and had lost a tooth. And so by signs as unmistakable, sometimes as unnoticed by the careless, you may detect the presence, the influence of the New-Englander, — though you may not see the man. I remember, some years ago, after passing through the State of Virginia, and becoming familiar with the peculiarities of plantation buildings and plantation life, that when I entered Fairfax County I felt as if I had been suddenly taken back to the quiet farms of my

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own State. The substantial barns, the well-ordered out-buildings, the familiar implements, the green blinds, and a certain unmistakable air of New England thrift, surprised me, so sudden and so great was the contrast with the exhausted fields, the shabby negro-quarters, the shiftless aspect, of all I had lately seen. "This looks like New England!" I exclaimed, and was told that certain Yankee farmers, some years previous, had taken up a tract of exhausted land, and had made it what I saw, — had planted New England there. So it is wherever he goes. The New-Englander is slow to assimilate with other people. He takes his notions, his prejudices, his character, his *home*, with him. In strange cities I have never failed to detect New-Englanders. There is a something about the individual men and women, but there is more about their homes, which you cannot mistake. Cosmopolite as he is, be it under the tropics, by the western sea, or in the eastern clime, under all his outward conformity, you find him still clinging to the habit and the faith of home.

Whatever of original, peculiar power there may be in the New England character, its availability is owing mainly to the training of home. I am confident that whatever of good in morals, laws, religion, in enterprise, in literature and art, may be justly attributable to New England influence, may be as justly traced to the New England home. It is the home that has made the man. And wherever he is, on the Arctic sea or in the California mine, it is the memory of home that governs him. His Anglo-Saxon blood would have availed him little, but for his Anglo-Saxon home. It is with man as with the horse, the blood is little without the training; and when we feel inclined to brag a little, — a thing New-Englanders have a *little* inclination to, — or when we trace in the history and progress of this young world the influences of New England, let us remember, that but for her simple and humble homes none of these things could be. These have made our people. We and others are apt to attribute

a certain indisputable pre-eminence in our citizens to our common schools ; and so far as mental training goes, this is true ; but we must not forget that it is the *moral* characteristics of the New-Englander, more than the mental, which have marked him out as separate and peculiar,—these which have exerted so wide an influence at home and abroad,—and these are the products of our homes. I shall never forget a remark once made to me by a gentleman of Northern New York. “I take it for granted,” said he, “that a New-Yorker is dishonest until I can prove him honest, but that a Massachusetts man is honest until I can prove him dishonest.” I should not have liked to make the remark myself, nor should I be willing to subscribe to it in full ; but, as coming from one not of New England, it was worthy of remembrance. I believe there is a reputation of this sort abroad,—that in financial, as in other matters, our own name stands in the advance ; and again I say that I believe this is mainly because of our homes,—because of what we were taught, and what we saw of stern and sterling integrity in the far-back days of childhood. And if we are to keep that proud place in coming generations, if we are to furnish our sons with that capital, better than gold, which has been the element of success with us, we must come back to a truer love for, and a more watchful care over, home ; we must not suffer these more exciting and brilliant outside things to usurp the power and privilege which is of right its alone, but with a something of the old Puritan spirit, if need be, insist upon those virtues, and those restrictions, in which we can now see lie the foundations of character and usefulness. We are letting the world master the home. The sceptre is passing away from the hearth-stone. By our altars and our fires we ought to make our stand, and over the ashes of the past contend for the security of the future. With us who are in the dust and heat of the present is the twofold duty of keeping to the standard transmitted us, and transmitting it as we have received it. It is the legacy of

our fathers, of which we are the stewards. It is that by which they have won their proud place in history. While crowns have crumbled and nations wasted and great reputations perished, brighter and brighter has grown the halo that encircles the memories of those who planted and gave the distinctive character to the New England home. That is all they had to give, — that is all we have to bequeath. Stern and bleak are New England hills and New England shores. Contrasted with the fatness of the plantation and the prairie, her soil may seem sterile and her harvests meagre. Granite and ice may be the only raw material we have to offset the more tempting produce of kindlier climes; but — I say it in no boasting mood — I know no spot upon which the sun shines which has such capacity for *raising men*. Here cluster, centre, and combine all that can be asked for the best advantage of the race, — a climate that invigorates the body, a soil that demands and remunerates labor, rivers for our manufactures, the ocean for traffic and for sustenance, laws, churches, colleges, schools, and behind them all, greater than all, *homes*. They will not rank outwardly with baronial castles, or ancestral halls, or, it may be, with the courtlier homes of the "Old Dominion." Engraved upon the page of history, the world would pass them by for those of sounding name or mediæval architecture, but under the low roof, within the farmer's kitchen, beneath the drooping elm, have been born and cultured *men*, who, take it for all in all, are the marked men of the past two centuries.

It is the privilege, as well as the duty, of every man to speak well of the country and the place in which he was born, provided he do no injustice to any other. He is traitor to some of the finest and holiest instincts of humanity if he do not. I do not deny to any their distinctive virtues and attainments, but the occasion only demands that I should speak of New England, and point out some peculiarities in her past homes, which cannot be spared from the present, if our future is to exert the influence for good broadly ascribed to our past.

Of these characteristics I shall place first *religion*, because it is essential to the idea of a true New England home, fundamental to a true New England character. It is not a little curious that in all the Colonies there was some distinct, separate religious tendency, if not faith, even in those with whose organization religion had nothing to do. Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, are largely impregnated with the peculiar religious views of the primitive settlers, and individuals and homes are largely influenced by them. It was not merely that our fathers fled hither for conscience' sake, and made religion as the corner-stone of their new polity, but it was the kind of religion they professed, and the kind of character which grew from it, that have made us the peculiar people that we are. The Puritan faith, grafted on the Anglo-Saxon stock, has resulted in a man unlike any existing type,—a man to be known to the ages as introducing a new moral and intellectual order. Leave out either element, or place them under other circumstances, and the product were quite another thing. There was much that was gloomy and austere, much that was narrow and bigoted, much that was untrue or perverted, in the Puritan faith, but there was also much of what the human spirit always needs most, a downright, indomitable religious trust, a sincere, though sometimes mistaken, service of God,—a service by no means wanting in gratitude, if never breaking into exuberant joy,—a faith to which we do gross injustice when we regard it as only stern and forbidding.

When I see what substantial and enduring good has come to our homes because of the rigor of faith and discipline among our ancestors, I am more and more, in the value of the fruit, inclined to forget that the tree was not perfect. Here in New England, because of that rigor, has sprung a more liberal element, toning down the sharper and harsher features of old creeds, and breathing a larger spirit into the interpretations of the Divine will,—not driving God out of our homes, but making him a brighter presence in them,—

while life, as it rolls on with all its various experience and teachings, modifies, without destroying, those views of duty and of God our earlier days received. The best that is in us we feel has come from the religion of home, the truths it taught, the duties it enforced, the faith it manifested. The Bible may have been too exclusively our Sunday book, the old home prayers may have been tediously long, the home requirements exact, and home privileges few, and home discipline stern; and yet what do we not owe to them just as they were?

Nor can we spare religion, vital, practical, out of the home of the present. If we do, the peculiar glory of the New England home perishes. Its support is gone. If there be no home religion, no controlling, sanctifying influence taking its rise in that, and mighty because of it, — no one steady, holy law, — the New England home has only a name to live, and our posterity must receive from us that which is but the shadow of its former self. You who are neglecting religion in your homes, — as too many are, — who allow fashion and vanity and parade and selfishness to reign there, and not God, — reflect that you are so defrauding posterity of that which has made you what you are. It shall go hardly with New England character and New England influence when religious faith shall cease to characterize and control our homes!

Obedient themselves to the commandments of God, it was inevitable that our fathers should in turn exact *obedience* of their children. With all the inflexible strictness of the Decalogue the law of the home was propounded and administered. As they expected God would deal with them, so they dealt with theirs, with less of mercy than of justice. It was one great point with them — to use our common word — that children should "*mind*." Unhesitating, unquestioning obedience was the law. No abating, no parleying, no giving reasons, no hearing excuses, no suspense of opinion, no revocation of command, no confession of mistake, but the word once uttered, the will once expressed, that was to be obeyed

though the heavens should fall. The autocracy of a father's will, against which the mother set herself, and children plead and wept in vain, was a part of the religious faith of the time. Beneath the stern exterior, there might be a yearning or a breaking heart; but was he not standing in a God-appointed trust? was he not to be held to strict account should he not do his duty? And so the more they wept and plead, the more his own heart yearned, the more resolutely he set himself to carry out the thing he had decreed. We can most of us look back to modes of home government and forms of home discipline now almost obsolete. They seem almost savage to us now; and then they seemed pitiless,—less the decisions of affection than the decrees of will. But from their stand-point I believe that they were right. They secured obedience. There were nowhere such well-ordered households as in New England. Fewer sons became prodigal, fewer daughters tasted of shame. The riots and revels of the rich and gay were to them unknown; but they grew up to fear God, to reverence virtue, to respect years and honor or experience,—formal and precise, no doubt, and pinched in their views of life and heaven, yet possessed of sterling qualities which stood them well in the world. It has been said that he who would govern must have first learned to obey. And this is true, whether the government be that of self or of many; and thus our fathers, by compelling obedience in their children, enabled them to rule themselves, and fitted them to rule wisely in their homes, and made of us the law-respecting and the law-abiding people that we are.

In the genuine New England home of to-day, still that good, old-fashioned thing called *obedience* lingers. In too many homes, judging by what we see and hear, it is deemed intrusive, and turned out. Parents have ceased to command where children have ceased to obey. Aspiring boys and girls put down fathers and mothers, and set aside the will of middle life as old and slow. I have heard boys in short

jackets ridicule their mothers, snub their fathers, and behind their backs say everything of them but what was decent and filial. I have known pert misses, scarcely in their teens, override authority and entreaty, and boast among their associates of the manner in which they had got round their mothers. One may gather from his own observation and experience the most atrocious instances of disrespect and misrule, such as would disgrace an age of barbarism. And unfortunately we have come to consider all this as inevitable, and are lamenting as incurable that which is the work of our own hands. The trouble grows out of the fact that we have not insisted upon obedience. Desirous of avoiding the harshness of our own early experience, we have insensibly run into a more pernicious extreme, relaxing all family discipline, and becoming a mere "mush of concession"—as Emerson says—to our children. If we give a command, they feel pretty sure it will not be insisted on; if we make a threat, they feel confident it will not be executed; if we establish a law, in a little while they know we shall grow tired of enforcing it. And so we have virtually put home into the hands of our children, as old Helios put the horses of the sun into the hands of Phaeton, and they seem driving us to much the same disaster. But there are homes where obedience is still believed in and enforced, and they are not the most wretched, but the brightest and the gladdest, the true types of the New England home. Irksome and old-fashioned, stale and unprofitable, as our young people deem obedience, home joy, happiness, growth, all that is peculiar and best about home, are because of it. As in the universe all harmony is because of one controlling will, all order because of consent to law, so, in the home, harmony and order—the topmost graces and virtues—are only through obedience. Were every element and world to have their will and way, and sea and star and fire insist upon their right, something worse than chaos must ensue; and such must be the crash and wreck of home where each rebels against the

central authority and law, and makes a law unto itself. In the true home there will be obedience claimed and yielded as a thing of course. So long as a child, whatever his years, shall remain as a member of the home, so long is he under the *law of home*.

I am no advocate of the old rigor of family discipline. The same end, I believe, may be better secured some other way. Firmness and mildness are not antagonistic qualities. The gentlest beings are most inflexible. The best-regulated household I have known was ruled over by the gentlest spirit, — the firm, sweet mother-love recognized in the daily beauty of child-life. Such spirits win to obedience, and that is ever better than compulsion. A wise man says that “the triumph of domestic rule is for the master’s presence not to be felt as a restraint.” I should say the same of his will.

Another feature in the New England home is its *thrift*, which many would select as the prominent characteristic of the New England character. I know it has not a very savory name among the more reckless of our own blood and the more haughty inheritors of wealth, as it has no place where labor is despised and toil considered dishonorable. I know that sometimes, under the pressure of opinion, the gibes of society, the demands of fashion, our own repudiate the old home virtue. They do it to their shame. These senseless flings recoil upon those who make them. A proper Yankee thrift is a genuine virtue. Where it degenerates, as it too frequently does, into parsimony and meanness, it becomes every way and utterly despicable. The meanest man on the face of the earth is a mean Yankee. But his meanness is the caricature, not the consequence, of his thrift. See what that thrift is in those neat homesteads that snuggle away under the trees among the hills, where the economy that is not mechanical, but moral, rules. The whole home speaks of it, — the spare room, the parlor kept for company; this little luxury, that little convenience; the well-stored, well-kept kitchen; the tools, the barns, the orchards, the meadows. With each year’s

increase some new necessity or charm or luxury is added. Books are bought, improvements adopted, the house repaired, daughters sent to school and sons to college, and a thousand things accomplished, impossible to so small an income but for the native, the home-bred thrift. Go where you will, and all over New England, written in indelible letters, is the word *thrift*. The European reads it with surprise, as he contrasts the homes of the laboring population of this young country with what he has been wont to see, and the Southern believer in slavery almost forgets his faith as, all up and down this bleak and sterile region, he sees engraved a word he searches for in vain under his own more genial sky and patriarchal system. For what it does out of the home, see where great cities have risen within our own memories, whose busy looms dispute already the markets of the world; see whole States rising to power and opulence and character; on every sea behold swift ships bearing away the palm, and in remotest corners, wherever man has trod, some token of the New England thrift. The barefoot boy, outgrowing his country home, becomes the merchant prince, a man of character as well as wealth; and the hungry, runaway apprentice *sits* in the presence of kings, and wrests the lightnings from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants. It is no mean quality that does all this, that really bears the burden of the nation and makes its success and glory, that strides on ever to more and more signal conquests, while they who sneer dwindle daily. Better the thrift of honorable personal endeavor than all the gold of old family hoarding, or that which comes of the woes and wrongs of the enslaved.

Our New England homes must see to it that they do not part with this characteristic. It has its rise and growth in them, and when we shall learn to despise economy, reject the wholesome maxims and restraints by which our fathers thrived, when we shall fling ourselves into the vortex of display, then we shall lose one of the truest features of our lineage, and, stepping into the vulgar contentions of vulgar life,

let ourselves down from the vantage-ground we now possess. Never be ashamed of your New England thrift, but let it be your glory; never from your homes banish its precept and its practice. Controlled by principle, it cannot degenerate into meanness, while it will make the home smile for you and for your children, and will add for all a charm, solid and real. For a moment recall the home of the shiftless; think of the blight such a home is upon young hearts and hopes; think of the homes of the extravagant and spendthrift, and for what they are preparing their children, then turn to your own, and resolve that, though men may scoff and condemn, for you the law of home shall be prudence, economy, thrift!

I can enumerate but a single other characteristic of the New England home, *hospitality*. It has been somewhat the fashion to deny this virtue to the New-Englander. I have heard men from the South and West abuse the East for its niggardly inhospitality; and if there were no other forms of hospitality than their own, they might be right. But hospitality must always vary in its expression with the position, the character, the advantages, of the individual or race. The hospitality of the African negress to the traveller, which has passed into the songs of our nursery, is none the less genuine than that of the Southern planter, who, with everything combining to make the entertainment of stranger or friend easy and delightful, has been accepted, this side of the Atlantic, as the true type of hospitality, fascinating our Northern participants in it, and adding their voice to the hue and cry which sets against their own section. The fact is, hospitality is a thing of the heart, not to be gauged by demonstration so much as by sentiment, and I thoroughly believe that in no portion of the earth is the sentiment more deeply planted or more widely diffused. The New-Englander is apt to be a man of narrow income. The whole method of his living has to be regulated by strictest economy. He must watch and stop the little leaks, so he cannot afford that offhand and lavish outlay of time and money which his heart prompts,

and which, after all, makes up the *seeming* superiority of a Southern hospitality. He has no slaves to do his bidding, no countless acres to supply his table, no store of horses for his guests, but he has all the heart and will ; and though his natural reserve, his want of personal grace, — which is so large a charm in the residents of a warmer climate, — may not make his greeting quite so impressive, or his expressions of interest so frequent, or his acts so many, yet he has none the less a hearty desire to do the best he can *within his limits*. I insist that the New England heart is as large, its hospitalities as broad and deep and high, as any upon earth. If I were to complain of New-England hospitality at all, I should say that we do not take it easy enough. We do not leave our guests enough to themselves. Our hospitalities are too much a task ; they cost us too much in time and anxiety and money, and, because we think these essential, our native thrift sometimes demurs or forbids. These are mistakes in the methods of hospitality, but the root of the thing is in us. Where will you go in New England that you will not find it ? At what door will you knock that it shall not welcome you ? An hungered, weary, a stranger, or sick, unstinted kindness will minister to your necessities. I have travelled much on foot through New England, much among the by-roads of our villages, and I never found anything but the broadest welcome and the kindest cheer, — rude, rough, coarse, perhaps, but hearty and true.

I found myself one winter's morning some twenty miles away from home. During the night there had come up one of those fiercely driving snow-storms, which now and then sweep along the coast, and lay their embargo upon all out-door movement. It was a pitiless morning, but I felt uneasy about my home, and I must go. Well wrapped in coat and shawl, and with a good heart, I started, only as I turned the first corner to find the shawl stripped from me and whirled into the air, and to see my hat, after some mad capers, plunge desperately into the river. The hand-

kerchief that supplied its place soon became a useless mass of frozen snow and ice, and with a bare head I pursued my way, here fording, amid floating blocks of ice, a road over which the rebellious tide had made a breach, there lifting my sleigh bodily over a drift through which my mare could not drag it; now losing my balance and becoming actually buried beneath yielding masses of snow, and now encouraging the faithful beast, who never through all that day's terror for a moment faltered. Once from an opened door I heard a voice shout out that, under the circumstances, very aggravating reminder of the difficulty of the road to Jordan, and once in the moment of despair, like an apparition, some good Samaritan appeared with a shovel, and as silently disappeared. That was all my cheer. It was not of myself, however, that I meant to speak; and as I have never told to any the full story of that day, I should hardly begin here. Let me only say, that the night had set in bitterly cold; I had deserted my broken sleigh; I had been compelled to abandon the willing back of my mare, — *brown*, when we started, but now from fore-top to fetlock unspotted *white*, — and through the darkness, through the drifts, with words of cheer was urging her weary limbs, that made a path for me. Without rest we had toiled nine weary hours, and made ten miles, when her better instinct brought our labor and exposure to a close. Seeing a barn not far from the road-side, she made directly for it, and no coaxing of mine could prevent. I felt that she was right, and I turned toward the house, and knocked, and asked shelter and food. I know that it was a strange apparition presented itself before that young girl, — with matted and frozen locks, hatless, shivering, probably the only mortal outside the house she had seen that day, — and I did not wonder that she ran. But the gray-haired father came, and bade me welcome, went to the barn and provided for my horse, made me a place at the kitchen fire, while the good wife brought out the mystery and wealth of home-made pie and cake,

the welcome luxury of tea. Around the evening fire we sat and talked,—I a stranger, yet a friend within his gates, he a courteous, kindly, and well-pleased host; and the evening I had dreaded waned, and when the night hours came, I found the best chamber, with its spotless drapery and marvellous feather-bed, inviting my weary and aching body to its embrace. With the morrow rose the sun, and after breakfast the old man went with me to the woods where I had left my sleigh, dug it out, and tied it up, and showed me how he thought I could best reach home. What could I do? Words were little, money was less; and yet, so universally is man reduced to a contemptible money shift, that as I uttered the words of acknowledgment involuntarily I put my hand upon my purse. He fixed his mild, gray eye upon me as he said, "*No sir; that would spoil it all.*" The act and the sentiment are type of that true spirit of hospitality which pervades New England,—not showy, or obtrusive, but delighting to minister of such as it has to the want of the stranger and the pleasure of the friend.

If now I were to be asked my ideal of a New England home,—which is my ideal of an earthly home,—I should answer somewhat thus;—a house standing alone, roomy, convenient, that should convey, immediately and only, to the beholder the idea of home, not far from some thrifty New England village. About it should cluster all the means and appliances of the farm, above it droop the branches of the elm, before it spread meadow and orchard, and somewhere, not far, woods, waters, and hills. It should wear within in every appointment the aspect of home,—no show furniture, no show rooms, no waste decoration, no useless expense, but only such luxuries as minister to the growth of heart and mind, with such accessories of comfort as should minister to ease without provoking sloth. Here I would have children of both sexes, including *the baby*, without which no household is complete. And the house should be for them as much as for me; more for them than for any guests. With these

children I would grow old, establishing between myself and them the fullest confidence, causing them to find in me their truest friend, and making home the dearest of all places, the sweetest of all words. It should be the centre of gentle but permanent influences, and from its daily converse and its evening fireside should go precept and example to mould the life and bless the memory. For its relaxations there should be amusements; for its mental culture, books; for its refinement, music and such works of art as could be afforded; for its higher nature, daily religion, and on the Sabbath that keeping of holy time which should not weary, while it led them into a deeper contemplation of the things of God than the routine and bustle of other days allow. Well-ordered, thrifty, and hospitable, such a home would combine all that man has a right to ask, all that is best of what God has to give. Such homes there have been, and by the blessing of God such homes shall ever be.

Leaving out that which to me is essential to the picture, but not essential to the fact, *the homestead*, what is there here impossible to any one? What is there essential to a true home that we may not all make? I insist upon it that we should think more of the *house* we live in. Even in the crowded, illy-built suburbs, of high rents and taxes, in which many of us are forced to live, there is a choice. A few dollars, too often foolishly begrudged, may make a vast difference in your doctor's bill and your children's character. Plague and cholera have been known to waste the shady side of the street, and spare that on which the sun shone. The home needs the sunshine for the body and the heart. If I could make my voice heard, I would proclaim in every New England village the folly of rushing toward a centre, of pinching men and children up in little pens near a main street, when God's great wide world is open, and there is room enough, near enough, for every necessity. Healthier would life be morally and physically could we break away from the absurdity of crowded villages, and spread out into

the country which God made, where sun and air, pure as He creates them, could reach us. The house you live in should be such as will help you carry out the purposes of the family organization, and in no way hinder; the home you build within it should be a place of happiness, a nursery for the world and a training-ground for heaven; and there is no one of us but may make it these if we will.

Wherever you find man, you find his strongest instinct is his love for home. Take the Esquimaux from his blubber and his ice-hut to the luxury and splendor of the tropic, and he droops and dies; the Swiss peasant amid the gayety of the Parisian metropolis sickens at the thought of the wild mountain-air and the evening cry of the goats; and the New-Englander, cosmopolitan as he is, stifles the yearnings of his heart by surrounding himself with the things that remind him of his old home. In every language there are songs of home, touching the heart's deep deeps; and among them all one to us dearer than the rest, that seems a special inspiration, so exquisitely do the music and the words join hands to express what otherwise were inexpressible. Scarcely thirty years ago, a man of genius and of disappointment, child of a New England home, gave in his need to Charles Kemble, then manager of the theatre at Covent Garden, for the sum of thirty pounds, the manuscript of the opera of "Clari, or the Maid of Milan." As I remember it, it is mainly noticeable for its one lyric gem, the low, longing utterance of a weary and despondent exile. It made the fortune of every one prominently connected with it, except the author, who was not even complimented with a copy of his own song. It secured to Miss Tree, who first sang it, a wealthy husband; it filled the treasury of the theatre; within two years the publishers were estimated to have made \$10,000 by it. Since then it has gone wherever the English tongue has gone, it is enshrined in every heart, its music and its words wake in each and all one sentiment, the first to live, the last to die. When the returning regiments — the wreck and remnant of

that great Crimean struggle — marched in triumph through the streets of London, stepping to the martial strains of England's grand anthem, "God save the Queen," as the first rank wheeled beneath the gates of the Horse Guards, — the great head-quarters of the army, — the anthem died away, and slowly, sweetly, softly, and with an electric power that thrilled through every soldier heart, and called, unbidden, warrior tears, — arose the strains of "*Home, sweet, sweet Home!*" They were men who had faced death for months and years unmoved, and many of the quicker sensibilities had been blunted by familiarity with scenes of violence and blood, but there slumbered underneath, pure and strong and fervent, the love of home; and as those long-familiar notes fell on their ears, there amid old scenes and sympathetic faces, they were no longer war-worn veterans, proudly returning from hard-earned fields, but little children at the cottage-door, — the dear, far-off, long-left home! So is it with us, warriors on another field and in a sterner strife. Life's stirring duties and necessities, calling for the strong and stern in man, make us oblivious to, suspicious of, the finer sentiments, which proudly and foolishly we strive to crush. But in the pauses of the fight, in scenes of peril or success, in moments of victory and triumph, some stray, secret influence of the long past comes surging over us, — some well-remembered token of our own "sweet home," — and we are children again in that far bygone of better days! Blessed be God for the halcyon days and the holy memories of home, — the best, the happiest spot on earth, — so bright, so happy, that, when we speak of that Heavenly Father's mansion which lies before, we give it the selfsame name that the mansion lying behind us bears, — HOME!

J. F. W. W.

PICTURED WINDOWS.

IN the land of song and story
Many a sculptured pile we meet,
Where Art lays her richest glory
At her great Inspirer's feet.

O'er the dim aisles faintly streaming
Glides the light from windows tall,
Where mild saints in vesture beaming
Shine as through heaven's parted wall.

Not the work of earthly painter
This transparent, heavenly hue;
'T is the light, now clear, now fainter,
Shining all their garments through,

On each upturned feature gleaming,
Thrilling in each downward glance,
Of the Virgin Mother dreaming,
Of the Apostle rapt in trance,—

'T is the heaven-light shining through them,
Mingling with their native hue,
That can thus with power endue them,
Can exalt and soften too.

And methinks 'tis well their faces
This pure radiance should illumine,
E'en if on their brow the traces
Linger yet of mortal gloom.

For 'twas thus 'mid all the sorrow
That beset their earthly way,
Light each holy face would borrow
From the God of heavenly day.

And as this dim radiance raises
Faith and Hope before unknown,
When the uplifted eye but gazes
On the sunlight pure and lone,

So the Almighty's fearful glory,
Though its brightness half depart,
Shining through a human story,
Toucheth more the human heart.

L. E. S.

COSMOGONY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

OUR subject, The Origin of Man, involves three distinct questions, upon each of which the science and the theology of the day stand opposed.

1st. Was man created miraculously out of the dust of the ground?

2d. Did all mankind originate from a single pair?

3d. Has his duration upon the earth been longer than about six thousand years?

In the limits of a single chapter we must treat as we can themes so broad, the proper handling and development of which would fill a volume.

In our process of investigation, we penetrated, as with a mental telescope, the foregone ages of time, even into that vast and voiceless eternity, when as yet time and space and nature were not, and the Infinite God was all in all. We beheld the birth of the material universe; matter evolved from the prior substance of spirit, and existing at first in the form of the rarest and subtlest ethers. We saw this grand *ovum*, or germ, fecundated by the Creative Spirit, developing

into vast nebulæ or nuclei, from which successively unfolded solar systems, planetary systems, flaming spheroids, geological epochs, mineral aggregations, plants in their regular order of ascension from lowest to highest, animals rising from the sponge and the jelly-fish, through sea-worms, fishes, reptiles, birds, and beasts, the diapason closing full in *man*.

In the first dawn of being, simple vitality was united to matter; this vitality in each ascending period became of a higher and yet higher order,—the vitality of the mollusk, the fish, the reptile, the mammal, the responsible and immortal man.

Creation from the first has been in continual effort to put forth the human form. Mineral, vegetable, and animal forms—nay, atmospheres, planets, and suns—are nothing else than so many means and tendencies to man, on differing stages of his transit. Finite man resumes them all, and ends the serial chain. Low down in the series we find animal forms with but a spine and head; then limbs and other organs begin to show themselves, one by one,—claws and fins shadowing forth the five fingers of a man, and the approach to the human form growing more distinct, till man appears, with his dual nature, animal and spiritual, and rounds the full circle.

And all these changes are law-developed and law-governed, with no savor of chance or of miracle in them. By no miraculous, unlinked, and unrelated effort of Divine power were they caused; the large analogies of nature all forbid. Nor yet did matter climb its spiral round from chaos to crystal, from crystal to plant, from plant to animal, and from animal to man, by the power of any laws *inherent in itself*. Matter cannot act independently of God, nor of itself ascend a single step in its development. Life and its powers are spiritual, and it was spiritual forces that pushed each of Nature's successive kingdoms into air and life. The worlds, with their contents, are *outgoings* from God. It is the Spirit of God that tints the flower, that forms the fruit,

that arches the firmament, that rounds and lights the star. It was the Creative Spirit, that, through the power of an *upward attraction*, drew the atomic particles into higher, and still higher, and finally into highest forms;—the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, each growing out of the kingdom next below, with the Divine Spirit as its procreant and vitalizing cause.

And the same law of progress which evolved the vegetable from the mineral, and the animal from the vegetable, likewise unfolded man from the animal. As the rock, the plant, and the beast were not isolated and arbitrary creations, but each rising from the kingdom next below, so was man not “formed out of the dust” by the fiat of God; he stands on the pyramid of being, linked with all below, as the form to which they all aspire. To create the human races would require a no more special mandate than the creation of the crystals of the earth, the flowers of the field, the birds of the air, or the various animal tribes that people land and sea. Like the plant, and like the animal, when his time arrived, man came. When all things were ready, he was ushered in, and vested with rule over “the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, and every living thing that moveth upon the earth.”

And the chain of Nature’s being is continuous still. All her branches and families interweave. Thus, for example, we find bitumen and sulphur linking earth and metals; vitriols uniting metals with salts; crystals connecting salts with stones; and lithophytes joining plants and stones. Again, the polypus unites plants to insects; and the humming-bird insects to birds. The African vegetable serpent connects plants with reptiles, the tube-worm joins shells with reptiles, the eel forms a passage from reptiles to fish, the flying-fish unites fish with birds, the bat and flying-squirrel link birds to quadrupeds, and the monkey gives the hand equally to quadruped and to man. Man by his physical nature is linked to the brute creation on the one hand, and by his spiritual soul to heaven, on the other!

Nature discloses about nine hundred millions of plants, rising step by step, the lowest interweaving with the lifeless mineral, and the highest piercing the domain of animal life. Above these are one hundred and fifty millions of animals, in regular lines of ascent, the lowest blending with the vegetable, and the highest stretching forth his hand to man. This is the grand ladder of progression, up which, from the lowest round, man has climbed to his kingdom.

Man is the head and heart of Nature. The *world* is because *man* is. The reason of everything it contains is written in the book of human nature. He finds it physiologically in his body, and spiritually in his soul.

All lower things are mute predictions of man. The sap of the tree foretells his blood, and the hoof of the quadruped prefigures his hand. Man is not only man; he is all things; — every part of the universe in turn, as we change our point of view. It was said of Proteus: "First, indeed, he became a lion with noble mane, and then a dragon, and a leopard, and a great boar; and then he became liquid water, and a lofty-leaved tree." Prior to all worlds, man is the oldest idea in creation; nothing was ever moulded into form, or vitalized by the Divine breath, that was not a prophecy of something to be afterwards unfolded in *him*. Man halts midway between animality and divinity; he is semi-beast, semi-god. As Deity's highest personification on earth, he appears cut off from the animal world. But this is only an appearance, for the closest relations exist.

As life, in its climbing path, has left way-marks all along, from the simple cell to the most complex animal, so has it left traces at every step from the animal to the human being. In him unite zoöphyte and fish, reptile and mammal, and he confesses this in brain and bone, in faculty and function. As the crystal is but a mineral flower, and the plant but a vegetable crystal, and the animal but a plant with senses, locomotion, and nerves, so is man an animal in every respect; but in addition thereto he pos-

sesses a unique moral and spiritual life, in which consists his humanity.

"Man doth usurp all space,
Stares thee, in rock, bush, river, in the face.
'Tis no sea thou seest in the sea,
'Tis but a disguised humanity."

A beautiful proof of this is found in his forming state of being, before birth. At first he is a zoöphyte,—a gelatinous body, with no organs whatever, and not even the least trace of a nervous system. Then slowly lines of nerves can be detected, a spine, a nervous system, and a brain appear rudely outlined, and he rises to the rank of the fish. Then his brain represents that of a turtle, then that of a bird, then that of various mammals, till at length it compasses the brain of man, and rises to the grade of a human being. Thus the brain and nervous system of man, in their embryonic growth, pass through all the series of animal life, from the lowest to the highest.

As the forming body of man grows out of the lower stages, it sometimes retains a permanent *trace* of its transition. Some have hair-lip and cleft palate; some have webbed fingers and toes; some have the nose curved like a beak, or the nails pointed like claws. Says Agassiz: "All animals have, in the beginning, one uniform structure; and they change to such widely differing forms in their full-grown state, simply by gradual and successive changes upon one plan. There is a period when the young bird has not only the form, but the structure, and even the fins, of the fish. The young rabbit at one time resembles so closely the fish, that it even has gills, living in a sack full of water, breathing as fishes do." And on the best-formed neck of man or woman, the remains of these same openings, or gills, may occasionally be seen.

The whole animal creation, from the mollusk to the man, have passed through the same gateway and travelled the same path. The degree of development varies with the

length of the path. The brain in all living beings is formed on one plan, and the process of growth is the same in each; but at a certain point the lowest stop. Others go farther before their development is arrested. Man, beginning at the same point, goes farthest of all. He ascends to and surpasses the highest, hence he is the most intelligent. Birds have a third eyelid, which is of essential use to them, and is always present. In man the same eyelid is readily seen as a minute scale, of no possible use.

In man there is a little cartilage, hardly visible, joined to one of the nostril-bones, and entirely useless. But in the horse these shut off the great cavity of the nostrils from foreign bodies, and in the whale they grow to the size of bolsters, sealing the nostrils against a thousand fathoms of water as the animal plunges into the abysses of the ocean.

In the grazing animals a strong muscle supports the head while eating. The same is found in man, but as it is not needed, it is only a thin white line of cartilage. As the organic remains in the rocky strata show the lines of the earth's progress, so these abortive and useless organs in man reveal the animal stock from which he was derived.

The calm eye of philosophy, viewing these suggestive facts, and innumerable others which I have no space to unfold, concludes that man was not made miraculously out of the dust of the earth, or in any other way inconsistent with nature. Philosophy teaches that the first animal forms which could be distinctively called men originated from the highest species of the animal kingdom. Man derived his *bodily* existence from the species next below him. He was born of a female of the most advanced of the Simian tribe, and *ensouled from on high*. The ape is of all animals, undoubtedly, the nearest related to man, and he must have been the common stock from which all the human races were derived. He has the face of a man, with flat jaws, filled

with teeth closely resembling his. Its ears are like man's in most respects. Its organs of speech are quite perfectly formed, and it has a rude speech, by which its wants are expressed. Its brain is large and almost human, approaching nearer to the brain of man in its general form and convolutions than that of any other animal.

I have seen it, says Buffon, sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, use its spoon and fork, take a cup and saucer, put in sugar, pour out its tea, and leave it to cool before drinking. In Africa they are taken young, and tamed, where they show an astonishing power of imitation. In its wild state the orang walks erect. It builds itself a hut as a shelter against the sun and the tropical rains. They usually go in troops, with a leader, whose commands they obey; and when one of their comrades dies, they bury it with branches and leaves. Anecdotes like these may serve to show how near in intelligence this species of animal approaches to man.

On the other hand, many facts present themselves showing how closely man approaches the orang. Take, for instance, one of the lowest types of man, the wild Hottentot Bushman, or the degraded Papuan tribes; — the nose thick, flat, and blended with the prominent cheeks; lips thick and turned outwards; jaws projecting and chin receding; forehead low and retreating, and skull thick and heavy. The bones of the leg are bent outward and forward; the calves of the legs very high; the voice is feeble and hoarse; the intellect puerile; the thought commonly dormant; war a brutal passion, ending in cannibalism; their food wild beasts, reptiles, and insects, which they often devour raw. Thus we perceive in these lowest tribes an absence of almost every faculty peculiar to the human race, while their retreating foreheads, slender limbs, hairy bodies, and extreme agility-closely ally them to the ape. The traveller Stephens, meeting some boat-loads of slaves from Dongola, observed their close approach to brutes and their orang expression. He speaks of this as startling and painful, and affirms that

he can scarcely draw a line between the lowest of the negro races and their near kinsman, the wild man of the woods. Said he, "Though made in God's image, there beamed no ray of divinity on their features, and they sat on the deck with their long arms wound round their knees, and their chin resting upon them, precisely as we see in apes, and I was electrified by the closeness of their approach to that animal." And almost every traveller in Africa has been struck with this similarity. In the lowest races of men the moral region of the brain is undeveloped, and it were almost as impossible to teach them morality as the orang. If the skull, or, still better, the entire skeleton, of the ape were compared with that of the lowest negro, the likeness would pervade every fibre of their organization, and in all the general features would be perfect.

Nor does the possession of language separate man from the orang. The elements of the organs of speech are found in all animals, and on their degree of development depends the sounds they utter. This gives the bark to the dog, the musical note to the bird, the growl to the tiger, the roar to the lion, and a voice of its own to each species of animal. The vocal organs are quite imperfectly developed in the ape, more perfectly in the negro, yet not enough to permit him to articulate difficult sounds. Neither the negro, nor any other uncivilized race, can pronounce our dialect without a brogue.

That the human races originated in some way from the animal kingdom, as that did from the vegetable, and *that* again from the mineral, the analogies of nature loudly declare. But if so, there must have been a common stock from which these human races were derived; that common stock must have been the species of animals which approached most closely to the human, and that species undeniably is the large ape, or orang.

This, then, is our answer to the vexed question of the origin of man. His creation was in strict accordance with

the laws by which all previous animal forms were brought forth. When all things were ready, when the time had fully come in which the end of the creation was to be embodied in man, he was evolved from the highest species of the animal kingdom,—humanity's first-born. On his form was stamped the image of his God, while within the animated clay moved the "living soul."

It is the popular belief that all species of animals, man included, had a single pair of each species as their first ancestors, and that all animals of one species are descendants from their primal pair. But we find nothing in nature to warrant such a conclusion. When the conditions of plant life were fulfilled, geology shows us that plants were generated, not in single pairs, but in myriads. When the earth was ready for the evolution of animal life, that life came, not in twos, but in swarms. Countless millions of primitive living creatures were generated before one originated by parentage. No distinct family of animals ever originated from a single pair. And the human race is no exception. The original creation of man consisted, not of a single pair, but of many pairs. Now I know that in most of the religious world this is not supposed to be an open question, but one which has been fully and distinctly settled by the Divine dicta. Our traditionary faith affirms that the Scriptures teach that all the varieties of men, from the negro to the Circassian, sprang from one original pair. We pause, therefore, to simply affirm that the Scriptures teach no such thing;—that this is a construction that has been *fastened upon* the Scriptures, like the meaning attached to the word "create," rather than a development of their genuine meaning. It is not taught anywhere in the Bible, that all the varieties of men originated in one pair, and no fair interpretation can show it. This assertion may awaken some surprise, but we positively affirm the fact, and leave it there till it can be shown that we are wrong.

The doctrine of the plural origin of man would in no wise

damage the power of revelation. All the virtue of the Scriptures is in their TRUTH, and that which is a truth in science cannot possibly be an error in theology. This doctrine would cause us to vary our interpretation of the first and second chapters of Genesis to no greater extent than modern geology has caused us to adopt in regard to the account of the creation, or the deluge. The change of opinion required would not be any *greater*, if as great.

The Church, in the days of Galileo, opposed the truths of astronomy, because they feared the Bible would be overthrown. But we, their children, find no difficulty in accepting both Bible and astronomy. And our children will see the reconciliation in *this* case as easily and as fully as we now perceive it in *that*.

But let this assertion be true or let it be false, our statement of the plural origin of man can by no possibility run foul of Genesis, for the very good reason that Genesis says not a single syllable upon the material or physical creation of man. Once for all, the creative work, detailed in the Word of God, and developed through six successive epochs of mental progression, refers *exclusively* to man's *moral* creation,—to his education, dating from a "beginning" of barbarism "without form and void," to a seventh or perfected state.

This Divine summary is illustrated by figures borrowed from the creation of a material world; but to read it as referring to such a creation is to totally miss the scope and purpose of Scripture, which from beginning to end is *one great parable*, and, even in the very chronicle itself of the Jewish nation, alludes only to things mental, spiritual, or moral.

Through all historic times the various races of men, under all circumstances, have kept intact their distinctive marks. No external influences, such as climate, habits, food, have ever caused a race to change its constitution or its color. White men have lived in the land of the black for more than

two thousand years, with no tendency towards the negro type. During this long period, the Italian and the Gaul, the Egyptian and the Jew, the Nubian and the Arab, have lived in the same land together, and have remained the same. Negroes have lived nearly as long in the land of the white man, and, except through the mixture of stock, have shown not the slightest tendency towards a change of color, or a whitened skin. The natives of New South Wales and of South Africa, living in a climate temperate as Europe, are nevertheless black. In the same latitudes, under the same sky, men live of every shade of color, and every variety of feature. And even though a burning sun did blacken the skin, would it crisp the hair, would it flatten the nostril, spread the lips, bow the legs, elongate the heel, or change the facial angle? No. This has never been done. Though white men should live under the equator, and black men at the poles, for ten thousand years, their children would always be born with the same colored skin. If, then, there had been but one pair, of one color, in the beginning, there would have been but one color at the present time. And if in three thousand years, or as far back as history, monuments, or mummies can go, no race has even begun to deviate from its type, how could all the divergence from a Circassian to a negro be effected in the four or five centuries from the time of Noah, when there was but one family, and therefore one color and one race, on the earth, to the time of Abraham, when the one race had become the many?

Again, if mankind were evolved from a single pair, then brothers and sisters must have intermarried. But such a practice could in those days have been no more right and proper than it is now. Physiologists tell us that from such "breeding in and in," the race would soon cease to perpetuate itself, and would swiftly die out. It is also opposed to the fixed moral law of right. If this transgression was a crime visited with the penalty of death under the Jewish code, if it be so dire an act of sinfulness in the light of our

Christian teaching, it never could have been sinless, or right, or proper in any past period. The eternal principles of moral purity do not change with the change of locality, or the lapse of centuries. A practice so unpleasing in the sight of God in the days of Moses and Joshua, could in no wise have met his approval in the ages of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel. So evidently wrong as it is, and so contrary to the principles and spirit of God's law, the immutable Law-giver could never have founded the very beginning of our race upon it.

Could the changeless Divine Being have altered so much, in the course of a few centuries, as at one time to denounce the harshest penalties against a practice which at another he made the only law and method by which mankind were to be perpetuated? If it is a deed which even now, amid all the accumulated depravities of the world, strikes the mind with so much horror, it never could have been otherwise than abominable, and it never could have been blessed by the Divine Being.

Nor does the fact of the plurality of origin affect the *unity of the race*, or the universal brotherhood of men. The human race is ONE, no matter from how many parents derived. All have one common mother in the earth; all have one common father in God the Creator. Granite would be granite whether found on the earth or in the sun. A lion would still be a lion, whether he roared amid the jungles of the star Jupiter, or shook his royal mane at the base of the Himalayas. A man descending from an African first pair is as truly a man as another whose primal parents were in America or Asia. If he was born on the planet Saturn, he could still claim *unity of race* with us. The human marks are reason and freedom, understanding and will, human emotions and moral consciousness, the power to discover right from wrong, to think, and to wreak that thought on expression, — the ownership of a spiritual nature impressed with the image and likeness of God. He who possesses these marks is a *man*. He

is constitutionally and essentially one with all other men, of all varieties, and wherever found; not merely on all continents, but on all planets; and not only on all planets, but through all worlds, visible and invisible, natural and spiritual. Each of the different races, then, had a local origin; each great district of the earth was peopled by a distinct family, created on the spot. They had each separate stocks, and originated in nations in many localities. The Tasmanian from Van Diemen's Land; the yellow-skinned, round-faced Mongolian from the vast verdureless and treeless plains of Upper Asia, beyond the great desert of Gobi; the black, woolly-haired race which comes bubbling up and streaming forth, with its ever-renewing tides, from the central regions of Africa; the white Caucasian stock, to which ourselves belong, with the nations of modern Europe; the Indian of North America, and the extinct Carib of the West Indies; with a number of other races, — perhaps as many as thirty in all, — have each had a separate and distinct origin of their own.

The negro, or woolly-haired race, originated at a much later period than the others, under the influence of the moist and heated air of Africa, in the tropics, and upon a soil spontaneously yielding them every kind of sustenance; not feeling the spur of necessity, they yet remain torpid, stagnant, low, and undeveloped. On the contrary, the ancestors of the brown and the white skinned races were forced to emigrate by grand and prolonged geologic convulsions, of which mention is made in the traditions of all nations. All traditions, *save the African*, speak of that prolonged play of the forces of fire and water which urged the nations to new abodes from the highlands of Northern Asia. They were subjected to a colder climate, to great vicissitudes, to contentions and hostile strife, to prolonged and patient industry, all serving to stimulate and call into action mind and body. Thus, while one has remained stationary, the other has advanced.

The oranges, the immediate ancestors of the human family,

were of diverse color and character, very different from each other. Some were black, some nearly white, some brown, &c. The differing localities in which they lived, some on a mountain, some in a valley, some in a hot, some in a temperate clime, also caused a diversity. An animal or vegetable diet would have a marked effect. The transition from the animal to the man was gradual. No one could positively tell where the one ended or the other began, any more than he could draw a sharp line of demarcation between the animal and the vegetable realms, or between the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

The great types of mankind did not change from one to the other, but descended from different types of the *Simia*; while the smaller distinctions now seen in our races arise from intermixture, and from the differing conditions to which they have been subjected.

Natural history also gives its aid to the theory of the plural origin of man. We find the earth divided into certain great districts, in many respects perfectly distinct from each other, each with its own peculiar surface, its own qualities of soil, and its own characteristics of climate, differing much from those of the other districts.

These peculiarities of surface, soil, and climate fit it to produce certain species of *plants*, different from those of the other divisions. And these peculiarities of vegetation fit it, again, to become the home of certain species of *animals* differing from those of the other districts. Thus we find the polar regions in striking contrast with the torrid zone; and this, again, differing materially from the temperate regions.

On each of the great continents a distinctness runs through all its productions, so that everything growing upon one of them can be discriminated from whatever is produced upon any one of the others.

The productions of one region do not thrive if moved beyond its limits. The plants, the fish, the beasts, the birds, transferred from those regions of the earth where their home

is, and located in a region far remote and diverse, will not thrive, but without artificial care will soon decline and perish. Hence the inference that they were created in the several localities in which they are found.

But this law of original creation must apply equally to *men* as to the other productions of nature ; for in the distribution of the human family over the globe, we discover a similar set of phenomena. Thus we find Australia with its own classes of plants, its own species of birds and animals, and its own native family of men. And these are found on no other continent. Thus they did not emigrate thither, but were created in that region which was intended for them, and in which they are by nature fitted to live.

And when we pass to the American continent, the same phenomenon is observed. The fishes, the flowers, the beasts, the birds, the reptiles, the grasses, the trees, are all its own ; while its own special race of men roamed over its hills, forests, and open prairies. The red man alone is here, and he is nowhere else. He has his own family of languages, his own ideas of religion, his own character, his own social habits and civil usages, and his own physical constitution. And the different races thus scattered over the world differ, not only in color, but also in the form of their bones, and in the nature and anatomy of their skin, hair, and other bodily organs. The diversity is so great, that they could not have been derived from a common stock. If we can show that, because Romulus and Remus sucked the same dugs, they were whelped of the same foster-dam, then we may believe that the woollen-headed African and the silken-haired Chinese were woven out of one fleece, or spun from one web.

Let us now briefly deal with another vexed question growing out of the problem of the origin of man ; that is, his *duration* on the planet. Our prevailing theology fixes the beginning of man's existence here at about sixty centuries back, while modern science finds traces and proofs of his life on earth during a period of more than a thousand centuries.

In the caverns of Bize, in France, human bones and shreds of pottery were found in red clay, mingled with the bones of animals now extinct.

In the cavern of Fondees, the fossil skeletons of man are found in the same layer with the bones of an extinct rhinoceros. Human bones were found in caves near Liege, together with those of the elephant and a species of lion, underneath a thick bed of limestone rock.

In the caves of Torquay, rude flint knives and human bones were collected from among a great variety of fossil remains of animals now extinct, all beneath a bed of limestone. In Upper Saxony, the gypsum veins and fissures in every direction are filled with red alluvial clay, containing in clusters the bones of the rhinoceros, hyena, wild horse, and man.

When, during the tertiary period, more than a hundred thousand years ago, the Irish elk and the rhinoceros roamed through the forests of France, a human race dwelt there. Their burial-place has been discovered. It is a cave in the side of a limestone mountain in Southern France, bearing traces of a vast amount of labor expended in fitting it for a sepulchre, and securing it from notice. Its entrance had been closed, and it was found by sinking a shaft sixty-six feet deep. Great masses of human bones were found there, with those of the stag, reindeer, rhinoceros, and wild horse, probably offerings to the dead. The rude Celtic tribes, who are commonly supposed to be the first dwellers in France, must have appeared *long after* this people, for the Celts had no knowledge of these species of animals, and do not speak of them even in their traditions.

In English caverns, the bones of bears, hyenas, and of man mingle in such a manner that they must have been deposited at the same time. In some of them, the same mass of rock holds the bones of elephants, hippopotami, lions, and man. When tried by muriatic acid, no difference can be detected between the bones of the animals and of man, their age being

so great that the animal matter had disappeared. Science *knows* that these bones were deposited during a former geologic period,—a period to which the duration of six thousand years becomes but a moment. Fossil human bones, mingled with the remains of the hyena, bear, and other animals, have been found in the tertiary strata of Europe, and identical with them in appearance, color, and fossilization.

The naturalist Lund found in Brazil fossil human bones in the solid rock, with the remains of an ape, and the usual extinct animals.

Immense blocks of stone, piled above these fossils by the force of great convulsions, attest their extreme antiquity. Agassiz estimates the age of a human foot and jaw, found by him in the coast limestone of Florida, at one hundred and thirty-five thousand years.

In the blue clay underneath the bluffs of the Mississippi human bones have been found below those of the extinct megalonyx, and entirely fossilized. In making an excavation at New Orleans, an Indian's skull was found beneath four cypress forests. The time needed to form each of these cypress strata is estimated at fourteen thousand years.

Such is some of the geological testimony of the date of man's origin; testimony which has steadily augmented, amid a protracted and sharply contested controversy, in the face of the severest scrutiny, with every inference questioned, every conclusion challenged, and with nearly the entire Church committed to an opposing theory, and bound to place in the way of its adoption every obstacle in its power. Such is the uniform evidence of the fossil records, whether found beneath the cypress forests of the Mississippi, the coral reefs of Florida, the caverns of the Canary Isles, or the rocky strata of European and Asiatic caves. One hundred thousand years ago, at least, the Indian propelled his canoe on the Missouri's flood, the Western rivers, and the Gulf; while the aborigines of Europe, armed with bow, war-club, and spear, hunted through the British and German

woods, in their turn to flourish, wane, and become extinct. Race after race of these rude savages, the *Saurians* of mankind, had risen and passed away, leaving their records in the pages of earth's rocky volume, ere the Caucasian tribes, our ancestors, went forth from the highlands of Asia to possess and to civilize the earth.

Thus was the earth peopled, and each grand division by its own peculiar race. Such was the origin of man. God alone is the source of life; He alone is life. All things exist from Him, and represent him. The human form represents Him most fully and truthfully; it is therefore the highest of forms, the image of God, and the end of Creation. The Divine forces were forming man even in the gaseous chaos of the beginning, ere matter had rounded itself into light-giving suns, or whirled off its rotating and balanced worlds. Each mineral, animal, and plant prophesied of him. Man is the bond wherewith God has bound in one the sheaves of His great universe. Through him the very stones, or the horny nails and terminations of the earth, return to God; and the creation lives on the perpetual condition of spending alike its worlds and particles, its days and its very seconds, upon humanity. Not a breeze blows, not a wave beats, not an atom stirs on the farthest star, but the movement enters his body, and becomes his constitution. Not a stone, or a plant, or a living creature, but carries up its heart's thread into his loom, there to be wound into human nature, and thenceforth to follow the lead of his own immortal destinies.

E. M. W.

SOCIETY.

A QUIET scholar made his retreat
From a brilliant circle of *élite*.

They asked, "How were you edified?"

"Were they books, I would not read them," he replied.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

ANOTHER WORD ABOUT THE WAR.

A NORTHERN man has set down in these pages a word about the War. I must set down another word, and from a very different stand-point.

What does this *Northern* man mean by calling slavery a "*temporary forced bondage*"? Could anything temporary stir a people to the depths of their life, as this question is stirring them? Could anything temporary cause such hopeless degradation as this entails? It is the most eternal of all the bondages of sin, for it not only hopelessly enslaves from generation to generation in this world, but is an "essential violation of the Divine law," inasmuch as its only safety lies in forcing its victims back into an ignorance and sin, which, if our Heavenly Father were not pitiful and just to demand retribution from those alone who are responsible, would reduce them to a far worse slavery in another world. There is nothing temporary about slavery; would that there were one such glimmer of light. There *can never be* anything temporary about it, unless we at the North dare to be truthful, and, putting our innermost convictions into words, declare that slavery is unnatural and inhuman, subjecting all, even as remotely connected with it as ourselves, to contingencies which we are not willing to bear; — that our right to make our desires known is as perfect, and our stake in this great contest as great, as any necessities laid upon the South; — and that we will act no longer on the defensive, but will have a war to carry into the enemy's country as well as they.

One great reason for our repeated discouragements, our failure to carry all before us and crush out this rebellion as easily as we at first thought to do, arises no doubt from a stronger will and greater resources among the rebels than we at first had an idea of; but also from the want on our

part of a definite purpose, which they have. I feel, when one disaster after another defeats our hopes, as if God, without whose help we can do nothing, will not prosper our undertaking, till we have a higher purpose to fight for than we have yet acknowledged. We say, "We are fighting for the Constitution and the Union, and after that the Deluge!" No one among all our speculators has yet prophesied what then. Suppose we gain our cause, as we all feel convinced we finally shall, no one dares say what shall be done with those rebellious children who are to be caught and forced back to their father's house after they have turned themselves out, as almost every boy has done at least once in his life, under an overwhelming sense of parental tyranny. If everything stands as it has done, what shall keep the turning wheel from bringing those in subjection back again to power in due time, to make further encroachments for us tamely to endure?

Have we not always found in the every-day difficulties of life, from which we must always draw our analogies, that the truth boldly spoken in the face of destruction itself invariably opens a door whose existence we did not suspect, and our difficulties vanish? There never was an instance of a man's being led astray, who firmly took the step his conscience told him to take, though it led into never so great darkness; the next step always becomes clearer, and he always finds that faith and conscience are trustworthy guides. So it seems to me it would be now; but we have the old spirit in us still, which has permitted such encroachments from the South so long; we are afraid to say we will and we wont, and are only yet roused enough to parry the blows which would reach a vital spot; we do not yet refuse to be tripped up at every step by our never-sleeping foe.

Almost all men at the North, and I believe many at the South, are convinced that slavery is an evil, and would draw a long breath, and feel as if almost all trouble had vanished,

on the day that slavery ceased to exist on our continent ; yet now, in this undeveloped and uncertain state of affairs, one waits for another to speak. We say under our breath : " The death-blow to slavery is struck ; we all mean emancipation ; we must all come to it, but it will not do to say so." And we cry aloud : " The Constitution and the Union ! Leave slavery entirely out of the question ! " We know that slavery is the very head and front of the offending ; that if we should go on as before, there would be no security against future outbreaks ; that every true man revolts at it as a wickedness involving the deepest depravity ; but we do not dare to say so, for fear of consequences. We are afraid to ask what will our Union and our Constitution be good for, if its destruction is to be threatened every thirty years, — if we must give up our convictions of right, and qualify the dictates of our conscience by expediency.

Suppose that the whole North should manfully speak out its true thoughts, and leave in God's hands the results. Suppose that all of us who so believe should manfully declare that, inasmuch as we think this to be wrong, we will not only not encourage it, but will have nothing to do with it, or, still further, that we will do all in our power to counteract the wrong ; depend upon it, there would be a still more astonishing unity of purpose than appeared so unexpectedly at the beginning of this war. We should then have a noble and definite motive for the sacrifices we are making, and our Union would be in far less danger than it now is from the lukewarm zeal of many who really see but dimly the end in view.

Of what avail has been all our truckling to the South, our fear of offending the wavering States ? They have wanted a firm rock to cling to ; and whilst they have seen the vagueness of our Northern purposes, have taken ground definite enough, and far more attractive than our bare assertion that we are fighting for the Union, leaving each one to decide in his own mind what sort of a Union it is to be.

Property in slaves is now so depreciated that, could every slaveholder in the Border States be assured that proper remuneration would be made him by the government for what as it now stands is his property, and often his only property, hateful as it is to use the word as applied to a human being, he would be alive enough to his own interests to stand firmly by our side, convinced that only by these means could his fertile lands be redeemed from the desolation which threatens or has fallen upon them. Of the farther South we cannot say as much ; the influences at work there these many years are far more adverse than we have been able till lately to imagine ; and generations perhaps must pass before a right understanding of the trouble could be brought before the minds of the people, such unscrupulous means have been taken to keep them in ignorance of our feelings towards them, and to excite them to mistaken rage against us. But has any moderate policy of ours ever produced the least effect ? Do they not as firmly and thoroughly believe that we are fighting for emancipation, and, even worse, for their subjugation, as they can ever be made to believe by any step we could take ? Have they not for years believed this to be the aim of the whole North, in spite of all that we could say or do to prove the contrary ? How could anything we should decide to do exasperate them further ?

If a child is sick, a judicious parent administers the proper medicine, in spite of all objection on the child's part. So if we believe, as we most assuredly do, almost without exception, could we only cut off those large nerves which lead into our purses, and prevent our acknowledging to ourselves what we really do believe, that slavery is the cause of our terrible trouble, and that slavery can never be kept within prescribed limits, it will make our war no more afflicting, our enemies no more bitter and no stronger, our neutral neighbors (if there can be neutrals not quite enemies in such a crisis) no more formidable, and our cause more noble and more definite, if we will declare openly that we fight no longer merely for the Union as it has been, but that all our

energies shall be used to make this country what it has falsely claimed to be, a free country. Let us declare that no Northern soldier shall be compelled to return a fellow-being into an unjust and cruel bondage, that where slaves come into his power, either voluntarily or in the course of war, they shall all indiscriminately be free to show themselves to be capable of judgment and of heroism,—the ignorant and depraved among them no worse than the ignorant and depraved among our Northern poor. By and by, when it shall be safe (I blush to use the word) to declare it, we shall find individuals among them capable of noble deeds and sacrifices enough to redeem the whole race from the charge of inferiority.

Let the loyal master receive compensation for *loss of services*, enough to satisfy him of the fair dealing of our government; it will be a cheaper price to pay than we are paying now in the loss of our dearest and purest blood; while the truth stands, like a spirited and beautiful horse, alternately stretching and arching the neck at a formidable obstacle, longing yet fearing to pass, and refusing to be led forward. Let the rebel lose what he calls his property, as he would lose any other possession which should fall into our hands. We are fettering ourselves with our scruples, and trying to do with our left hand a work which needs all our energies. The astonishing security in regard to slave insurrections, which gives the master power to leave his home to take up arms against us, arises from the universal belief among the slaves that our government would at once turn its strength against them, should there be any concerted attempt on their part to free themselves; and so, misunderstood by master and slave, we work—why not dare to say it?—in vain! Our defeats and discouragements are teaching us other lessons besides patience and discipline and courage. God, who looks upon slavery with abhorrence, will not let our side prevail till we are so far roused and ennobled as to fight no longer for expediency, but for right.

NATIONALITY.

A SERMON BY REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D.

JONAH I. 8, 9:—“Then said they unto him, What is thy country? and of what people art thou? And he said unto them, I am a Hebrew; and I worship Jehovah, the God of heaven, which hath made the sea and the dry land.”

THIS prompt reply to the question of country, and a certain intensity of national consciousness accompanying it, are characteristic of the people represented by the party addressed. “I am a Hebrew.” It was a doomed man at the point of death who says this. A distracted ship’s company, tempest-stricken, think to appease the Divine wrath, and to still the fury of wind and wave, by a human sacrifice. They cast lots for that purpose, “that we may know,” they said, “for whose sake this evil has come upon us.” And the lot fell upon Jonah. “Tell us,” they said to him, “whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?” The love of country, strong in death, flames forth in the response: “I am a Hebrew; my God is Jehovah, the God of heaven, who made sea and land.”

Whether history or fable is set before us in the book of Jonah, whether we receive it as allegory or fact, the touch of nationality displayed in this answer is drawn from nature, and true to the life. There never was a people in whom the love of country and the sense of nationality were more developed than they were in the Hebrew nation. Among ancient nations they may be said to stand as representatives and types of this sentiment, of this idea. A poor country was theirs, narrow, rough, rugged, bleak, for the most part barren, of spare cultivation, unfitted for commerce; but how they clung to it, how they worshipped it! To them it was the land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, a holy land. Their Jehovah had given it; he was their God, and all the gods of the nations were not to be compared to him. He had helped them to exterminate the natives, to

drive out the Hivites and the Hittites, the Jebusites and Amalekites, and so to secure the land to themselves for their covenant land and undivided possession. It was a poor country compared with those of the neighbor nations of antiquity, — Syria, Assyria, Persia, Egypt; but their fervent attachment to it, their intense nationality and patriotic consecration, — the identification in that people of loyalty and religion, of patriotism and devotion, zeal for Judah and zeal for Jehovah, — these have made that this poor country and “feeble folk” are better known to us at this day than most of the contemporary nations of antiquity, immeasurably superior as they were in territorial, commercial, political importance, in everything but this one trait of nationality. These have caused that those other nations to a very considerable part of the modern world are known only through the instrumentality of this. These have caused that Hebrew localities possess for us at this day a more than geographical, a more than historical, a sacred and symbolical significance. The word Jerusalem means a great deal more to us than a city of such and such dimensions, situate in such a degree of latitude or longitude, containing so many inhabitants, distinguished by such and such historical events. Jerusalem stands to us at this day for an everlasting sanctity, for a heavenly dwelling-place, for the city of elect and redeemed souls, the city of God. There are higher mountains than Sinai, and every way more remarkable in their physical aspects; but while the world stands, no mountain group on the earth’s round will ever occupy the place which Sinai fills in our associations and reverential regard. And that petty stream of Jordan, so bounded in volume, so contracted in its banks, so brief in its course, — geographically speaking, not worthy to be named among the rivers of the earth, — what a flow it has in our conception! what majesty and breadth and tidal sweep! What Tiber or Euphrates, what Danube or Mississippi, can ever equal it in our esteem, or roll through our thoughts as Jordan rolls in litany and song, the immortal

river of the soul? A poor country, but to them worth all the world beside. To be exiled from it, to their thinking, was more grievous than death. "Weep ye not for the dead," says one of their prophets, "neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more to see his native country." The sorest threat which could be denounced against them was the threat of denationalization; the greatest calamity that could befall was, as they expressed it, or as our version has it, to be "taken away from being a nation." And when the Chaldean invaded Judah, destroyed its capital, and carried captive its inhabitants, the national consciousness survived the nation's overthrow. The weeping, backward-looking Hebrew, transplanted to a stranger soil, entertained his patriotism with pious recollections and vows of eternal allegiance to the Holy Land. There is nothing in literature more touching, more redolent of patriotism, than the psalm in which a Hebrew exile on the banks of the Euphrates breathes forth his wail for the land of his devotion. "By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing unto us one of the songs of Zion. How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

And during the long years of the Babylonish captivity, as one generation of exiles perished, and another came upon the stage, the thought and desire of their leaders, in the midst even of plenty and peace, still turned to the ancient seat of their afflicted race and the covenant city. The handsome and popular Hebrew scholar and courtier, at the court of Darius, amid all the splendors and solicitations of the royal residence, still cherished the thought of the fatherland, as in the secrecy of his private chamber he opened a window to-

ward Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth, the city of the great king." The age of captivity was ended, and patriotic Jews returned to rebuild the city and the temple, and re-people Judah with its native stock. And still the persistent people, under Persian, Macedonian, Egyptian, Syrian rule, resisted all attempts to undermine their nationality, withstood the insidious policy of Alexandria, baffled the cruel and profane impositions of Antiochus, recovered once more their national independence, flourished gloriously in Asmonean princes, maintained their type under Roman Augustan sway, and finally, though again dispossessed of their capital, again expelled from the land of their inheritance, preserved, and preserve to this day, through all the centuries of their dispersion, an unbroken nationality, — a nation without a country, yet still a nation, still renewing from age to age of the long tragedy the longer and more prevailing hope, and, though fated to sing the Lord's song in strange lands, still remembering that they are the Lord's people, still waiting for the restoration of Israel, still sending their thoughts over sea and mountain to the Holy Land, where rest the bones of their fathers, where rested the ark of their fathers' God, and destined, it may be, in the final event, to recover yet again the ancient sacred seat, and to dwell once more in the land of promise, inhabiting it, not as a strange land of temporary sojourn, but holding it by an indefeasible tenure of inherited right and divine conveyance, assuring it to them and their seed through all generations.

My hearers, I have brought before you the example of the Jews as the most remarkable instance on the whole in the world's annals of the quality of nationality, a quality greatly to be honored for its civil importance, as well as its moral worth. By nationality I mean two things which naturally run into each other, and yet are logically distinct, — love of country and patriotism. The one is a sentiment, the other a principle; the one a passion, the other a duty.

The love of country is instinctive in man. It may be

stronger in some races than others, and stronger in some individuals than others, but in none is it wholly wanting. Like the love of offspring, it is one of the primary instincts of the soul. It is no merit to possess it, but a shame to be straitened in this affection. Who can explain this attachment to the land of our nativity? Is it some secret affinity which connects the human organism and the soil from which it was formed? Is it dust cleaving unto dust, that endears the native soil? or is it some subtler influence, some spirit of the place, which, according with our spirit, mysteriously draws us? And how capricious this affection! The love of country is wholly independent of local advantages or material values, and often inversely proportioned to these. It binds the Swiss to his frowning glaciers and the Scot to his misty lochs, as well as the Italian to his fertile valleys and sunny plains; it draws the heart of the Irish exile to the "island of sorrow," which refused him bread, more strongly than it does his Saxon neighbor to his affluent home.

But this instinctive, half-animal attachment to the native soil is not all that we mean by love of country. That term includes a great variety of interests and associations, no one of which is supremely dear, but which constitute in their totality a sacred and indissoluble bond. The features of the soil are but one element among many. National customs, language, institutions, history, innumerable ties, memories, hopes, enter in and compose this affection. Who so cold or so wise, so far exalted above the ordinary limitations or so far degraded below the ordinary sympathies of humanity, — who so philosophical, or who so base, — as to be insensible to that sacred tie? as to feel in his bosom no response to the claim with which one's country appeals to our hearts?

The love of country has sometimes been denounced, with an affectation of exquisite morality, as a narrow sentiment, unworthy a Christian spirit or a philosophic mind, — as a niggardly restriction of the love which should know no bound less comprehensive than humanity itself. Not love of coun-

try, it is urged, but universal philanthropy, is the Christian's calling. Why limit your affections by mountains and rivers and seas? What have geographical outlines to do with the sentiments? Are we not all brethren of one blood, created by one God to dwell on all the face of the earth? Why should one country be preferred before another, since all are occupied by one family, and are only different mansions of one and the same household? Be it so; yet one may be pardoned a special attachment to his proper mansion, and cannot but feel a nearer interest in that and its belongings than he does in the more remote compartments of the house. The truth is, this pretended disengagement of our sympathies from local and accidental associations, like other transcendental refinements, is too refined for use. The philanthropy which proposes to absolve one from local obligations is more apt to be an apology for sluggishness than an actual experience. I question these ambitious generalizations of duty. I mistrust the appeal from near and natural and possible graces, to more remote and ideal virtues. I suspect the charity which answers an immediate demand on the feelings for home use with promissory notes of general benevolence, which pleads universal love as a dispensation from all love in particular, and, in widening its embrace to comprehend the whole world, lets every specialty slip from its grasp. We may embrace the world with our thought, and we may embrace it with our Christian goodwill, but we are not so constituted as to embrace the whole world with an equal and practical devotion. We may speculate about universal man; but we must act in kindreds, communities, countries, nations, and if we are indifferent to the sphere in which we are placed because a larger claims our regard, we substitute plausibilities for facts, and sacrifice principles to words. I do not believe that a man will be less a philanthropist for loving well the land of his nativity. On the contrary, I believe that the two affections are nearly allied, that those who glow most intensely with

love of country are most apt to extend their sympathies beyond their country, and that those who are most indifferent to their country's weal are least concerned for the good of mankind.

On the other hand, the love of country may be too limited ; or rather the idea of country may be taken in too exclusive and narrow a sense. It may be understood to embrace only the particular region of our nativity, with its physical aspects, its country manners and traditions, its sectional interests and institutions. With us Americans, in our peculiar system of united commonwealths, it may fix on the single commonwealth, and exclude, ignore, or despise the union of commonwealths which makes us a nation. This is the vice of Secession in our country and time, of Secession considered simply as a tendency or principle, apart from the treason and rebellion with which the actual secession of States among us has been attended. Considered simply as a principle, Secession perverts and degrades the love of country by sectional limitation, by exalting the part above the whole, the province above the nation. A higher and more comprehensive idea than that of country is that of nation. Or rather, let me say, the better part of the country is the nation, and love of country is incomplete without nationality. The better part of our country, if we have one that deserves the name and our devotion, is the people inhabiting it. Not the individuals as individuals, but the nation with its government, its political interests, calling, destiny. Except there be a nation to which we belong, we have no country. It needs something more than the soil that gave us birth, though it be the fairest that the sun shines on and the richest that the share turns up, to constitute country. Latitude and longitude, lime, granite, coal, and slate, bind no one. He who has derived from the land of his nativity nothing more than his nativity, and a wretched, degraded existence at that, imbittered by oppression and by the withholding of all the rights and privileges proper

to humanity, has no country. The slave who happens to be born on a Carolina plantation can have no interest in the country which ever since he was born into it has been an enemy instead of a mother to him, has done its uttermost to deprive him of his humanity and convert him from a soul into a thing. I should not expect love of country from him. He has no country, because he has no nation, because in his case the nation and country are wholly disjoined.

The better part of the country is the nation, and the better part of love of country is nationality, and the better part of nationality is patriotism, loyal devotion to national interests, principles, ideas, to the nation's mission and destiny, to all that is symbolized and commended to us by the flag of our country. Dear and sacred to every patriot heart is the ensign that represents a nation. He is no patriot, he has no country or deserves none, whose pulse does not quicken and his breast dilate when, wandering in distant lands, he descries of a sudden that flag unfurled to the breeze in the offing of some foreign shore, — who can see in that high emblem nothing more than a striped rag attached to a pole, — in whose bosom it excites no stronger emotion than the banner of another and stranger land. Other banners may be more gorgeous and more venerable, but no other can have such significance for us. More sacred than any material sign, the cross of the Redeemer alone excepted, is our country's flag. Not a holiday bawble or public jest, but a consecrated symbol, a sanctity which ranks with the Bible and the altar, is that colored cloth to one who can read the meaning in the thing, and who loves his country with a patriot's love; — a symbol for which no place is too holy, and which makes more holy every place to which it comes; — a symbol to be revered with something of religious respect.

And here let me say, that all patriotism has in it a religious element. With ancient nations, the state was a the-

ocracy, politics were liturgical, and religion a form of loyalty. When the Hebrew in the text was questioned concerning his country, he included religion in the statement of his nationality. "I am a Hebrew, and I worship Jehovah, the God of heaven, that made the sea and the dry land." It is the tendency of modern Protestant nations to separate polity and religion. To some extent this separation is rendered necessary by the fundamental principle of Protestantism, which is individuality, while politics are social organizations and politics a social science. We have found no way as yet to reconcile the rights of private judgment and individual conscience with a state religion. But this separation is carried too far when it goes the length of divorcing conscience from the state, and annulling all relation between political and religious ideas and principles of action. Every state should be so far a theocracy as that the principles which direct its policy may satisfy the requisitions of the moral law, and comport with the principles of universal religion. Every nation that deserves the name has its secular religion, distinct from that of the Church or the spiritual religion of its citizens, — distinct from these, yet bound to be in harmony with them. This political religion embraces the fundamental principles and ideas on which the state is based, and which its legislators and representatives for the time being are pledged to maintain. These principles in our case are civil liberty, equal political rights, representative government, and the federal, organic union of distinct and otherwise sovereign states. Loyalty to these ideas is our national, political religion, as the law of Moses was that of the Jews. And, in the spirit of this national code, and after the analogy of that Hebrew patriot in the text, our answer to the question of nationality should be: "I am an American, vowed to civil liberty and Federal Union."

I affirmed a distinction between love of country and patriotism, — the one a sentiment, the other a principle. The one

respects the terrestrial locality, the geographical section with which we associate our nativity ; the other respects the nation to which we belong, its ideas, its mission and destiny. The one without the other has not only no permanent value or efficacy as a source of national well-being, but may even become, as we have seen, so perverted and degraded as to act in antagonism to it, adopting the principle of Secession, i. e. of separatism, in opposition to that of national integrity. In our system of polity, love of country without patriotism will be apt to confine itself to the single commonwealth or limited section of the great republic. Quickened and guided by patriotism, it will embrace the Union.

It required the distress and convulsions of this time, it required the civil commotions and alarms, the feuds and fightings bred by Secession, to show how intense is the sentiment of loyalty in the heart of this people, to show us what is the height and breadth and depth of this love which we bear to our common land, to furnish an adequate motive and illustration of American patriotism. In calmer times, when alarmed by the power and extent of government patronage, we may have been impatient of the central power, and favored the idea of State sovereignty, in opposition to that of Federal consolidation. Such has been my own experience. But the startling events of the last few months have destroyed that illusion, and we wake as "with a rattling peal of thunder" from stupor and doubt and semi-alienation, to feel for the first time in all its tingling force the electric throb of nationality. We wake to the conviction, new in its present intensity, that we are a nation ; not a conglomerate of independent States, but a solid and powerful nation, — one people, and not many, — out of many one. And though the disaffected and revolted States should never return to be constituents of this Union, there will still be a mighty nation left. Let treason do her worst ; when the terrible explosion is over, and the wars and commotions are all ended, an American people will remain, a great and

strong nation. Cut off the cankered limbs, and a vigorous and majestic plant will be left, with branches stretching from sea to sea, and half a continent around its roots. I scarcely thought this a year ago ; I believe it now. The experience of these days, the rising of a great people in one name and cause, the rebirth of a nation, is not too dearly purchased with the civil commotions that have caused it. Where the sin of treason abounded, the grace of loyalty has more abounded.

Love of country, like all our sentiments, is blind in itself, and needs direction. Patriotism is more than a sentiment, it is a principle ; patriotism is religion. It is the weakness of our people to place their faith in institutions, measures, and methods, and to make too little account of the character of the nation, on which, after all, the whole fabric of our liberties depends. We think too much of the ballot-box and the Constitution, too little of the use that is made of them, of the men who are to use them. We place unlimited faith in the right of suffrage. The right of suffrage wisely and conscientiously exercised is a great political blessing. The right of suffrage ignorantly, foolishly, wickedly exercised is a great political evil. Worse than unconstitutional despotism is the right of suffrage without the wisdom and conscience which should accompany it. We ascribe a magic efficacy to the Constitution, as if it possessed a power independent of the wisdom and fidelity of those who are called to apply its provisions. It is all a delusion. We have had in our day abundant warning of the insufficiency of written instruments and chartered rights, when unattended by the requisite moral conditions to save the state. Nothing can save the state but popular intelligence and moral strength. It matters little the form of government. Republic, monarchy, it is all one. The important thing is the nation. Given an intelligent, wise, progressive, moral and religious nation, and you have the one indispensable condition of civil strength and national prosperity. It is

the nation that makes the government, not the government the nation. We are trying in this fulness of time, on a scale of which antiquity never dreamed, the experiment of popular government. We may fail in this, as other nations have failed before us; but I cannot agree with those who profess despair of civil society if our polity miscarry and have to be abandoned. I have no revelation that the destinies of civil society for all time are hung on a given form of government. If the nation fail not in this day of perilous visitation; if the nation do not strike its banner to rebel arms, and succumb to treason, and compound with sin; if the nation shall come out of this great trial victorious and pure,—I have no fear about the government. Under one form or another, the nation will know how to govern itself, and will find the polity best suited to its wants.

RANDOM READINGS.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

THE last number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains another article on American affairs, — "Democracy teaching by Example," — studiously contemptuous and insulting towards the loyal people of the United States, who are now struggling to maintain their government. The spirit of this and kindred utterances in the *London Quarterly*, and all the Tory organs, is not to be mistaken. It is a bitter hatred of republican institutions and manners, and hence the premature exultation in the belief that republican institutions are a failure. The struggle of freedom against slavery goes for nothing. Their hatred of slavery is not half so strong as their hatred of democracy, and they would rather see a hideous despotism, with negro slavery for its corner-stone, established on the ruins of the American republic, than not have the satisfaction of exulting over the failure of a free representative government.

That American propensities to boasting and swaggering have done much to provoke this bitter hatred, is not to be denied. Happy will it be for us if our manners become mended, and our pride humbled and rebuked, in the great lessons of the present hour. The national life of any people will have its idiosyncrasies; it is narrow and dogged bigotry that will not look beyond these to the essential realities, the compensating and substantial good. Whether American or English manners need most to be reformed we will not say. The following vivid pictures of English life, by one who had resided some time in England, Mr. Henry James, are very interesting in this connection, and exceedingly racy.

MANNERS OF THE ENGLISH UPPER CLASSES.

"I will not blame England, then, for her present timidity. I will never forget the inappreciable services she has rendered to the cause of political progress. But just as little can I be blind to the immense limitations she exhibits when measured by American humanitarian ideas. She claims to be the freest of European nations; and so she is, as I have already admitted, so far as her public or political life is concerned. But viewed internally, viewed as to her *social* condition, you observe such a destitution of personal freedom and ease and courtesy among her children as distinguishes no other people, and absolutely shocks an American. Conventional routine, a wholly artificial morality, has so bitten itself into the life of the people, into the national manners and countenance even, that the kindly human heart within is never allowed to come to the surface, and what accordingly is meant among them for civility to each other is so coldly and grudgingly rendered as to strike the stranger like insult. The intensely artificial structure of society in England renders it inevitable, in fact, that her people should be simply the worst-mannered people in Christendom. Indeed, I venture to say that no average American resides a year in England without getting a sense so acute and stifling of its hideous class-distinctions, and of the consequent awkwardness and *brusquerie* of its upper classes, and the consequent abject snobbery or inbred and ineradicable servility of its lower classes, as makes the manners of Choctaws and Potawatamies sweet and Christian, and gives to a log-cabin in Oregon the charm of comparative dignity and peace."

MANNERS OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

"I lived recently nearly a year in St. John's Wood, in London, and was daily in the habit of riding down to the city in the omnibus along with my immediate neighbors, men of business and professional men, who resided in that healthy suburb, and fared forth from it every morning to lay up honest, toilsome bread for the buxom domestic angels who sanctified their homes, and the fair-haired cherubs who sweetened them. Very nice men, to use their own lingo, they were, for the most part; tidy, unpretending, irreproachable in dress and deportment; men in whose truth and honesty you would confide at a glance; and yet, after eight months' assiduous bosom solicitation of their hardened, stolid visages, I never was favored with the slightest overture to human intercourse from one of them. I never once caught the eye of one of them. If ever I came nigh doing so, an instant film would surge up from their more vital parts, if such parts there were, just as a Newport fog suddenly surges up from the cold remorseless sea, and wrap the organ in the dullest, fishiest, most disheartening of stares. They took such extreme pains never to look at one another, that I knew they must be living men, devoutly intent each on disowning the other's life; otherwise I could well have believed them so many sad, well-seasoned immortals, revisiting their old London haunts by way of a nudge to their present less carnal satisfactions. I had myself many cherished observations to make upon the weather, upon the lingering green of the autumn fields, upon the pretty suburban cottages we caught a passing glimpse of, upon the endless growth of London, and other equally conservative topics; but I got no chance to ventilate them, and the poor things died at last of hope deferred."

DR. JOHNSON'S VIEW.

"Sir," said he, "two men of any other nation who are shown into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we do not, as yet," proceeded the Doctor, "understand the common rights of humanity."

WHY don't the Christian Register look up its good things occasionally? It published the following a good while ago. It sung itself

out of the heart of our neighbor, Rev. S. D. Robbins. There must be more where this came from.

"THE COMPASS.

"THOU art, O God, my EAST ! In thee I dawned :
 Within me ever let thy day-spring shine !
 Then for each night of sorrow I have mourned
 I'll bless thee, Father, since it seals me thine.

"Thou art, O God, my NORTH ! My trembling soul,
 Like a charmed needle, points to thee alone ;
 Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
 My trusting spirit forward to thy throne.

"Thou art, O God, my SOUTH ! Thy fervent love
 Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed,
 And constant sunshine from thy heart of love
 With wine and oil thy grateful child hath fed.

"Thou art, O God, my WEST : into thy arms,
 Glad as the setting sun, may I decline ;
 Baptized from earthly storms and sin's alarms,
 Reborn, arise in thy new heavens to shine."

MEN AND MONKEYS.

WE rather think that some readers will be liable to mistake the meaning of the writer of "Cosmogony," in his theory of the creation of man. On this subject there are three classes of notions and ideas.

First, the very common notion of the literalists, that God created man out of the dust on the sixth day, and that all the human race have descended from a single pair within the space of about six thousand years. This notion makes the creation of each species a separate work, arbitrary, mechanical, and miraculous. Men were not so much created as manufactured, and this theory may be called the *manufacture theory*.

Secondly, there is the *development theory*. One species grew or developed into another by its own inherent and natural unfolding. Thus minerals put forth into vegetable life, vegetables into animal ; the animals of one species improved into those of a higher one ; dogs, under favorable conditions, developed into monkeys, monkeys increased in sagacity, built better huts, rubbed off their tails, learned

to talk plain, and so became men,— of course very rude men at first, but more handsome and cultivated and civilized after a few millions of years. This theory of species is essentially atheistic. It is charged upon Darwin,— we do not say how justly. All that can be said for it from a scientific view-point and from comparative anatomy may be found in the July number of the Westminster Review for 1861, in Art. VI., “Equatorial Africa and its Inhabitants,” where the capacities and possibilities of monkeydom are very ably set forth.

Thirdly, there is the theory of *creation by law*. This asserts that the creation of any species is not isolated, individual, and miraculous, but that lower species are always the *base* on which the next higher is built up. God by influx is present in all things, creating all things out of himself, and not always by the propagation of species from their kind. For instance, the sun acting upon the soils under given conditions may originate plants where no seeds existed, thus creating a new species. So again, acting upon plants for that special end, the Divine Influx may impregnate them with a higher order of life than naturally inheres in their own species, and so a new species come into existence. So again, the Divine Influx, acting upon the highest forms of animal life, may impregnate it with a higher life than naturally inheres in it, and thus the human species come into existence. And so—for the analogy still mounts upward—the Divine Influx, acting upon the human species, may implant within it a higher principle of life than belongs to it by nature, and thus out of the human species the Divine-Human may appear. This theory rejects and repudiates the notion that one species can come of another *on its own plane of development*. By natural propagation and progress a plant is always a plant, though an improved one; a monkey is always a monkey. But Divine Power, *taking successive planes for its bases*, creates new species by its own Divine laws, each fairer than the last, and culminating in man, the lord of this lower world. This, it will be seen, is the idea of the writer of “Cosmogony.”

8.

THE CONTRABANDS.

“STUPID, lazy, and thriftless. We can't do anything with them, and they never can take care of themselves. They never can be anything but slaves.” So it was said and thought by a great many honest people when General Butler first tried to deal with the first perplexing question growing out of the civil war. A writer in the

November number of the *Atlantic* gives an article, not more admirable for its excellent taste than for its pervading humanity, describing his experience with the contrabands at Fortress Munroe. Every Northern man, woman, and child ought to read it. He will be impressed with four general facts.

First, the *morale* of these people. Among the sixty-four which Mr. Pearce, the writer of the article, had the charge of, he never heard a profane or vulgar word, — things which constantly offended him when among the soldiers of the army. All but six were members of churches, and some of them would exhort and pray with a native and touching eloquence.

Secondly, their intelligence, sagacity, and capacity for business or for self-support. These the writer does not place much below the same qualities as they average among Southern whites.

Thirdly, their universal longing after freedom.

Fourthly, their general kind treatment by their masters, so far as regards their physical comfort, but as regards family separations and family purity, their subjection to gross and frequent outrage of the highest and most sacred rights of human nature.

On this last point there is a strange ignorance among Northern pro-slavery apologists. They seem not to know that less than one half, probably less than one third, of the slaves are negroes. Mr. Pearce found among his contrabands those who would pass here for white people. He saw three daughters of a mother who had never been a wife, who had not the least apparent trace of African blood. Once, in roaming up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, we made it our business, as we passed the groups of waiters and hackmen, to count the percentage of pure Africans among them. There was not more than one in seven. This fact tells volumes upon what slavery is, where it is that the canker eats in most fatally, undermining the first foundations of character which have been laid by the hand of God. In what way this gigantic evil is to receive its death-stroke we will not discuss now. It is curious to observe that the contrabands, and the slaves generally, have got the idea thoroughly pressed into them, notwithstanding the systematic lying of their masters to keep it out, that the present troubles are on their account, and that the day of their deliverance has come. Is it the coming event casting its mysterious shadow on before it, and overcoming their susceptible minds like a summer's cloud?

S.

THE YEAR THAT IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE

WILL always be memorable in our Nation's history,—indeed, may we not add, in the history of the world? It has been in America a year of intense life. The snow has been sprinkled very freely upon many heads, but we shall not mind that, since the fires that had almost died out in so many hearts have been kindled anew. Only upon the threshold, it may be, of a stupendous conflict, we yet find cause to say that our country has been saved from demoralization, and has entered upon a way—it may be long and hard—of deliverance. Who so blind that he cannot see in all this the hand of God, who overturneth and overturneth and overturneth, until the kingdoms of this world are conformed to the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ. We are out of the hands of the politicians and abstractionists. The Divinity that shapes our ends rules the hour. It has been a year of faith, devotion, courage, patience. It is impossible that we should return to that old political *status* in which the chief end of man seemed to be the propitiation of the Southern oligarchy. Honestly striving to put down a rebellion, we shall gain all the fruits of a revolution. Henceforth we shall ask guaranties for freedom, not for slavery! Henceforth there will be fines, not for the humane, but for those whose selfishness has got the better of their humanity! We cannot yet see just how all these things shall be brought to pass, but they are surely in our future, a part of our success.

These good fruits have their price. A part of this price has already been paid, a part is still behind. We shall not begrudge it. For every sacrifice of this sort we receive a hundred-fold even in this time, and, strange as it may seem, there is often more true happiness in the midst of outward perplexities and tribulations, than in days of peace and prosperity. May the Eternal God be the refuge of those who in this great crisis are bearing burdens not only for themselves, but for others! In this high service rich and poor, lofty and lowly, meet together. May it be before the Lord, who crowneth even this year of strife with his goodness, and in all these great movements of his providence seeks evermore the emancipation of the individual soul from selfishness, that deliverance of man from evil, without which our riches are but dust and our years only sorrows.

H.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

First Principles of Ethics; designed as a Basis for Instruction in Ethical Science in Schools and Academies. By J. T. CHAMPLIN, President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. — This treatise, of 200 pages, aims at a more orderly and consecutive development of the principles of moral science, and to supply a more rational foundation for them than is usually done in works of this kind. Its style is compact and clear, and the book very well adapted to its end as a class-book, where there is not time for the use of larger works. On the moral and philanthropic questions which possess living interest, such as slavery and the punishment of death, the writer takes conservative, but not extreme ground, and fortifies his positions briefly but soundly. s.

Woman's Rights under the Law. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. — Mrs. Dall, in an exceedingly neat little volume, gives us here the three lectures which were delivered in Boston last winter. She crowds into these lectures a great deal of historical information, and no one who candidly reads her book will deny that she fully vindicates her claim to be heard on this subject. The condition of woman under Oriental and French law, under the English common law, and under American law, is here described; and without by any means agreeing with Mrs. Dall in all her ideas of reform, we are in full agreement with her as to the need of it, — as to the good work already done, and to be done, by rousing public attention and holding it to the question. She could not do it better than by this array of facts, and the appeal which she makes from them in her pithy and sententious style. May God bless her word, and give it a free course and a candid hearing. s.

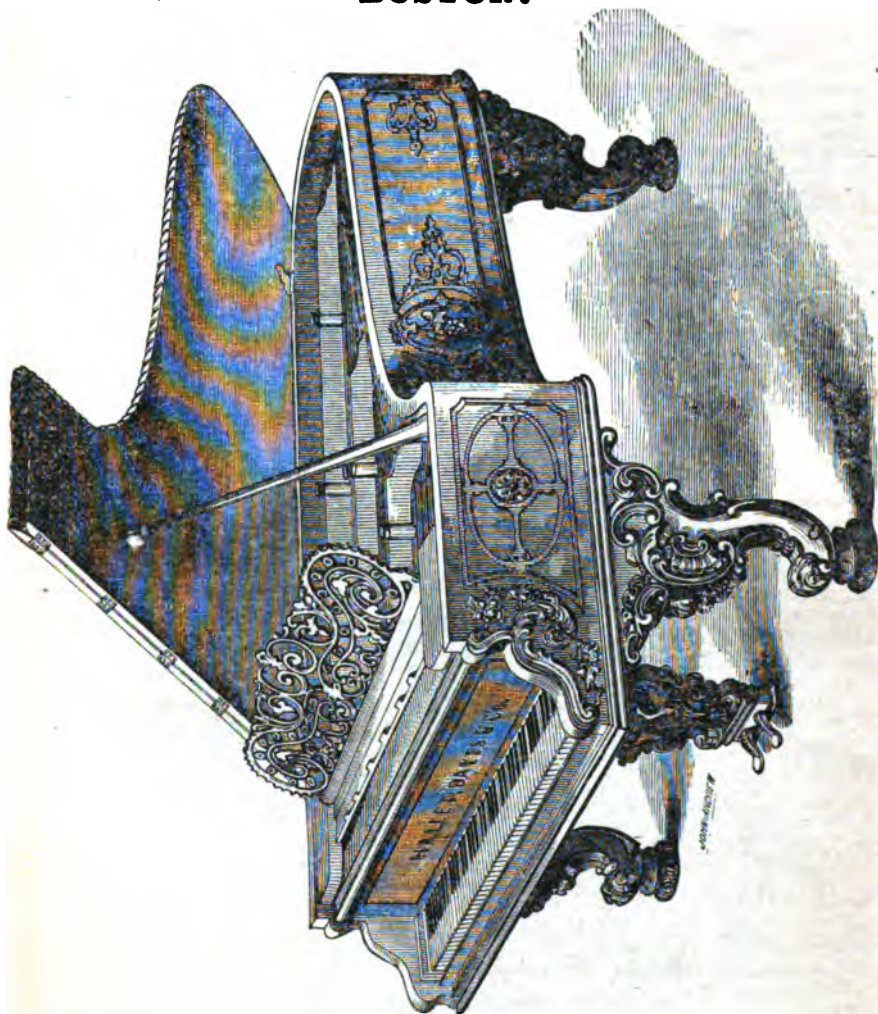
Tales of a Grandfather. History of Scotland. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. With Notes. In six volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — A most charming edition of a most charming book, one of the few works of history that we were willing to read in childhood. We see that the boys have already caught it up, and it is a relief to know that they are receiving healthy food, not useless or poisonous stimulants. Those who have the Waverley Novels issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields should have these volumes to accompany them, as the edition is uniform. E.

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